The Saturday Evening
POST
April 7, 1956 — 15¢

APR 3 '56

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By CHARLES W. THAYER

SURGERY FOR DAMAGED HEARTS
By STEVEN M. SPENCER

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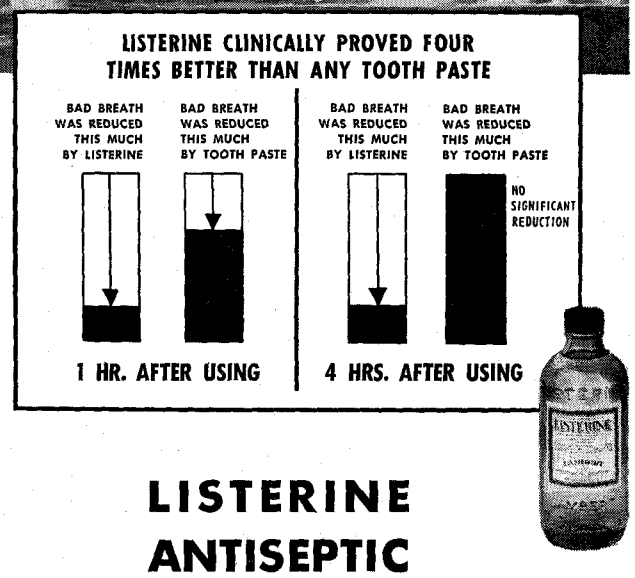
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BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY LISTERINE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY TOOTH PASTE
BAD BREATH WAS REDUCED THIS MUCH BY LISTERINE
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NO SIGNIFICANT REDUCTION
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4 HRS. AFTER USING

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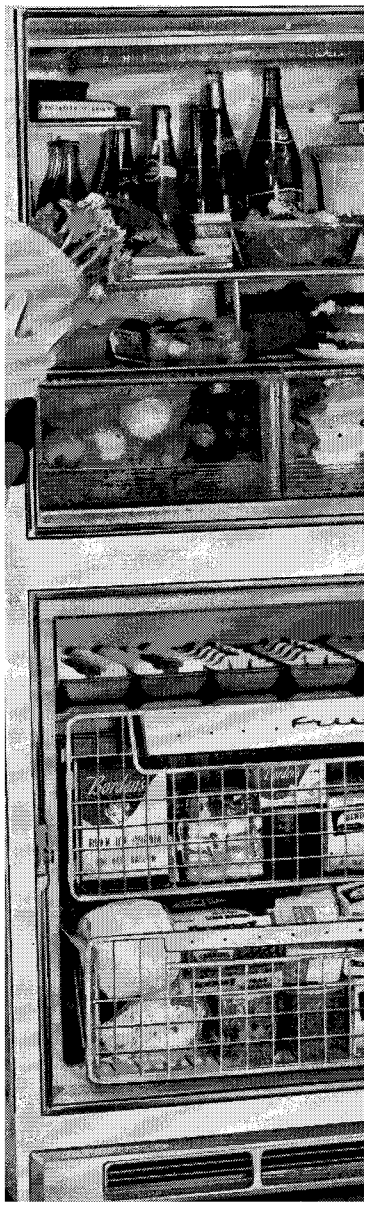

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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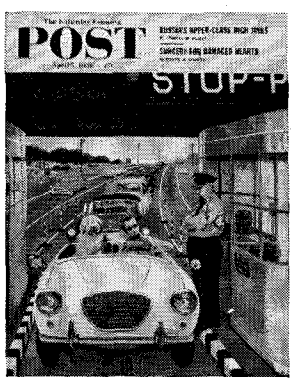

THE COVER

The first name of Mr. E. Tracey, who wishes his palm to be crossed with some toll, possibly is Exasperated. Let us call the chauffeuse young Mrs. Incognito, for the names she is being called behind her shall not appear in this family magazine. The dog, name of Sheba, is a neighbor of Steve Dohanos who came along on his canvas for the spin. If everybody will be philosophical, Mrs. I. will ante up after she strikes pay dirt among the gloves, cigarettes, matches, letters, also the handkerchief, shopping list, pencil, comb, compact, lipstick, and maybe a rabbit's foot. Mercy! Has she left her change purse home? If so, she can leave her bracelet for security and get a check cashed in town, thus damming up more cars on the way back and causing more da—— more coining of names.

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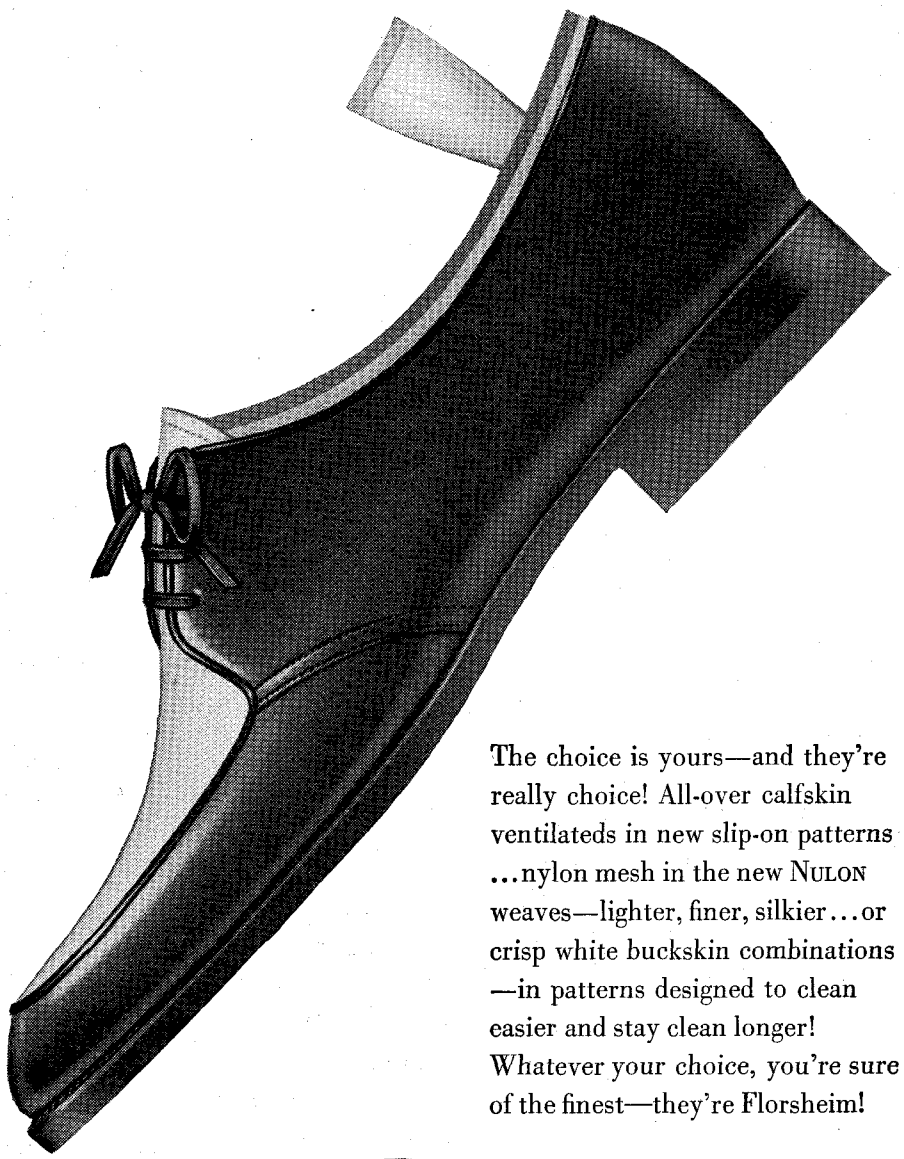

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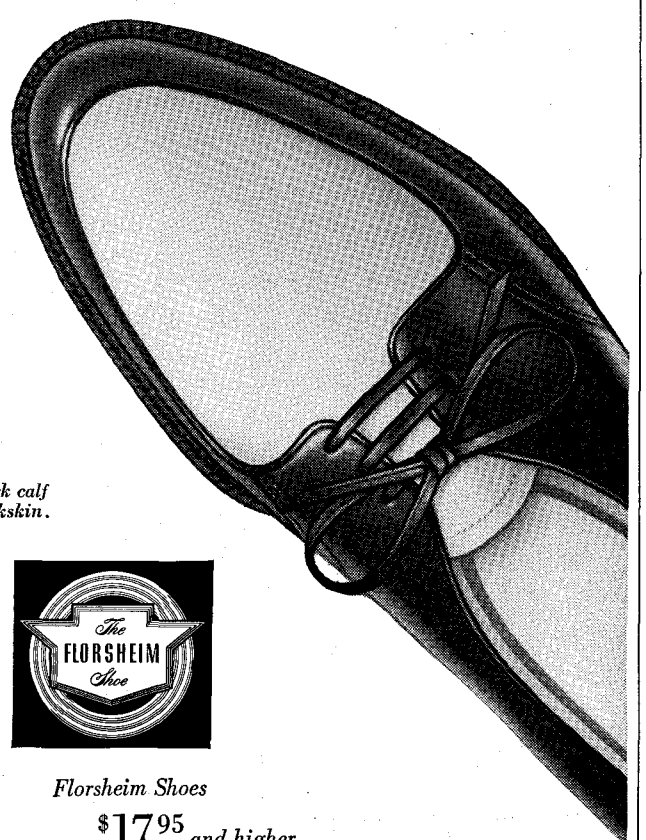

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Letters

Car Crazy

Dear Sirs:

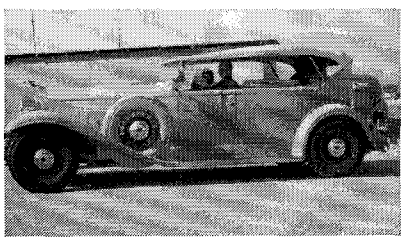
. . . NEW CRAZE FOR OLD CARS [by George H. Waltz, Jr., March 3] was superb! I date one of those avid car fans described. At the moment he owns three and one half cars, but has plans for more. . . . It's almost incredible that someone would drive a couple hundred miles just to see an old car, but I know only too well that it's done. As for the reading of obituary columns and placing bids through estates, I've seen that done too. . . .

JOYCE HIXSON
Storrs, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Being the owners of a restored classic (1932 Packard Phaeton, see photo) we know the difficulties of finding spare parts for these old cars. You might be interested to know that this car sports three solid-gold bushings. Three roller tappit bushings needed replacing, so, rather than spend the time searching in auto graveyards, my husband decided to make them up himself.

Being a dental technician, he made a wax pattern and cast them up in bronze, but there was too much shrinkage in this

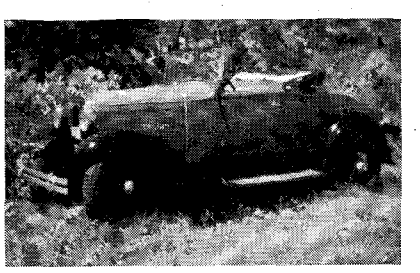


metal. . . . So he tried a hard dental gold, and these fitted accurately, resulting in a quieter-running motor. So we can claim to have the only car in existence with solid-gold bushings, even if they are only thimble size.

MRS. WALTER BERSTICKER
Whittier, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

As a proud owner (for 25 years) of a 1930 Ford Model A roadster, and as a member of the Model A Restorers Club, I am not only terribly, terribly hurt, but



terribly, terribly surprised that you left out . . . probably the best car this country ever had, and certainly a *classic*. [See cut].

KATE RODINA STEICHEN
Wilton, Conn.

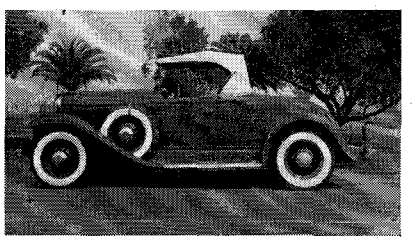
Dear Sirs:

. . . It was not only edifying but comforting to learn that there are many others besides myself who prefer the regal good looks and pure esthetic yet functional design of these noble machines of the '30's and early '40's to the splashy inverted bathtubs Detroit is producing today. . . .

ROBERT ERLING
Vacaville, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Obviously, the restoration of these luxury automobiles is quite an expensive task. For this reason there has sprung up an ever-increasing group of "sub-classic" collectors. These hobbyists restore such cars as rare-model Buicks, Nashs, Reos and even such supposedly abundant cars as Plymouths and Chevrolets. . . . I have restored what is considered by many to be a "poor man's classic" . . . a 1931 Plymouth Special Collegiate Roadster



[see cut]. Driving this little gem has much the same effect upon the ego as wheeling a gleaming Duesenberg, and at a fifth of the cost. . . .

FREDERICK E. NOLAN, JR.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Shux, them ain't old cars. I know more than one A model Ford year '28 or older still going good.

GAY MORRISON
Hot Springs, Ark.

Jolly Jailbirds

Dear Sirs:

It is my understanding that the author of a fiction story must create in the mind of the reader the illusion of reality. In Toni Howard's delightful story THE CASE OF THE JOLLY JAILBIRDS (Feb. 25), the process seems to be completely reversed. Here the author has created the illusion of fiction in a factual piece. I think the Post has never published a better-told story.

BENJAMIN R. WARRINER
Corinth, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Toni Howard is not only a compelling writer but a verbal artist as well, with the ability to wring a laugh from any grouch. . . .

C. B. DUNN
Sun Valley, Cal.

Israel's Army

Dear Sirs:

Don Cook, in his article TOUGH LITTLE ARMY (February 18) . . . has failed to emphasize the point that, though attempting to be prepared for the worst, Israel and its people are as strongly opposed to war as any other people on the face of the earth. . . .

They turn to the United States and the free Western powers to aid them . . . so that their preparedness might discourage an attempt at war on the part of the Arab states.

BARRY I. LOIGMAN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Interesting, timely, well written and unbiased. . . .

S. BORCHARD
Albany, N.Y.

Work or Strike?

Dear Sirs:

I would like to comment on your editorial MANY

(Continued on Page 6)

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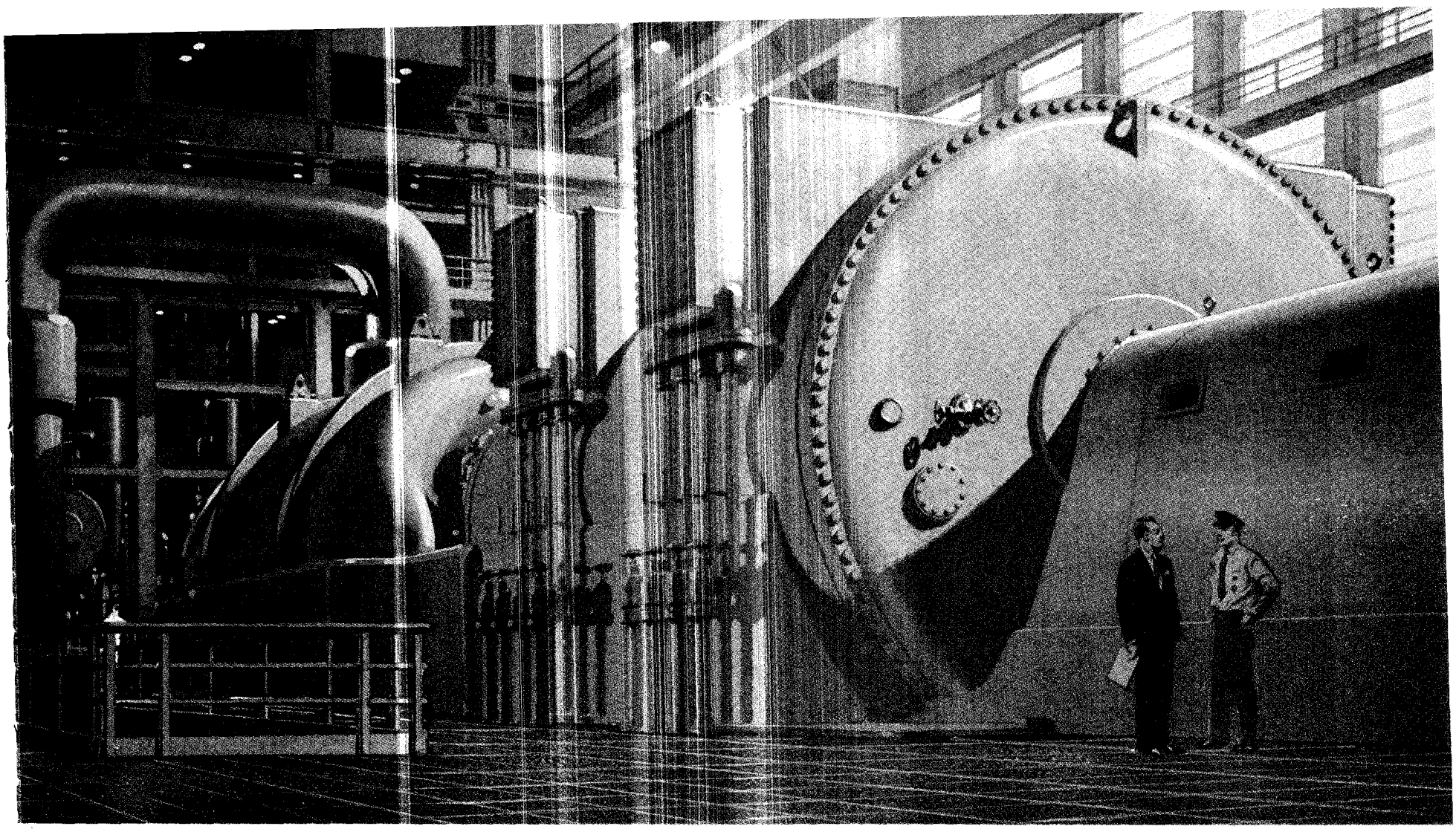

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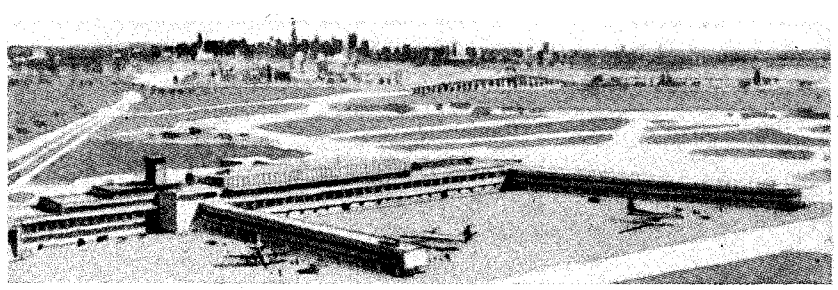

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Nice to have and convenient to use . . . dress up your vanity table, powder room, bathroom cabinet.

sparkling red

The mouthwash that tastes good and does good

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

UNION MEN WOULD RATHER WORK THAN PICKET! (Feb. 25th issue.)

I consider myself a good union man and although I agree I would rather work than picket, there comes a time when we have to stand up for our principles. So, picketing I do. . . .

ANTHONY GIACOBAZZI
Farmington, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial . . . omits the most pertinent reasons why the union majorities are not greater.

These reasons are painfully clear to us, since we function in an industry where two thirds of the workers are still unorganized. The anti-union tactics permitted by the Taft-Hartley Act have time and again terrorized textile workers who wanted to organize, but could not withstand dismissals, browbeating and threats. . . .

KENNETH FIESTER
Textile Workers Union of America
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . There has never been any major gain or concession given American labor without the use of the strike. . . .

ALEX J. SCHMIDT
De Kalb, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

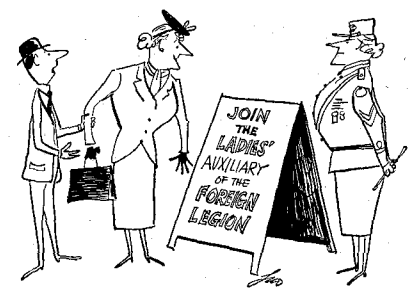
. . . If there is justice in employers forcing their employees to pay dues to a union, it is a kind of justice which I never learned. Of course, some employers sincerely believe in it, and others are scared into it by their union. Neither excuse justifies it, especially when the union may strike against the employer, and when even the "union-shop" provision doesn't protect the employer from many wildcat strikes. . . .

ROYAL PARKINSON
Boston, Mass.

Philosopher

Dear Sirs:

In your issue of February 4th, in PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT [by Arthur Larsen] . . . I notice the reduced longevity of mankind compared with womankind.



I also read with concern of the increased hospitalization of men. . . .

In view of these two lamentable facts, I feel that in the next war . . . our forces should be "manned" by women.

On the other hand, men should object less than women to being killed or wounded, as in any case they have a shorter time to live than women, and with more chance of hospitalization anyhow.

C. KINGSLEY DODD
Pwllheli, N. Wales

Uneasy Germany

Dear Sirs:

Hurray for James P. O'Donnell and his TIMEBOMB IN GERMANY [March 3]. . . .

His article should be "must" reading for the boys who are trying to figure out what the Lorelei is all about. . . .

AXEL B. GRAVEM
Orleans, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

In the photograph accompanying the excellent article by Mr. O'Donnell [see cut], on that Moscow booby-trap, the ex-

pressions of the protagonists give us a keen insight on their intentions. We have, on the one hand, the benign, decent expression on Mr. Adenauer, and on the other, the grim, gangster-like, cunning expressions on both Bulganin and his partner. . . .

RALPH CANGAS
Santa Cruz, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Having spent three months in Germany last summer I talked to many people from the east and the west and can underwrite every statement Mr. O'Donnell makes. . . .

FRIEDA WENZEL
Browerville, Minn.

Driftin' Along

Dear Sirs:

The swashbuckling Missouri River . . . was brought to life by Ralph J. Smith's article in your March 3 issue. His WE DRIFTED DOWN THE RIVER revives some of the forgotten philosophies of the pleasant, more relaxed living of a by-gone era. . . .

KENNETH P. MIDDLETON
Omaha, Neb.

Dear Sirs:

Interesting yarn. Foolhardy and as scientific as going over Niagara Falls in a beer barrel.

SYDNEY THORPE
Miami, Fla.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–United Press. • 23–Gus Pasquarella. • 24–Mason Weymouth, United Press. • 25–United Press. • 26, 27–George Hughes. • 28,29–Ollie Atkins. • 30–Harry Schaare. • 31–Gamma. 32–*Two by Gus Pasquarella; Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Gus Pasquarella.* • 33–Robert J. Demarest. • 34, 35–Frank Ross. • 36–Hans Knopf. • 37–John Fernie. • 38, 39–Jim Burns, James Lewicki. • 40, 41–Ben Stahl. • 42–Harry Saltzman. • 43–Detroit Police Department, Harry Saltzman, Detroit Police Department, Harry Saltzman. • 44, 45–Joe DeMers. • 49–Al Buell. • 124–Jim Burns, three anonymous; Larry Fried.

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Thank a new recipe for the man-size flavor.
It comes full through the filter with an easy draw
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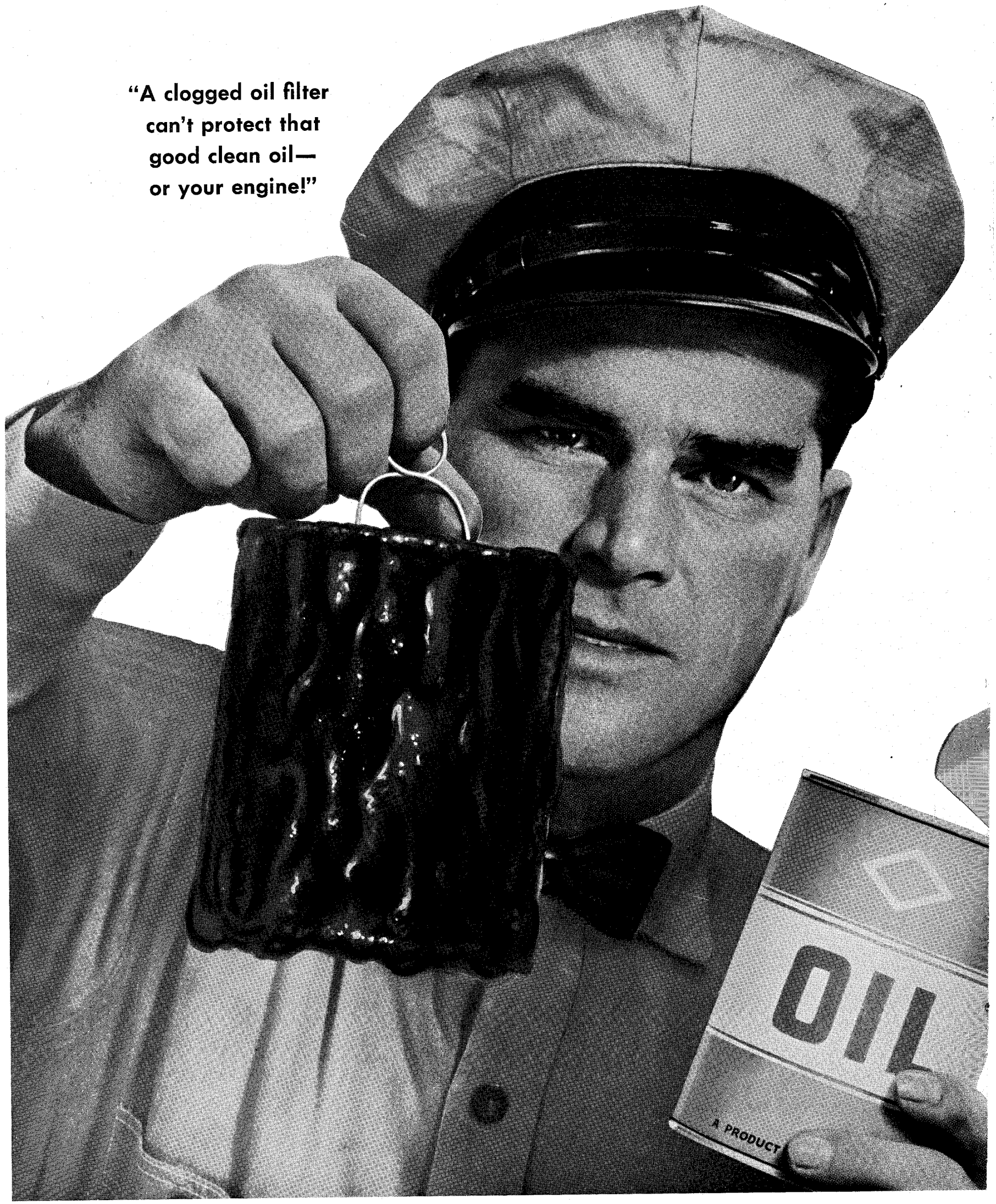

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April 7, 1956

filter check time *now!*

Save costly engine repairs! Protect that new summer-weight oil with a clean oil filter. With your Spring oil change, ask for a FREE OIL FILTER CHECK!

IT'S MURDER to leave that dirty, choked-up old oil filter in your car when you change to clean, new summer oil! So, ask your serviceman for a free oil filter check *before* he puts in that new oil! If you need a new refill . . . insist on a genuine Purolator Refill.

The Purolator Micronic is up to 10 times more efficient than many oil filters . . . stops grit as tiny as 39 millionths of an inch!

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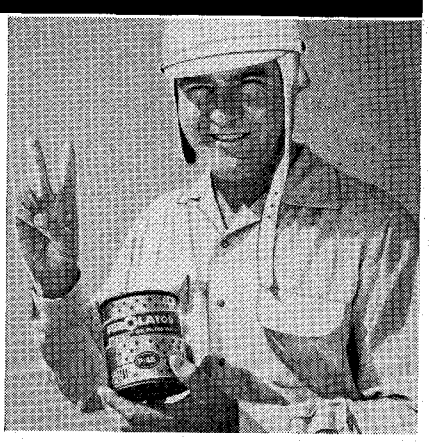

Chuck Stevenson, ace NASCAR driver, says, "I protect my race car *and* my family car with Purolators!"

Proved best for every make of car

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Editorials

Should We Aid Those Who Aid the Reds?

Back in the middle of February the Washington correspondents became so agitated about whether or not lobbyists had exerted undue influence upon senators during the natural-gas debate that they pretty much ignored another story which appears likely to be far more important. The reference is to a speech in the Senate by Senator McClellan, of Arkansas, in which that able senator made it clear that the Administration was unlikely to get favorable action on its foreign-aid program until it had come clean with Congress as to the extent to which recipients of American generosity had been supplying the Soviet Union and its satellites with the sinews of war.

Up to now, according to Senator McClellan, the Senate Permanent Investigating Subcommittee, of which he is chairman, has been able to get precious little information from the Executive Department on this matter. The "Executive branch of our Government," said the senator, "has declared even the Battle Act list (of items embargoed to communist countries) to be classified and therefore not available to the people of the United States." But the list of supposedly embargoed items is well known to the Iron Curtain countries which have been getting them, and to our allies who, according to testimony before the committee, have been selling the hardware to the communists.

Senator McClellan pointed out that among the "non-strategic" items which, at the Co-ordinating Committee meeting in Paris in 1954, were "disembargoed or otherwise downgraded with the concurrence of our Government," are boring mills costing between $200,000 and $500,000 which the Defense Department has described as essential in the manufacturing of armaments. One witness before Senator McClellan's committee testified that "it would be better for the United States to permit shells, guns or guided missiles to be sent to the Soviet Union, for they could be used against us only once, while those machine tools could and will be used to make armaments of war which could be used against us many times."

All this suggests an extraordinary degree of schizophrenia in the Executive Department of the Government. We are constantly treated to speculation by one set of administrators as to whether the Soviet Union has managed to create this or that type of bomb, supersonic plane or guided missile. Then, apparently without embarrassment, other Government officials go before committees of Congress and refuse to give adequate information as to whether or not the means of manufacturing such weapons is being supplied to communist countries by our allies, who are supposed to be as interested as we are in curbing communist aggression. We are told by one cabinet member that our allies insist on this policy, but that hardly explains our willingness to let them aid the communists with our money.

There was force in the comment during the debate by Senator Jackson, of Washington, who declared that, unless Mr. Dulles came before the Senate and solved some of these mysteries, he would be "inviting complete jeopardy of the foreign-aid program. We have no other course but to oppose requests for further foreign aid if we are not going to get from the Executive branch of the Government any more information than we have been getting."

If You Move in an Election Year, You May Lose Your Vote

It won't be long now before we start hearing the biennial chorus about the "apathy" of our citizens who do not care enough about the American way of life to exercise their sacred right at the ballot box!

Unfortunately apathy is a factor, especially in elections which lack compelling issues or candidates, but it isn't only apathy that keeps our voting turnout down. This coming November, there will be more than 6,000,000 adult Americans barred from the polls because they exercised the right to move from one place to another.

Take the man who moves from California to Rhode Island or Mississippi. He has to wait a full two years before he can go to the polls with his neighbors. But if he had picked any one of eleven other states, he could have been a registered voter in six months' time. Say he moves from one county to another. Three states require that he wait a full year before registering. Thirteen require six months. Even the move from precinct to precinct—a block or two away, perhaps—can take away a man's vote for as much as a year.

This confusing picture has been capably documented by Dr. Ralph Goldman, of the Brookings Institution. Writing in the National Municipal Review, he points out that, of the 18,000,000 American adults who moved in 1954, about 3,340,000 moved across state lines. At least 3,000,000 of these were disfranchised for the fall elections, he estimates. About 2,560,000 voters moved from county to county in their home states. Doctor Goldman concludes that at least 640,000 failed to meet their county residence requirements in time to vote. As for the 12,100,000 who moved around in their home counties, he thinks that at least 1,008,300 lost out in the November election.

All this adds up to nearly 5,000,000, which is about 9 per cent of the vote cast in 1954. Projecting these figures to November, 1956, it seems that at least 6,000,000 American citizens will have nothing to say about who will be President for the next four years.

Whatever the answer, it seems that the time has come to augment the periodic lament about "voter apathy" with some attention to the reasons why some millions of Americans are not permitted to vote.

The Best Race Relations are Those That "Just Grow"

During some recent maneuvers by American paratroopers in Thailand, the parachute of one of the paratroopers failed to open. Fortunately for him, another paratrooper was near enough to seize the lines of his fellow trooper and thus bring him safely to the ground. The soldier whose parachute failed to open was a Negro. The man who saved his life was a white man.

The action of the white soldier was undoubtedly normal procedure for him or for any other soldier in his position. He was not performing a consciously noble action or undertaking an experiment in better race relations. In short, he was doing his job as it presented itself, and would undoubtedly be surprised to find himself described as a hero. A few weeks earlier a Negro paratrooper saved the life of a white comrade in much the same manner.

In the midst of the hysterical legal and legislative battles now raging in some parts of America over the question of whether or not white and colored children should attend the same schools, it might be germane to point out that race relations are usually simpler and more harmonious in actual practice than they become when surrounded by all sorts of confusing and intricate concepts involving law and supposedly eternal principles. In the armed services young men of varying racial backgrounds work together without much thought about the differences which are supposed to keep them forever apart. This also happens in sports, industries and even in education, when "integration" has come about normally and without too much law and oratory. One need not accept all the doctrines of the late John Dewey to agree that in certain areas people can "learn by doing."

There is little reason to expect the segregation issue to be settled in the Southern states for a long time to come to the satisfaction of anybody. Perhaps it could be resolved sooner if those on both sides of the fence would concentrate their attention less on the need for an injunction or a new statute and more upon the occasions when they have found themselves working along with a man of a different race with no more fuss about it than occurred when the paratrooper in Thailand automatically grabbed the lines of his falling companion.

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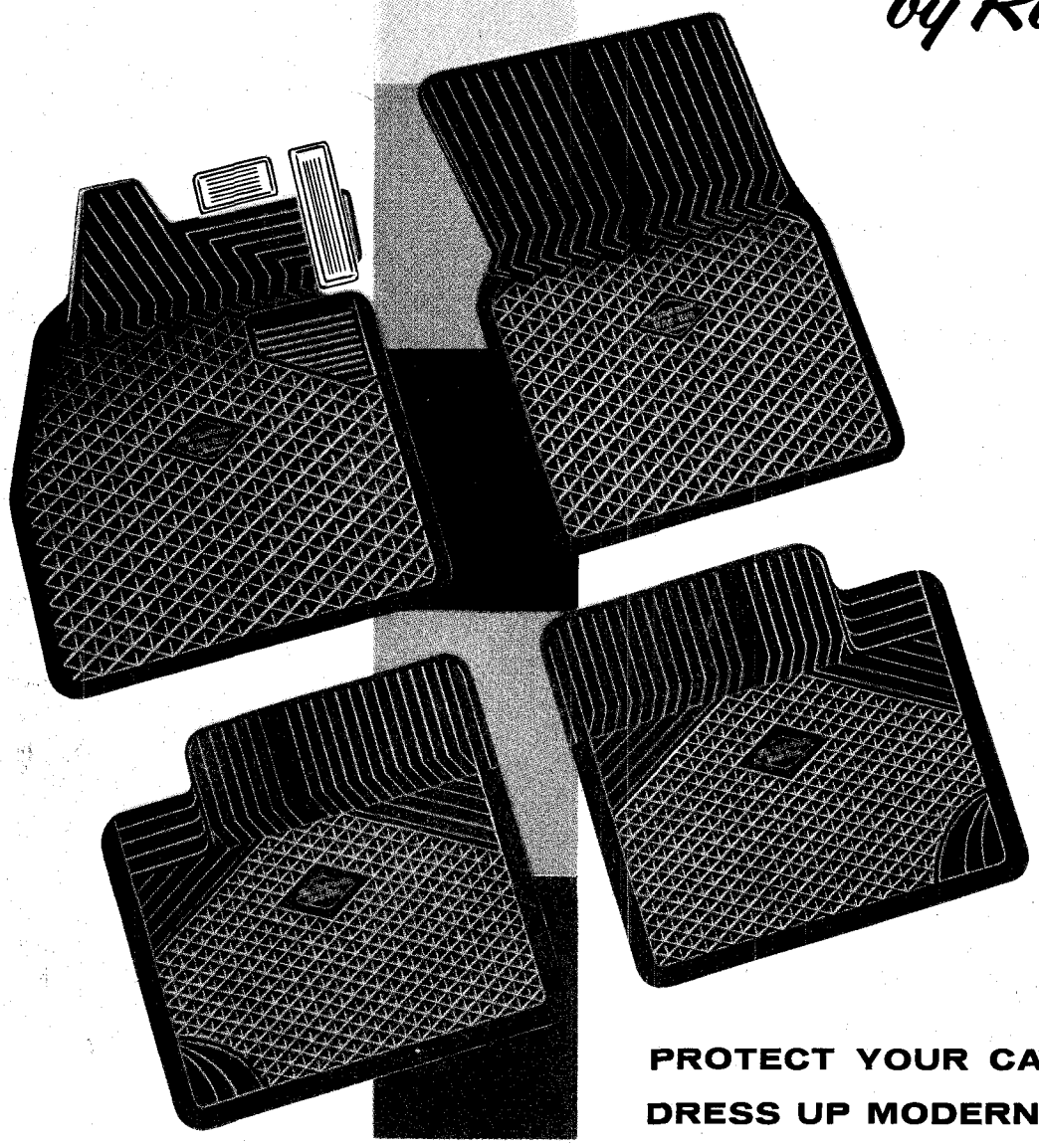

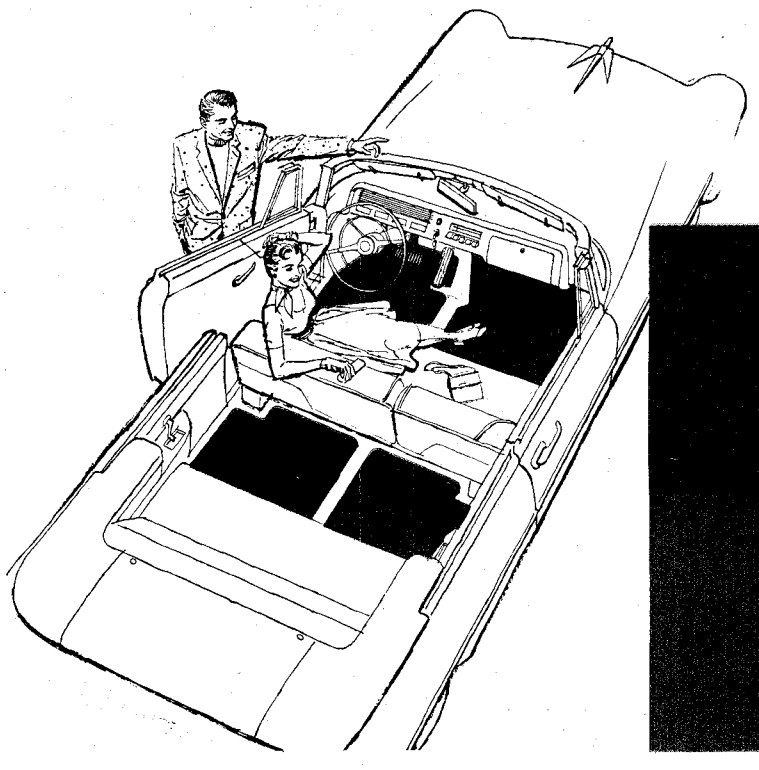

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DRESS UP MODERN INTERIORS WITH THESE
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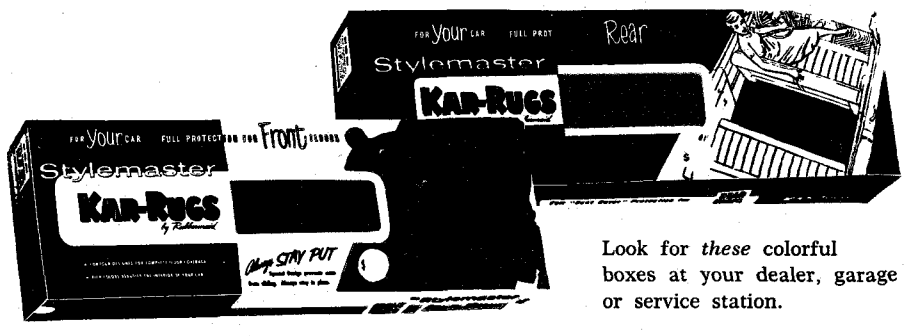
Your car floors stay new, protected from wear, dirt and mud stains. Beautiful Stylemasters stay colorful because they're so easy to remove, shake out and replace clean.

Get the original . . . genuine Stylemasters . . . engineered to fit all cars and stay in place without sliding.



Look for *these* colorful boxes at your dealer, garage or service station.

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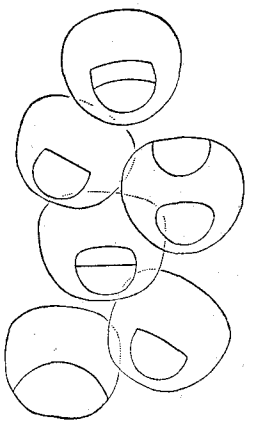
Do you need multifocal lenses?

2 ranges of seeing (bifocals) or 3 (trifocals) blended inconspicuously in one lens, for general distance, specialized-middle distance and near point.



IT ALL depends on your seeing habits. Certainly, your eyes are on the go all day long, and often far into the night. What with cooking, shopping, sewing, reading, television, perhaps helping the children with their homework—there are a hundred-and-one seeing jobs every hour.

If you are not to feel tired out, frustrated and jumpy, then your vision must be kept clear and strain-free.

We often forget that eyes, like any other hard-working organ, *do* age, weaken, lose their ability to focus rapidly and accurately. They need constant help and care.

The wise thing to do, is see your eyesight examiner soon—how long since you saw him last? Let him check the *health* of your eyes, give them a thorough *visual analysis*, and correct any errors with *lenses* – the scientifically exact kinds and powers you need.

Then, you can select a *complete wardrobe of frames* that flatter your features, complement your personality, blend with your coloring, costumes and accessories—in short, choose the *right* lenses in the *right* frames – the glasses *you* need for round-the-clock visual efficiency, comfort and style. Better Vision Institute, Inc., New York.

TUNE UP—DRESS UP YOUR PRICELESS EYES . . . SEE YOUR EXAMINER SOON

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FOR CARS • TRUCKS • TRACTORS — ALL MAKES • ALL AGES

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What does this mean to you as a car or truck owner?

It means *time saved for your repairman*—time to employ his skill and know-how in getting you back on the road, instead of shopping around for parts. Here's why:

No matter what car or truck you own—no matter where you live or drive—there is an independent N·A·P·A Jobber nearby whose business is to quickly provide repairmen with parts and supplies for cars and trucks of *all makes.*

Repairmen have not always been able to get such a service. It is because N·A·P·A Jobbers provide such a service that N·A·P·A has become the nation's largest independent parts organization. Here it is possible for the repairman to buy from *one source,* nationally advertised products of genuine quality for all the makes and models that come into his shop.

From coast to coast, (and in Hawaii) more than 2700 N·A·P·A Jobbers, backed by 43 N·A·P·A Warehouses, are today giving broader, faster supply service than ever before to service and repair shops of all kinds . . . One of these N·A·P·A Jobbers is in your own community, or close by. The black and yellow N·A·P·A Seal he displays is a sure guide to fine parts and fast service.

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who supply the automotive repair trade from coast-to-coast with these—and many other—nationally advertised brands of quality automotive parts and supplies.

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The professional Tools Mecha
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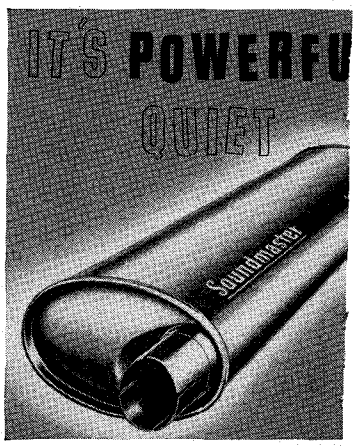

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the flashing performance your en
designed to give . . . QUIET becau
a model made specifically for *your*
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against deadly carbon monoxide!

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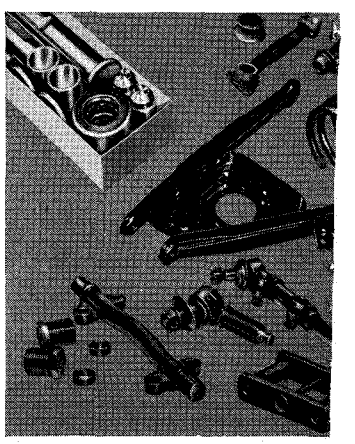

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Widely used as original equipment, Thomson Thermostats bring to *all cooling systems* the advantages of the tight-sealing, trouble-free poppet valve. For efficient, economical motor performance in summer—for quick heat in winter—ask for a *Thomson* Thermostat.

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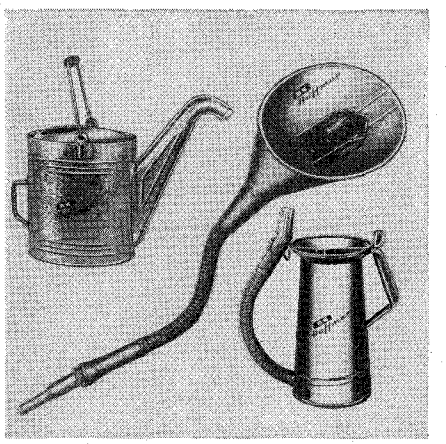

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For the utmost protection to your automatic transmission system and your car, you'll find reliable service station operators using B★K Huffman engineered and field proven equipment. B★K units are available for every service station requirement . . . for every season.

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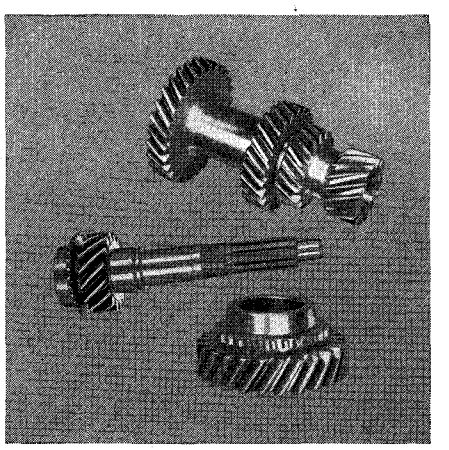

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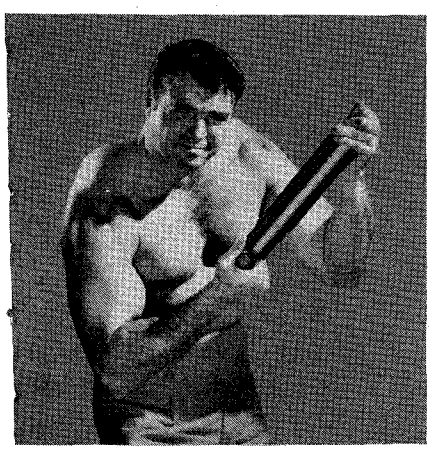

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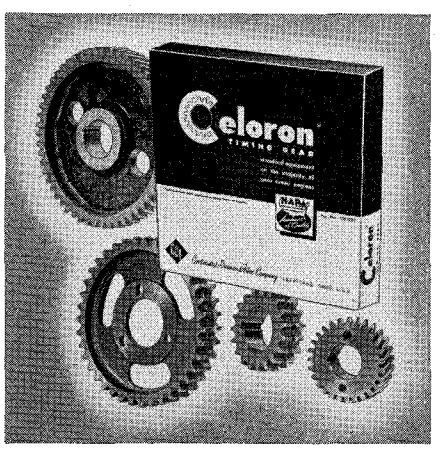

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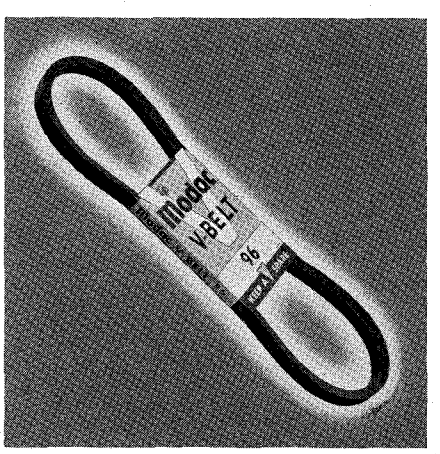

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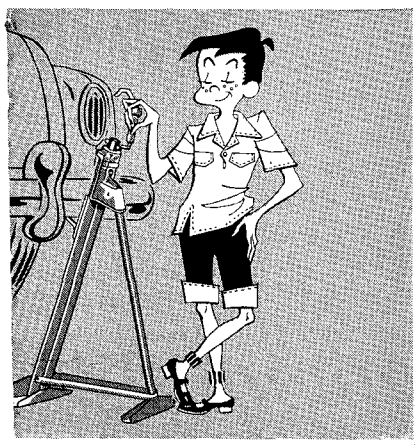

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ou can send a boy to do a man's job when ou change tires with a FLEET bipod bumper ck. There are no parts to assemble or get st . . . just set it up and go to work. When u're through, fold it up, neat as an umbrella.

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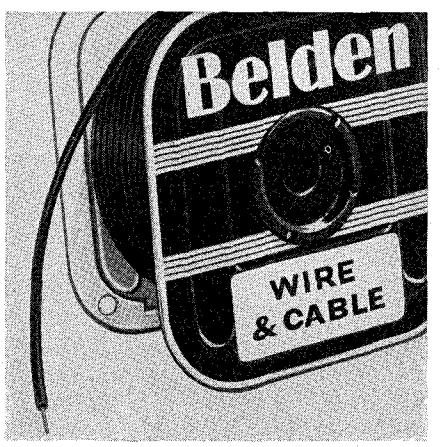

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Don't Stall! Don't Waste Gas! Don't Drive Blind! Have your service man check your wiring. Most dependable service stations have complete stocks of Belden cables—the line engineered for modern service. Watch for the name—BELDEN.

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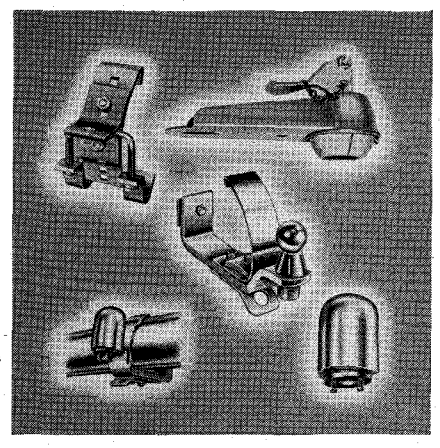

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Quick Grip Couplers—positive-locking, easy to open and close; silent rubber inserts need no lubrication. *Trailer Clamps*—rubber-lined, adjustable to all bumpers. *Custom Connectors*—individually designed for all cars, chrome-plated, individually packaged.

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There's nothing finer than Puritan Super 60. It is the premium product whose No. 1 consideration is the safety of you and your family. Meets and exceeds SAE Specification 70R1. Insist on Puritan Super 60, recognized since 1938 as the top quality, top performance heavy duty brake fluid.

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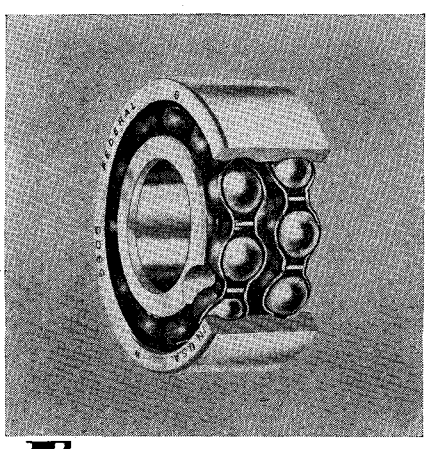

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The safety, efficiency and smooth performance of the car you drive depends on *reliable* ball bearings! That's why millions of cars, trucks and tractors are factory-equipped with Federal Ball Bearings—why so many service shops keep 'em running with Federals.

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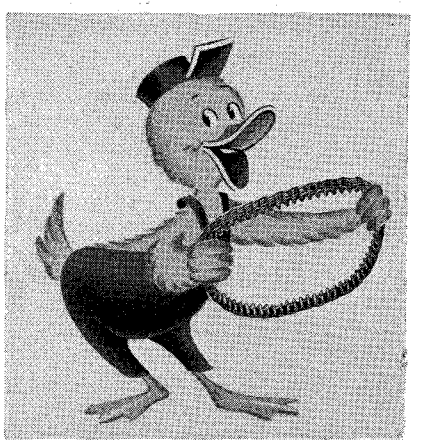

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Ask for a timing chain check on your ne motor overhaul. Worn or stretched chai destroy "pep" . . . waste gas and oil. If placement is needed, specify Duckworth Monoflex Timing Chains—best in the lo run. Your garageman has them in stock can get fast delivery.

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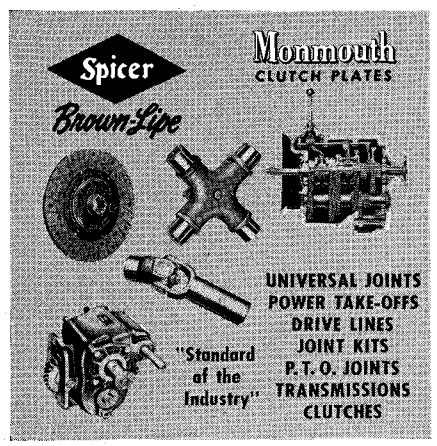

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Just as practically all vehicle makers depend on Dana-made Products, you can depend on Spicer and "Mechanics-Type" Universal Joint Kits; Brown-Lipe Transmissions; Spicer Power Take-Offs and Joints, and Monmouth Clutch Plates.

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Fit Better—Wear Longer

Prospect *Contoured* Floor Mats *fit better, wear longer,* because the exact shape of the car floor is permanently built in; because they are constructed of the same materials supplied to car makers. *Easier to install* because holes for pedals, etc. are *accurately pre-punched,* for old cars and new.

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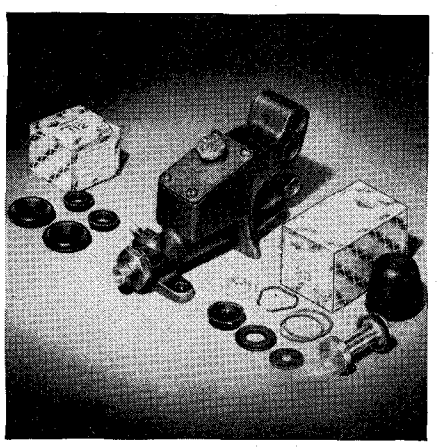

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UNITED Hydraulic Brake Parts are replacement engineered for not one car, but all cars. Millions are in use rendering dependable stopping service. Remember, you bet your life on your brakes. Specify UNITED brake parts, available from NAPA Jobbers everywhere.

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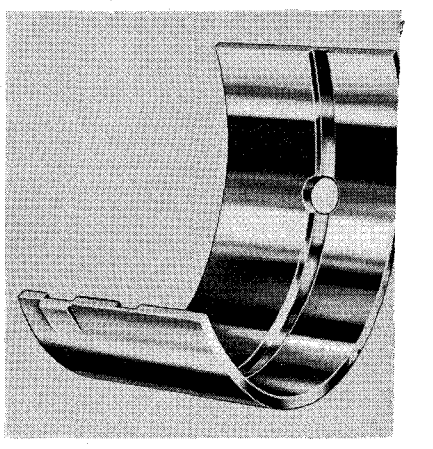

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Designed Right—by the engineers who des most original equipment

Made Right—by the world's largest b ing manufacturer.

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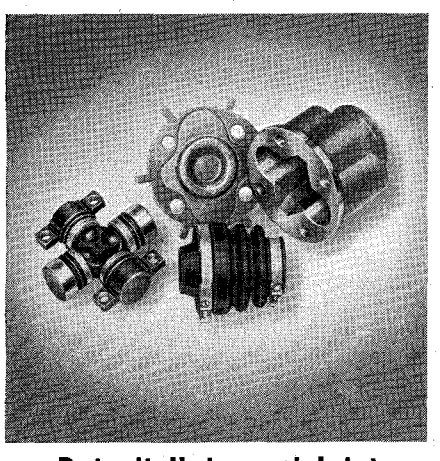

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OILOK fiber sheet packing is impervious to water, gasoline, oil. Made in 3 thicknesses: 1/64", 1/32", 1/16"—in 18" and 36" width rolls, on handy wire rack. Ideal for sealing oil pan, gear cover, valve cover, etc., when ready-cut gaskets are not available.

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America's Safety Brake Lining

Dozens of times every day, you bet your life on the quality of the brake lining in your car. When it's American Brakeblok lining you can depend on its built-in safety. Next time your brakes need relining ask the repairman to use American Brakeblok, riveted or bonded.

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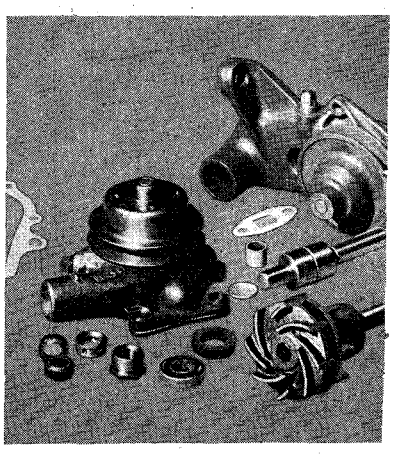

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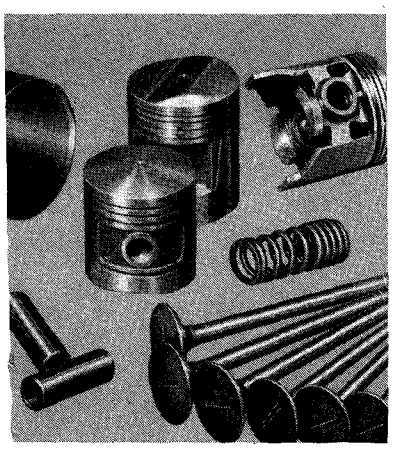

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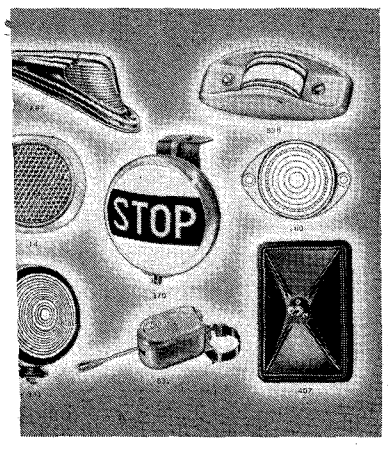

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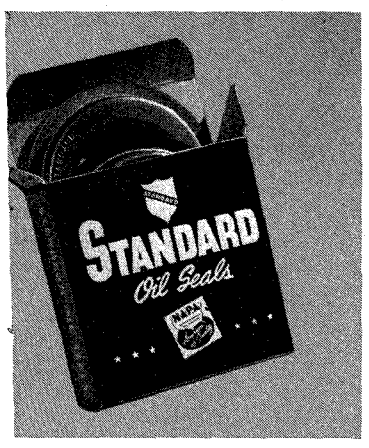

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From a small beginning in 1925, when there were less than 20,000,000 motor vehicles in operation, N·A·P·A has grown to be the largest independent system in the automotive replacement parts field. This nation-wide system is made up of independent business men and enterprises—the Manufacturers of the parts and supplies listed in these pages; the N·A·P·A Warehouses which distribute these products from 43 key centers; and the more than 2,700 independent N·A·P·A Jobbers who directly supply automotive repair shops of all types with these parts and supplies.

Since the very beginning, it has been N·A·P·A's policy to distribute only parts, materials and supplies of genuine quality. These products are all identified by the N·A·P·A Seal.

The basic ideal behind N·A·P·A is "quality parts—quickly available." In your own community is a living example of this idea *in action:* the local N·A·P·A Jobber, from whom repairmen of all types can get—with one stop, or one phone call—vital parts and supplies for cars, trucks and tractors of all makes and ages.

The 43 N·A·P·A Warehouses maintain master stocks of all these parts and supplies to give "one-stop" service to the 2,700 N·A·P·A Jobbers who supply repairmen throughout the nation.

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who supply the automotive repair trade from coast-to-coast with these—and many other—nationally advertised brands of quality automotive parts and supplies.

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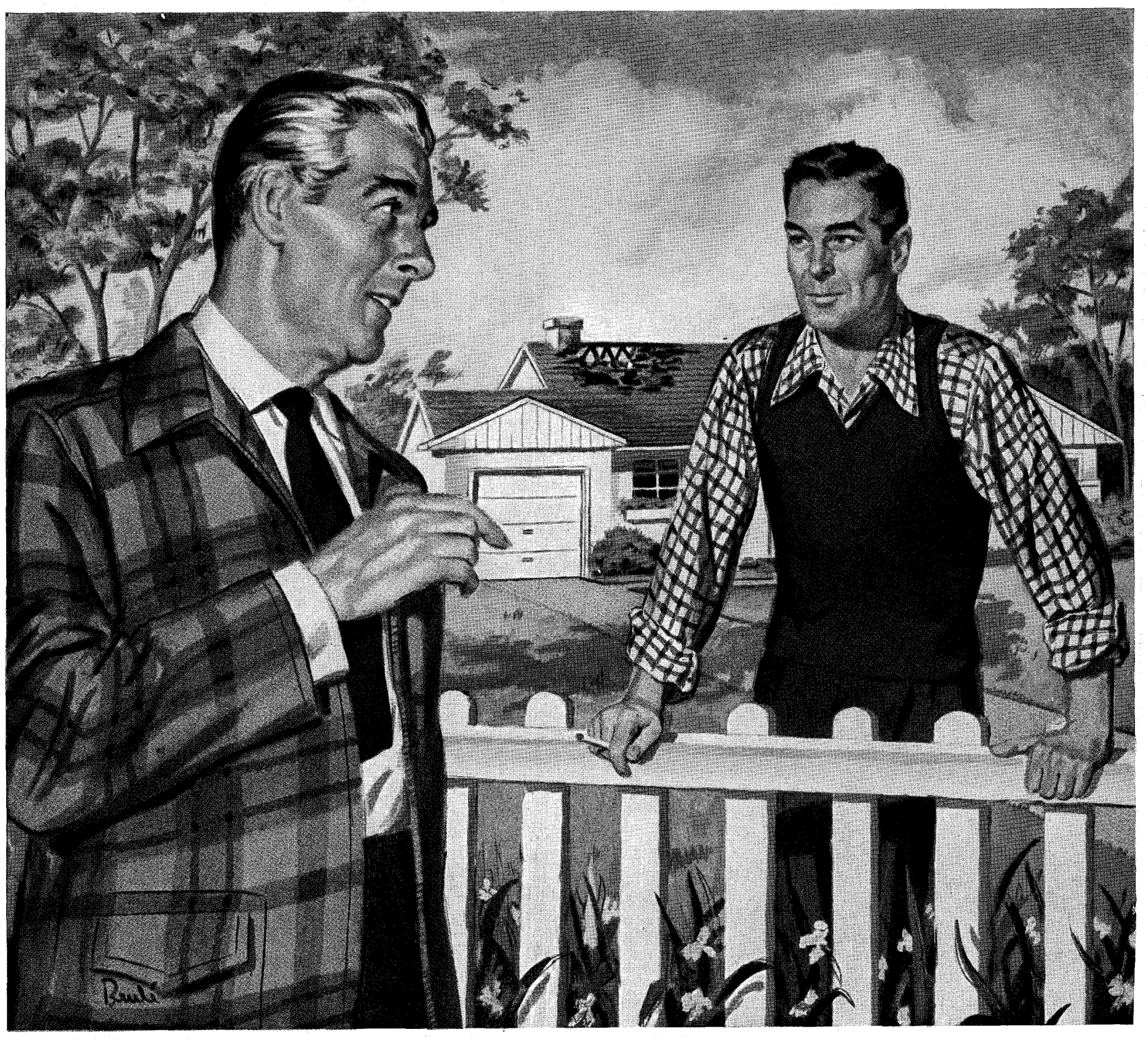

"And it could have happened to me..."

"One night last week, my next door neighbor had a bad fire. It set me thinking about my fire insurance. Did I have enough? My agent, Bill Morton, had been after me to increase it for some time, but I was always too busy. So when Bill called me the next morning, I told him to come right out.

"Bill opened my eyes. I had only $9000 on my house which is worth $18,000 today. And an inventory showed I had less than half enough on furniture, rugs, clothing and other things. I couldn't believe it. Now I know I'm properly insured. But when I think of what might have happened..."

★

This is typical of the service you get from a Capital Stock company fire insurance agent. He's in business for himself, and his business is protecting you every minute, day or night. Capital Stock fire insurance companies are represented by local agents—200,000 of them. The protection they provide goes beyond your policy to bring you public services like arson detection, safer building methods, inspection of municipal fire fighting facilities.

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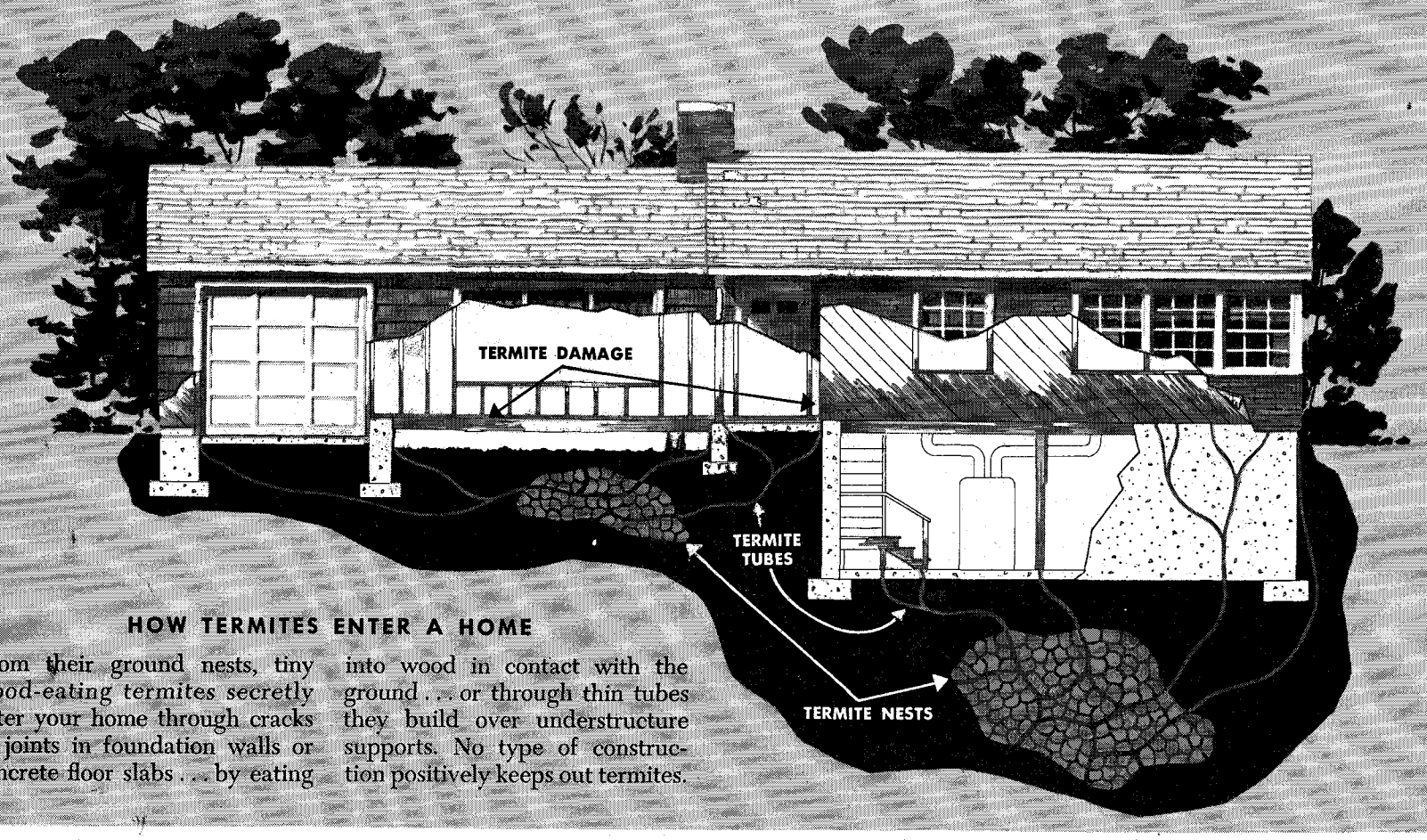
Are termites secretly attacking *your* home?



HOW TERMITES ENTER A HOME

From their ground nests, tiny wood-eating termites secretly enter your home through cracks or joints in foundation walls or concrete floor slabs . . . by eating into wood in contact with the ground . . . or through thin tubes they build over understructure supports. No type of construction positively keeps out termites.

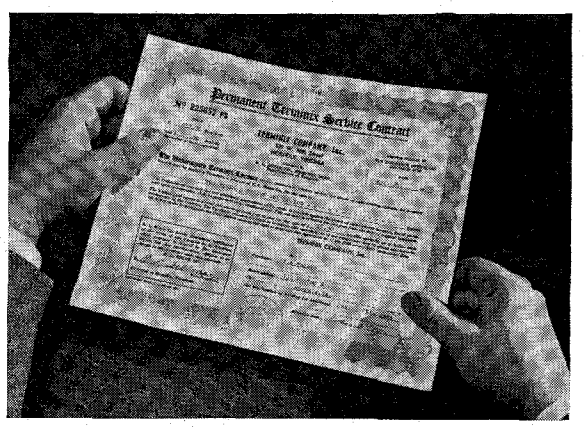
THESE FACTS WILL HELP YOU AVOID COSTLY TERMITE DAMAGE

Why termite damage is so costly

This photo shows how termites can damage foundation timbers. Hidden from sight, they eat away inside the wood until only a flimsy shell remains. Termite damage is very expensive to repair because it usually occurs in hard-to-reach areas under floors and inside walls. Termites also attack and riddle stored books, papers, clothing and carpets.

How hidden termite attack is detected

Here, under a house, you see a trained, experienced inspector who knows where and how to look for the hidden signs of termite infestation. Terminix, world's largest in termite control, offers this thorough inspection that will reveal whether or not you have a termite problem. You will then be furnished a complete report, without obligation.



Terminix gives you guaranteed protection

Should your home need termite protection, it will pay you to insist on the scientific Terminix system . . . developed by lumber industry leader E. L. Bruce Co. and proven in over 200,000 homes and buildings. Performance of Terminix contract terms is guaranteed by (1) your local Terminix company, (2) E. L. Bruce Co., (3) Sun Insurance Office, Ltd.

BRUCE TERMINIX

Phone Terminix for inspection of your property

Turn to the yellow pages of your telephone directory and look for BRUCE-TERMINIX SERVICE under "Termite Control" (listed under "Exterminating" in some books). On request, the licensed Terminix company in your area will thoroughly inspect your property for termites and termite damage, and report their findings to you in detail.

For free copy of "Termites in Your Home?" write Terminix Division, E. L. Bruce Co., Box 397-A, Memphis 1, Tenn.

TERMITES? *call* Terminix

Or write Terminix Division, E. L. Bruce Co., Box 397-A, Memphis 1, Tenn.

WORLD'S LARGEST IN TERMITE CONTROL

Ask about the low-cost Terminix Future Protection Plan for termite-free structures.

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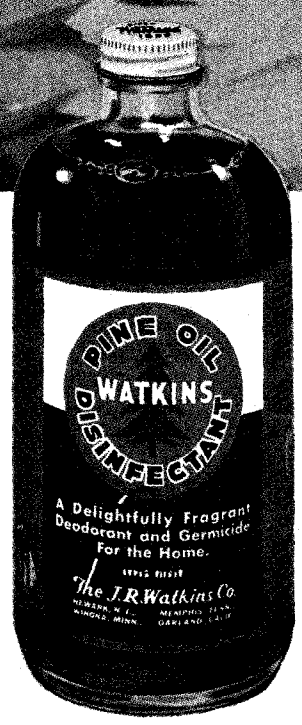
Gooseberry Falls on Minnesota's famous North Shore of Lake Superior



Misty Pine Freshness...

brought right to your home

Can't you just smell that clean, piney Northwoods fragrance when you look at the beautiful scene above? And Watkins has captured that fragrance in Pine Oil Disinfectant, the perfect deodorant and germicide for bathroom, basement and laundry.

Your Watkins Dealer, who calls at your home, offers you these quality products and over 250 other daily-used necessities for home and farm. Right now he has a bargain offer for you on Oder-Chek and other special housecleaning aids. Welcome him when he calls!

USE WATKINS

Oder-Chek

a Cedar Pine deodorizer which neutralizes offensive odors from cooking, paint, tobacco or bathroom. *If your Watkins Dealer has been missing you, look in your phone book for...*

WATKINS QUALITY PRODUCTS

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Send for Beautiful Framing Print!

You can get a beautiful 14″ x 17½″ matted print of Gooseberry Falls, painted by the famous wild-life artist, Les Kouba, by sending 25¢ in coin to The J. R. Watkins Company. Supply limited.

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Here's why so many people use

ONLY GLEEM...*the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

MOUTH BACTERIA BEFORE BRUSHING—THESE ARE THE CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY.

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED.

If you could brush after every meal, any good toothpaste would do . . . but if you can't always brush, even though it's best, then you should use Gleem. One Gleem brushing destroys most bacteria—gives added resistance to decay.

Kids love Gleem's taste—proved by flavor tests. So it's easy to get them to use Procter & Gamble's Gleem regularly. And regular after-meal brushing is a *proven* way for children to reduce tooth decay.

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove just brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor.

I can't brush after every meal, so ***I DEPEND ON GLEEM!***

ONLY GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!

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The Saturday Evening POST

Common Sense About Children's Reading

About the Authors

Robert U. Jameson (left, above) is well known to Post readers as the author of two extremely popular articles on education—So You Want to Go to College (1953) and How to Stay in College (1954). He heads the English department of a leading Eastern preparatory school.

His collaborator, E. Gillet Ketchum, is Supervisor of the Reeducation Clinic of the Institute of the Pennsylvania Hospital, Phila., Pa. His clinic diagnoses learning difficulties in normal children, and trains teachers in special methods of overcoming such difficulties.

"No reading problem," say these experts, "should cause parental hysterics." Here they dispel some of the nonsense that has been circulated about our children's minds.

By Robert U. Jameson and E. Gillet Ketchum

About 4,000,000 young Americans are poor readers. Put flatly, the figure sounds alarming—so alarming that parents all over the land fear that we are becoming a nation of illiterates. And for evidence they can point to a number of recently published books and articles, all suggesting that the schools are cheating our children.

But parents should hear the whole story before concluding that no one is being taught to read properly. Those 4,000,000 poor readers make up only 10 per cent of the Americans now in school. Ninety per cent—a huge majority—simply have no specific reading disability.

And what country does better? The highly literate Scandinavian countries have the same 10 per cent of poor readers, according to the International Council for Reading Instruction. The figures for England and the dominions, usually listed as "advanced" nations, are slightly worse—10 to 15 per cent with reading disabilities.

But the nonreader, or the poor reader, in a country flooded with reading matter does demand our attention. As to what a "poor" reader is, we mean here a child whose basic reading skills are so retarded as to hamper his learning in school. We certainly do *not* mean a child who can be taught to read faster or better than he does. Every one of us can learn to read more efficiently than we do, but we are not all retarded, by any means.

In the United States, extensive research has shown that a third of our 4,000,000 poor readers, of whom five out of six are boys, incidentally, need expert help. And help can be given. In most cases, reading disability can be prevented, and when it's not prevented, it can be cured.

Before discussing remedies, let's look briefly at some causes. To begin, many widely circulated explanations of reading difficulties are open to question. It has been said, for example, that all poor readers have faulty vision, or that all lack training in phonics, or read the same books, or are poorly taught, or use poor texts. Not some—all.

These are plausible explanations, but the problem is not so simple as all that. The plain truth is that in most cases a youngster's reading problem arises from a cause, or more often, a number of causes peculiar to him alone. Clinical study and close observation of the reading habits of thousands of children reveal that an enormous proportion of reading disability stems from personality problems. And nearly all of these personality problems are the result of pressures on the child—parental pressures, usually.

(Continued on Page 51)

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He Hates to Lose

By WILL GRIMSLEY

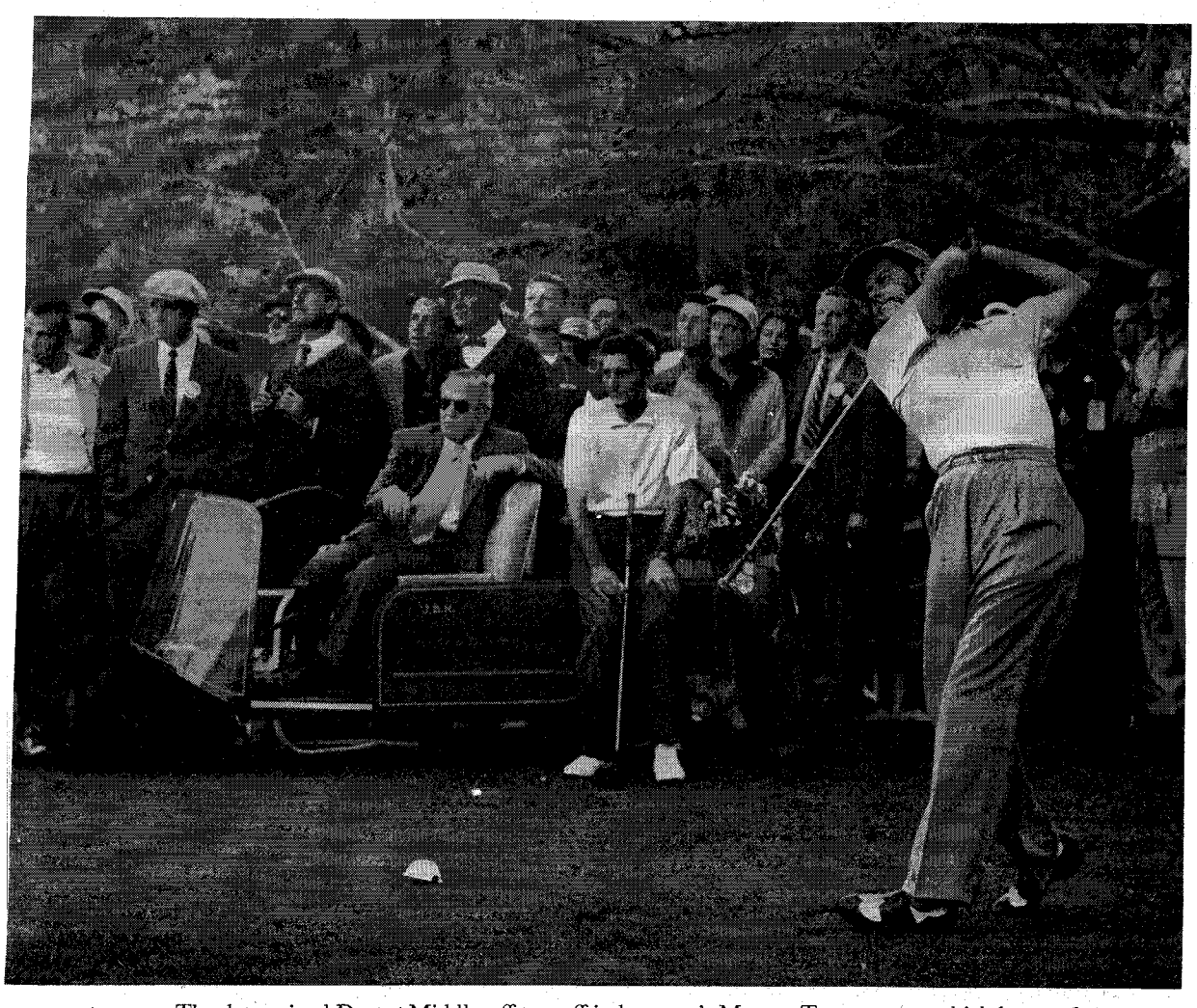
Can hotheaded Dr. Cary Middlecoff win this week's Masters Tournament? If so, he'll be the first man to do it twice in a row.

On the fourteenth floor of the Columbian Mutual Building in Memphis, a modest skyscraper from whose towers one can see steamboats gliding lazily up the Mississippi River, there is a dental office. Inside, the big leather chair is neatly dusted. The frightful nerve-jabbing machines and intricate tools all are in place, unused. On the door is the lettering: DR. CARY MIDDLECOFF.

If the usual routine were followed, over the doorknob might be hung a cardboard sign, reading, OUT TO GOLF, then, BACK AT—NEVER.

For nine years there was the possibility that Cary would revert from professional golf to professional dentistry. His father, Dr. Herman Middlecoff, who with his brother leases nearly an entire floor of Memphis' second tallest structure for a prosperous dental practice, has kept everything in readiness for the return of his son. But now he might as well close up that empty office. Golf it is for Cary Middlecoff.

"I'm certain I'll never practice dentistry again," says Cary. "I've had my golf problems—psychological ones, mechanical and physical ones. But now for the first time everything is fitting perfectly in place. I believe I've found the right prescription. I had my greatest year in 1955. There's no reason 1956 shouldn't be better."



The determined Doctor Middlecoff tees off in last year's Masters Tournament, which he won by a record seven-stroke margin over Ben Hogan. The immortal Bobby Jones followed the play in his motor scooter.

His biggest 1955 success came at Augusta, Georgia, in the famous Masters Tournament, which Cary won by a record margin of seven strokes over Ben Hogan. The thirty-five-year-old Middlecoff would set an even more memorable record if he could repeat in the 1956 Masters, which is being played this week. From the time this tourney started in 1934, no man has won it two years in a row.

Last year Middlecoff triumphed not only in the Masters but also in the Western Open, which rates only a notch below the National Open in prestige. He added four other top purses on the Professional Golfers Association tour—the Bing Crosby Invitation and the St. Petersburg, Milwaukee and Cavalcade of Golf Opens. He also gained the final round of the match-play P.G.A. championship, losing to Doug Ford. This year he kept on going, with a successful defense of his Bing Crosby title in January, then took the Phoenix Open in February.

Middlecoff led the 1955 Performance Chart, an over-all rating system comparable to the batting averages in baseball. In the official

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Middlecoff—"the finest putter in the world"—sinks one. Cary gave up a profitable dental practice to pursue his first love, golf. He's had no reason to regret his decision. Since turning pro nine years ago, his golf earnings have been close to $500,000.

P.G.A. money list, Middlecoff won $39,567.27, finishing second to Julius Boros, whose $50,000 one-shot bonanza in the lush Tam O'Shanter "World Championship" boosted his earnings to $63,121.55. Cary's revenue from other sources—his salary as an advisory-staff member of Wilson Sporting Goods Company, exhibition fees, a syndicated column—raised his total income to $50,000-plus for the seventh straight year.

"I'd have to put in a lot of gold inlays to match that," he says realistically.

It hasn't come easy. At one stage Middlecoff's nerves became so locked that he couldn't bring back the head of his putter. Another time he fell into such an abysmal slump on the tour that he had money only for one more tournament. His temper has blown gaskets. Once he picked up in three tournaments in the space of four weeks. The P.G.A. fined him $100 for "conduct unbecoming a professional golfer."

This was in 1951, when Middlecoff developed the most dreadful of occupational diseases for a golfer—he became allergic to grass. "The worst period was in the spring," he says. "I was sniffling and sneezing until I was almost blinded. It was impossible for me to play. That's when I pulled out of the tournaments at Jacksonville, Florida, and Greensboro and Wilmington, North Carolina.

Cary and wife Edith after he won the Masters. They fell in love while he was filling one of her teeth.

"I was at the Masters when I was called on the carpet and fined. I didn't try to explain to the P.G.A. committee. I was sorry about it and just took my medicine. I thought I might have to quit. But I started taking hay-fever shots and haven't had much trouble since."

Cary credits a pair of home-town pros, Jake Fondren and Pat Abbott, with helping correct a major defect in his swing which caused a terrible slump right after he won the National Open in 1949. The cures for his intangible flaws—taut nerves and slow, indecisive play—were provided by two of the sport's immortals, Walter Hagen and Bobby Jones.

"I don't deny I'm nervous," Middlecoff says. "I always have maintained that a man who is not nervous is either an idiot or has never been close enough to winning to get nervous. My trouble was more than that. I started freezing over the

(Continued on Page 71)

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It was a scandalous way to behave—but a lot of fun.

THE GIRL WHO TRADED BOYS

By PAUL GARRISON

The Wileys lived in one of the suburbs of New York, close enough for Tom to get to the office within an hour, when the traffic wasn't too bad, but far enough to get refreshing breezes during the summer and to enjoy snow in the winter, without seeing it turned into slush by millions of automobile tires.

With their daughter, Peg, now in high school, Ann was enjoying the fact that she and Tom could stay out late without having to worry about baby sitters. It was late afternoon and Tom was sitting in the living room, reading the rival papers, as he was apt to do, when Ann came into the room, wearing a robe and carrying a dinner dress, which she had just ironed.

"What's for dinner, Ann?" After years of marriage, it still annoyed her that he would ask such questions without looking up from what he was doing.

"Nothing," she said coolly.

Now Tom did look up with an expression on his face as if she had answered in some foreign language. "Huh?"

"I said, nothing. We're going out, remember?"

Tom's eyes went back to his paper and his tone of voice expressed utter lack of enthusiasm. "Oh, yes."

Ann said firmly, "And you'll have to change!"

"Yes, dear."

She was certain he hadn't heard a word. "Did you hear what I said?"

Tom said "Uh-huh," and then went into a long thing about some fellow named Brown having been fired, about all of which Ann couldn't have cared less.

"Tom, please. You have to change, and on top of that, I want to talk to you!"

"I'm sorry, dear. It's just that ——" He got up and walked over to her.

"I know—about Brown."

Tom tried to explain. "Well, I thought you and his wife ——"

"I never could stand her!"

He looked at her, a little taken aback. Then he couldn't help himself. He grinned and took her into his arms and squeezed her. "I love you," he said for no reason.

"Tom! The dress! I just pressed it!" Ann tried desperately to keep it out of his embrace, but she managed only partially.

"Get rid of it." He pulled her closer and tried to look lecherous.

"Tom!" Ann half laughed and pushed him away. "Really, Tom! Stop it now! I must talk to you about Peg!"

He let go. "What's she been up to now?"

Ann was suddenly quite serious. There was something on her mind that had been bothering her, and she meant to have it out with him. "It's not what she's been up to. It's you! You've simply got to stop buying her things!"

Tom didn't have the faintest notion what she was talking about, and said so.

"All that stuff in her room. It's getting out of hand!"

"I'm sorry, dear. I'm afraid you've lost me somewhere." He had never considered himself particularly thick, but this time he was confused.

Ann was annoyed. She wasn't going to let him play coy. "All right; come upstairs. I'll show you."

Peg's room was at the head of the stairs, and attached to the door with innumerable small pieces of adhesive tape was a sign that looked as though it had been, shall we say, liberated by some GI. On it appeared in large black letters: OFF LIMITS.

Ann waited for her husband, and then she reached for the knob to open the door.

"You think it's all right to go in?" Somehow it gave Tom a feeling of reading his daughter's mail.

"Don't be silly!" Ann flung the door wide open.

Tom stood in the open door, utterly at a loss for words. What he saw was unusual, to put it mildly. Strewn all over the room in that kind of erratic confusion with which teen-agers like to surround themselves were several radios, a saxophone, a pair of roller skates, a phonograph, a television set, a violin without strings, an aquarium without either fish or water, a golf bag with what seemed to be an incomplete set of clubs, a fishing rod, and heaven only knew what else.

Ann was watching Tom expectantly, and when he just stood there making no sound at all, she finally said, "Well?"

(Continued on Page 116)

The rumor spread quickly that Peg liked to kiss boys.

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Illustrated by George Hughes

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"Bitsy-Bobbin" lives in Falls Church, Va., now. She wasn't always so happy. During her first visit with the author, Krista begged in German, "Please, I want to go home."

How Krista Became an American

The author and her husband tried to adopt a wistful little German girl, and nearly everything went wrong . . .

By GUANETTA GORDON

The children of the *Kloster* were scrubbed to a pink glow. Politely they greeted their American benefactors who had brought gifts. Smiles bubbled over into excited giggles as we passed out Easter eggs, marshmallow chickens, chocolate rabbits and lollipops. We were all having a wonderful time, when suddenly I caught sight of a little girl at the far end of the cobblestone yard, trying to ignore the fanfare. But she stole furtive glances at us as she bobbed from sandpile to teeter-totter.

I turned to one of the nurses. "Who is that little one over there, that Bitsy-Bobbin? Why does she pretend to have no interest in the Easter rabbit?"

"*Ach!* That one. She is the difficult child."

"But why is she difficult?"

The nurse sighed. "She remembers too much. She will not join the other children. Even her own sisters now she refuses to play with. She stays all the time by herself, playing make-believe. We can do nothing with her."

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Krista adjusted readily to U. S. ice-cream cones. Her new father, a retired Army colonel, stands treat.

"Tell me more about her," I pressed. "Her sisters—are they here too?"

"*Ja*, those babies." She pointed to two even younger than the problem child. "The mother died six months ago, when her last baby was born, the seventh one. The father brought these three young ones here. We are keeping them for him. Seven is too many for the eldest daughter to care for alone. *Ja*, it is a sad case. That one—the one you called Bitsy-Bobbin—has grieved too much. She remembers her mother, and cries. She wants to go home. Now she has turned against even her own sisters."

"Please, may I talk with her?" I asked.

"Certainly." The nurse's firm voice rang out, "Krista, come!"

Immediately the child stopped playing and came forward. She gave me her hand and bowed, as German children are taught to do.

I spoke coaxingly. "We have some candy over there. Would you like some?"

"*Nein, danke.*" She spoke sweetly but positively.

I was taken aback. "Oh, surely you like candy. I want you to have some."

She smiled, but kept her eyes downcast. "*Nein, danke.*"

I put a cautious finger under her chin and lifted her face upward. For a fleeting moment I looked into large gray-green eyes fringed with the longest, blackest eyelashes ever. There was a dimple in her cheek, and her hair lay in baby-silk bangs of honey brown.

Something quivery hit me in the middle. I wanted to take her in my arms. Instead, I let her go back to her own land of make-believe without candy.

I turned to the nurse. "Is she here for adoption?"

"No, but she is so unhappy—and she is so little for four. Perhaps we might talk with the father."

(Continued on Page 85)

A brother for Krista—Navy Lt. (j.g.) Stewart Gordon. Before they could adopt Krista, the Gordons had to show proof that Stewart wanted a sister.

Krista, just turned 8, studies ballet in dancing school, and insists proudly, "I'm an American!"

Now a second-grader, Krista (in snow suit) waits with friends for a school bus. Her best marks are in spelling and art. She learned English in six weeks and retains no trace of German accent.

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

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Harvey had entrusted everything he owned

to a stranger who was

A THIEF BY CHOICE

By BENNETT FOSTER

One time in Alesnado Canyon, Harvey Miller told Bill McFarland how he'd got a start in cattle. Harvey's uncle raised him and when he was fourteen put him out by Palo Grande, looking after a string of steers. He had a tent, plenty of horses and four hundred two-year-olds in a big, open country; he cooked and kept his camp clean; he rode and held the steers where they belonged.

"I figured I was on the payroll," Harvey said, "but it turned out I was wrong. The steers sold good and I'd held them together, but when I went to draw my wages I didn't get a dime. Uncle Otto said he'd fed me and bought my clothes since my folks died. He claimed if anybody owed money, I owed him."

"So then you pulled out?" McFarland asked.

"Not then." Harvey shook his head. "I went home with Uncle Otto and watched my chances. The first time he was gone, I butchered the fattest dry cow I could find and sold the meat in town. I got twenty dollars for the hide and carcass. That's when I left."

McFarland tilted back his head and laughed. "Why," he said, "you're nothing but a cow thief. I never figured to hole up with an outlaw. What did you do then? Blow the money?"

No one could get very mad at Bill McFarland; even the reward notices said he was a "well-met, personable man." Harvey began to bristle, then relaxed again. "No," he answered. "The L Cross ran a wagon all year long and I caught on with it. I'd always aimed to have an outfit of my own, so I used the twenty bucks to buy a heifer." He grinned at Bill McFarland and Bill grinned back at him. He'd come to think a lot of Harvey Miller; he liked the boy just fine.

Happenstance put McFarland in Alesnado Canyon. After the Guardcastle bank robbery he split off from Jack Kusch and Alec Perry, and headed south. It was chancy business, but he dodged the towns, carried a blanket roll on his saddle, and to (Continued on Page 95)

McFarland took two steps forward. "Harvey," he said, his voice low.

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Young Soviet students, seeking escape from the dreary realities of existence, have themselves a ball in the Kremlin. Their attempts at gaiety usually have a quality of desperate determination.

I Found Russia Changed:

MOSCOW'S FLAMING YOUTH

In Russia today, the author found life for the masses only a little less dreary than it used to be. But just look how the new Soviet upper crust lives it up . . .

By CHARLES W. THAYER

Part 2

Moscow, U.S.S.R.

When I last lived in Russia more than twenty years ago, nightmares of possible counterrevolution still disturbed the sleep of every Kremlin inmate. And outside its walls the average Russian still dreamed of the good old days before the revolution. But, as I pointed out in the last issue of the Post, when I returned to the Soviet Union some weeks ago, the nightmares and dreams had disappeared. Stalin's successors had leashed their secret police, and the people had resigned themselves to the grim, drab life their rulers had prescribed for them.

Just how grim and drab that life can be was made vividly clear one evening as I wandered through the side streets of Moscow, revisiting old haunts. It was November seventh, the Soviet national holiday. A light snow was falling. Through an uncurtained basement window the glare of a naked light bulb caught my eye. It lit up a tiny cellar room not twelve feet square, far below the street level. Two beds had been piled one on top of the other to make room for a small table around which six people were crowded. A small boy sat on the lap of one of the men, (Continued on Page 89)

Moscow mambo. Elite Russian youth belong to the "Jet Set," which ridicules Party preachings.

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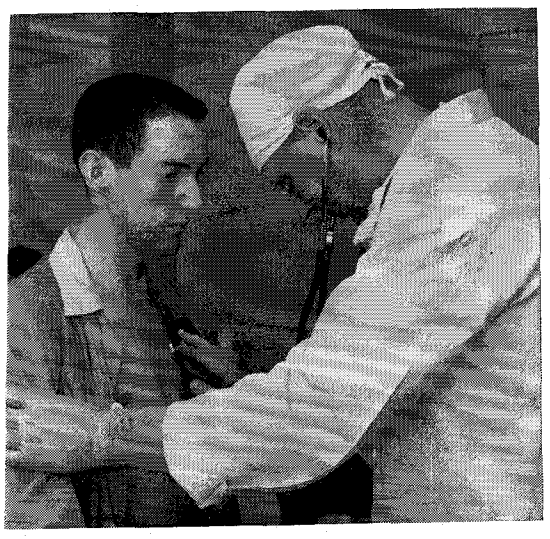
At Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Dr. Dwight Harken slits open the constricted mitral valve of a damaged heart. This patient's affliction—mitral stenosis, or narrowing of the valve opening—is the most common heart condition presently treated by surgery.

They Repair Damaged Hearts

Today there is almost no kind of heart defect which surgeons cannot mend with a special knife and sewing needle.

By Steven M. Spencer



Postoperative checkup: Dr. Charles Bailey, famous Philadelphia heart surgeon, finds Robert Ritter recovering successfully from an operation to correct a leaky mitral valve.

Dolly Tondo before surgery and, with Dr. Hugh Wilson, several months afterward. Boston specialists saved Dolly's life by patching up a hole in her heart.

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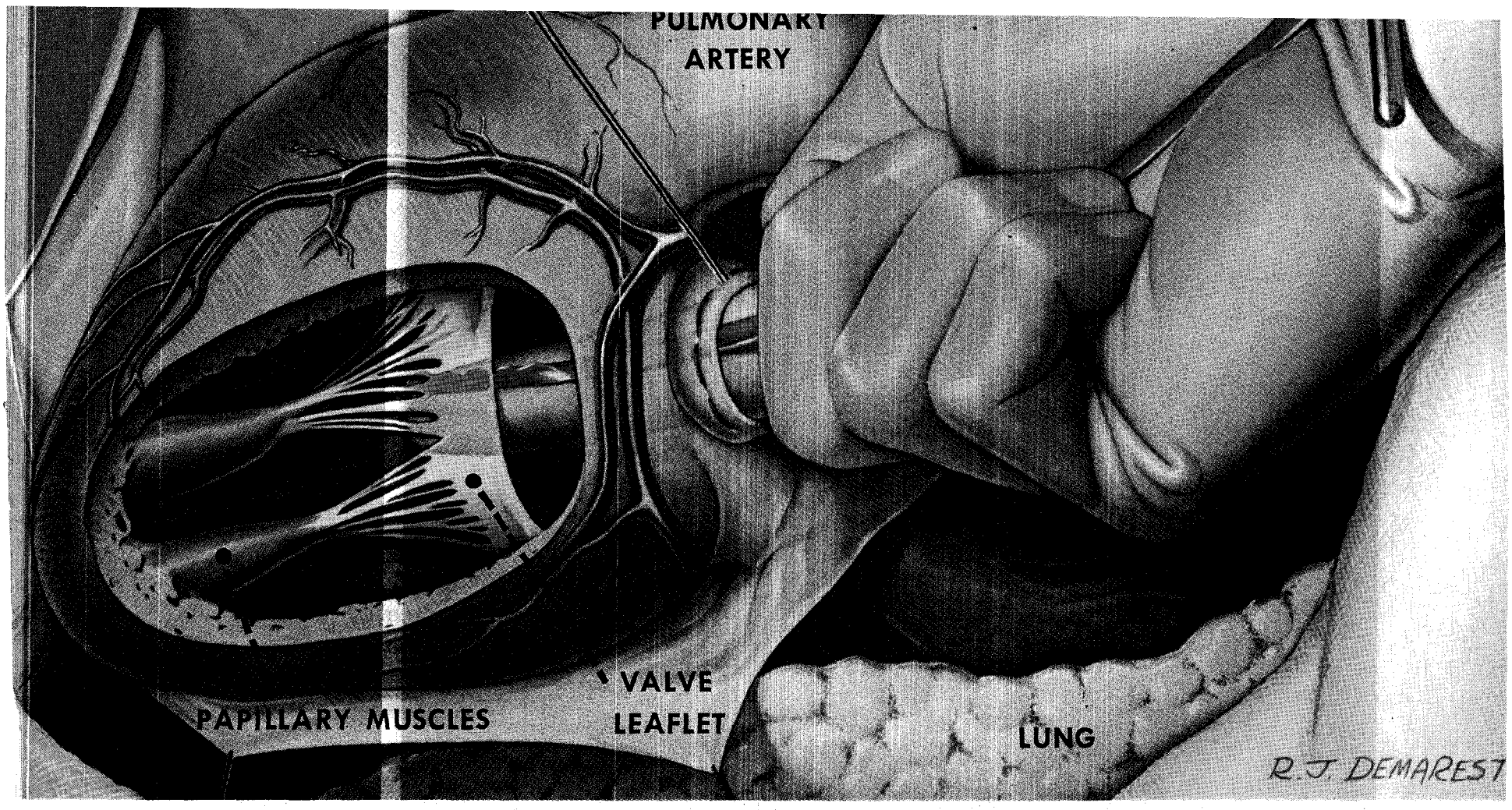
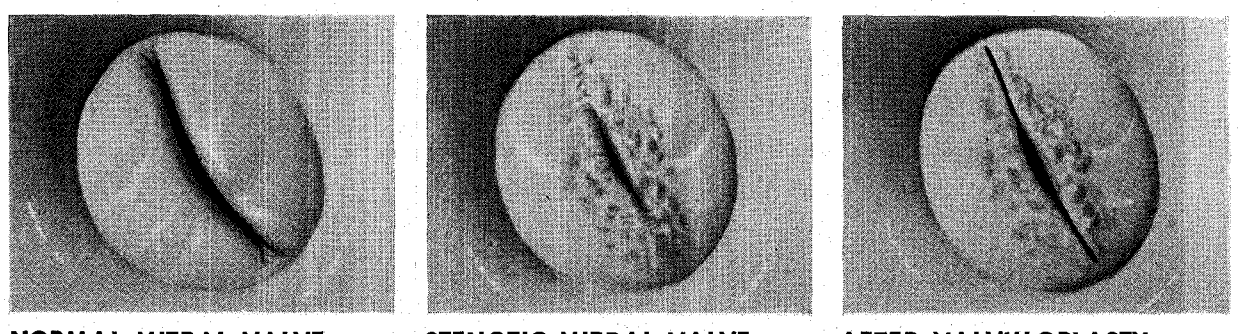


A mitral-stenosis operation. After the first incisions are made, the heart is exposed by pushing aside the lung, slitting the pericardial sac and holding it open with several tie sutures. Then the surgeon widens the mitral valve with a knife attached to his finger.

The mitral valve (here seen from above) controls the passage of blood from one chamber of the heart to another. When this valve is constricted (center) it hinders circulation and restricts a person's activities. Surgery permits blood to flow normally again.



NORMAL MITRAL VALVE | STENOTIC MITRAL VALVE | AFTER VALVULOPLASTY

For centuries doctors hesitated to lay a finger, much less a knife or needle, upon the human heart. They were afraid their slightest touch would stop its life-sustaining beat. Even such a bold and skillful operator as the great Theodor Billroth, of Germany, warned in 1883 that "the surgeon who would attempt to suture a wound of the heart would lose the respect of his colleagues."

A few men did risk censure by sewing up an occasional stab wound in the forbidden organ. Beyond that, however, they dared not go. And in 1896 the British physician, Stephen Paget, concluded that heart surgery, elementary as it then was, had "probably reached the limit set by Nature to all surgery: no new method and no new discovery can overcome the natural difficulties that attend a wound of the heart."

Happily, Paget proved to be a poor prophet. But his attitude was typical of the mental block which, in the opinion of a present-day pioneer in heart surgery, Dr. Dwight E. Harken, of Boston, helped delay developments on this frontier for nearly half a century. Not until the 1940's did the barrier of skepticism and unreasonable fear begin to crumble. Scores of soldiers with bullets and shell fragments in their hearts forced the surgeon's hand. Doctor Harken, himself, as chief of the first Thoracic Surgical Center in the European Theater, located in England, extracted such hardware from within or around the hearts of 134 men in 1944 and 1945, without a single fatality.

Encouraged by success in removing these foreign bodies and in working on the large arteries and veins near the heart—as in the patent ductus operation of Dr. Robert Gross, of Boston, and the "blue baby" operation of Dr. Alfred Blalock, of Baltimore—surgeons moved on to more complicated repair jobs.

"We discovered that the heart wasn't such a mysterious and untouchable thing, after all," Doctor Harken remarked, referring to his own and other operations, "and that we could enter it, do things to it and get out again, if we just followed the rules of the game. One rule, for example, was to avoid turning or dislocating the heart from its normal position, since such manipulation could twist the great vessels, obstruct the outflow of blood and cause disturbances in the heartbeat."

By following the rules as they learned them, and by combining caution with a dash of boldness, the heart surgeons have written one of the most exciting chapters in modern medical history. Today there is almost no cardiac defect, congenital or acquired, which they have not corrected with their knife and sewing needle. And thousands of men, women and children, formerly doomed to invalidism or early death, are now going merrily about their work and play, supported by expertly mended hearts.

(Continued on Page 91)

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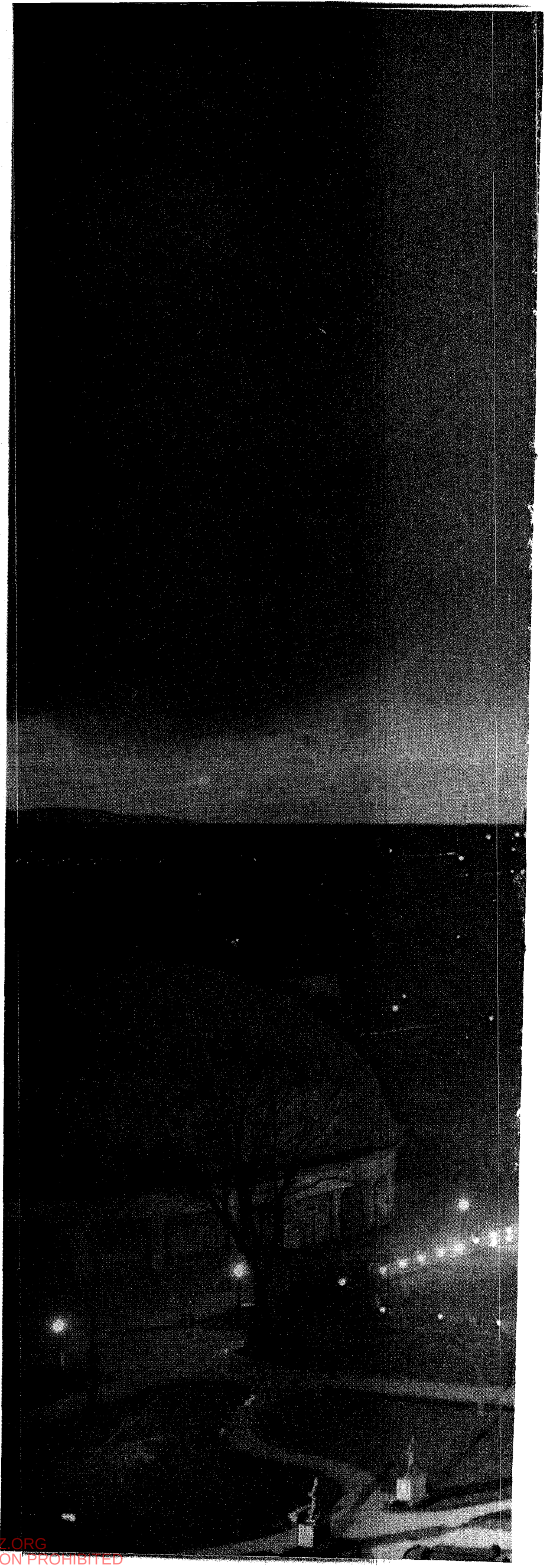
The Face of AMERICA

MORMON TEMPLE

The angel Moroni, Mormons believe, appeared to Joseph Smith, an obscure Yankee boy, 136 years ago. Thus was born the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Years of turmoil followed. Smith never saw the Promised Land he envisioned—he died at the hands of a mob. Indomitable Brigham Young led the Saints to a fertile Utah valley and said, "This is the place!" Now Salt Lake City stands a monument to persistence. In its midst lies the elliptical-roofed Tabernacle, and the great Temple which no non-Mormon may enter.

In the Tabernacle (lower left in the photograph) worldly affairs are debated. In the brilliantly lighted Temple sacred ceremonies are celebrated: Here a Mormon takes a wife (since 1890, he has been limited to one at a time), and brings his children to be baptized. He may also bring his ancestors, who lived before the angel came to Smith, to be baptized by proxy. A stouthearted Christian people, Mormons claim "the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same . . ." • Photograph by Frank Ross



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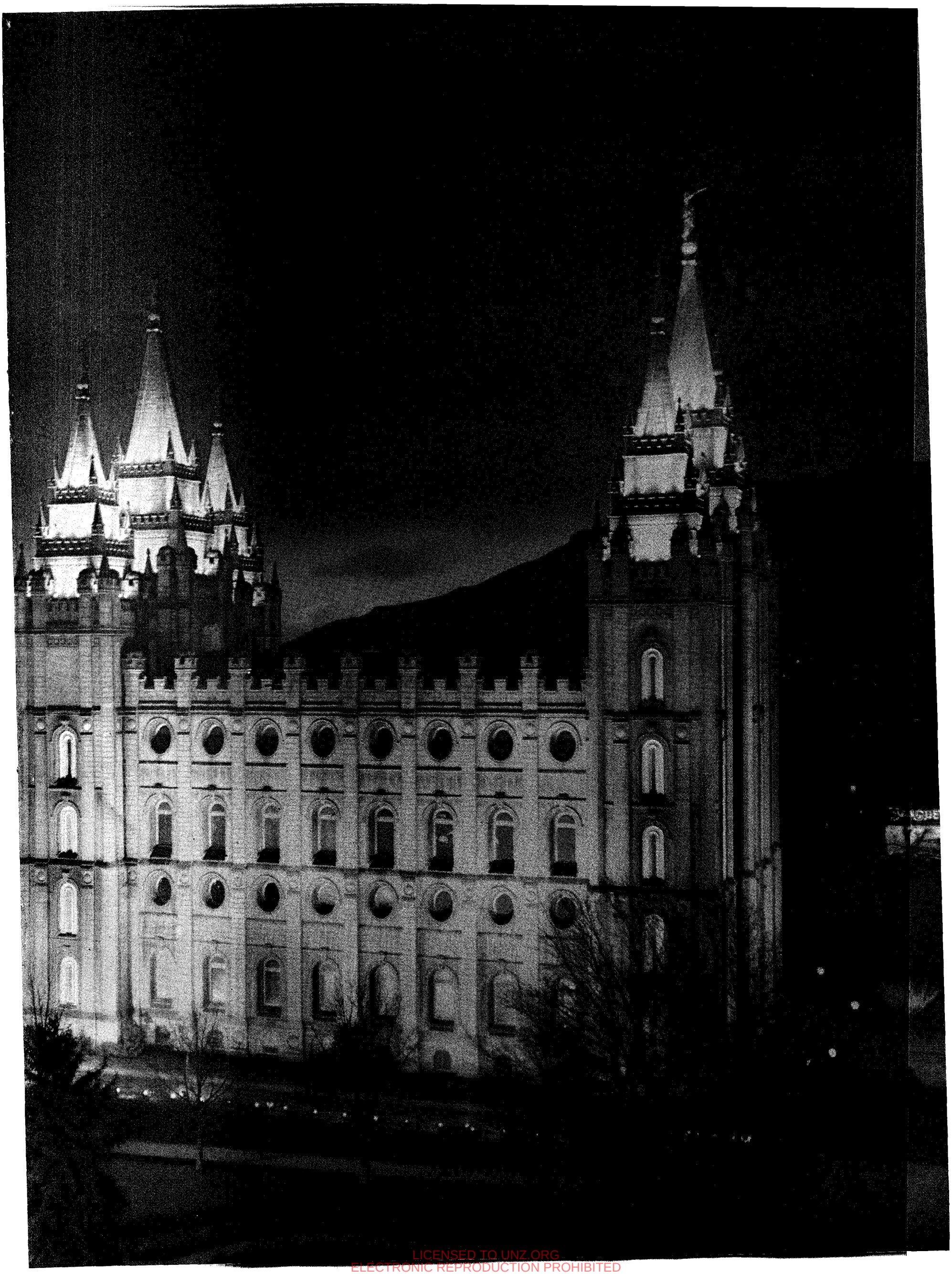

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Well, It Was This Way

By GARY COOPER, as told to George Scullin

Cooper tells how the tensions that are part of being an actor almost broke up his marriage.

CONCLUSION

Every so often, the screen character called Gary Cooper gets in my way. Like the time David O. Selznick asked me to play the part of Rhett Butler in Gone With the Wind. It was one of the best roles ever offered in Hollywood, and my screen character saw himself emerging from the film as a dashing-type fellow. But I said no. I didn't see myself as quite that dashing, and later, when I saw Clark Gable play the role to perfection, I knew I was right.

Sometimes the screen character is smarter. Take my part in Casanova Brown. Nunnally Johnson had loaded it with scenes that both of us thought were very funny, but my screen character just groaned, and wanted out. As the guy who had won the hand of a wealthy heiress (Teresa Wright) I visited her ancestral mansion to meet the folks. Very strait-laced people—no smoking, no drinking, no dancing in the streets. She left me alone in the drawing room, and in my nervousness I lighted a cigarette. At the sound of approaching footsteps, I tried to put it out. No ash trays. In desperation I tried snuffing it out in my coat pocket. As I fumbled through the introductions, my coat started to smolder. At this point Nunnally's script directed me to snatch off the coat and try to suffocate the fire under a sofa cushion. The sofa caught on fire and, finally, the house burned down. Nunnally and I were fit to bust, laughing at the rushes.

But my screen character was right. The public just wouldn't believe it. The character they knew as Gary Cooper would never be that dumb, and the fact that the picture made money was no consolation. As Cecil B. DeMille warned me, "You can let down your public once, Gary, and be forgiven. But don't try it a second time." (Continued on Page 120)

Copyright 1956 by Gary Cooper

Rocky, daughter Maria and Gary relax on Long Island. The Cooper "rift" of 1951 lasted less than a year: "My take-a-walk formula was a bust from the start."

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She raised her face to him.
Her eyes were wet.
"It was very sweet," she said.

Roadhouse Woman

She saved his life. What did she want in return?

By WILLIAM E. BARRETT

Jerry Lawlor sat on the right side of the truck cabin and watched the long road which lay like a dropped rope across the mountains. The driver of the truck, who had picked him up on the highway, was not talkative, but when they crept slowly up a steep grade east of the pass, Jerry shifted his guitar case on the seat beside him and the man glanced at him.

"You one of them cowboy singers?" he said.

"Some of the time."

The driver considered that. "Seems like you're headed the wrong way," he said slowly. "Seems like Denver would be better. They got a lot of night clubs up there and a lot of radio."

Jerry shrugged. "There's nothing in any city that I want."

"There's nothin' where I'm goin' neither."

"There'll be something."

They left it at that. Jerry Lawlor was nineteen and there wasn't anything that he felt like talking about to anyone. He had been young and strong and he had known glory. He had ridden the rodeo circuits from Houston and San Antone to Cheyenne and Pendleton, and he had won his share of prizes. In Madison Square Garden, New York, he reached the end of the glory road with a horse on top of him. When he got out of the hospital he came West again to report to his draft board, overdue and underweight. They hadn't been interested in him. After that, he bought the guitar.

The truck picked up speed beyond the pass, rolling down into the golden glory of the aspens, finding the straight road of the valley where chili peppers hung in scarlet strings on small houses and (Continued on Page 102)

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Men of the Army's Trans-Arctic Group probe the Greenland icecap for hidden crevasses. The man in the lead is anchored to the track-equipped "weasel" by a lifeline.

MEN AGAINST THE ICECAP

At fifty below zero and in total darkness these courageous Americans blazed an 1800-mile trail across the once-impregnable Greenland icecap. An amazing adventure story.

By Cecil R. Roseberry

Two hundred twenty miles inland a C-47 transport rests on a runway carved out of snow-covered ice.

At last we came down from altitude, and a vast panorama of Northern Greenland opened below. In its harsh way, it was a scene of majestic beauty. Rugged headlands of chocolate-brown rock streaked with snow, fingering out into blue water. Thousands of icebergs, big and little, floating as far as the eye could see offshore.

With the gleaming metallic buildings and broad runways of Thule Air Base suddenly in plain view, the Air Force C-54 transport began lazily circling over North Star Bay—and kept on circling for a full half hour. It gave me an ideal chance to get acquainted with the bergs, white gems in emerald-green settings, and the three wrinkled glaciers that were calving them. But why weren't we landing? The dozen passengers left aboard got uneasy. A whisper spread that our landing gear was stuck.

Finally we touched down smooth as silk in front of the giant Thule hangars and learned the reason for the delay. Jet fighters had been in the air, and they always have landing priority.

Our pilot, a veteran of the "Thule Run" from the States, came back through and grinned: "End of the line."

Well, almost. Thule, up near the top of the world, is certainly the last stop northbound for aircraft servicing. But it's no longer the end of the line. Thule Air Base is now the jumping-off place for a new adventure, the conquest of Greenland's icecap.

Stand on the runway at Thule, look eastward, and in the distance you can see the looming white escarpment of the icecap. It crouches back there eight miles from the seacoast like a brooding, ominous beast of prey. At the same time it is strangely beautiful, particularly when wind is blowing down from its heights and cascading snow over the ice cliffs in an arctic Niagara.

Photographs by Jim Burns

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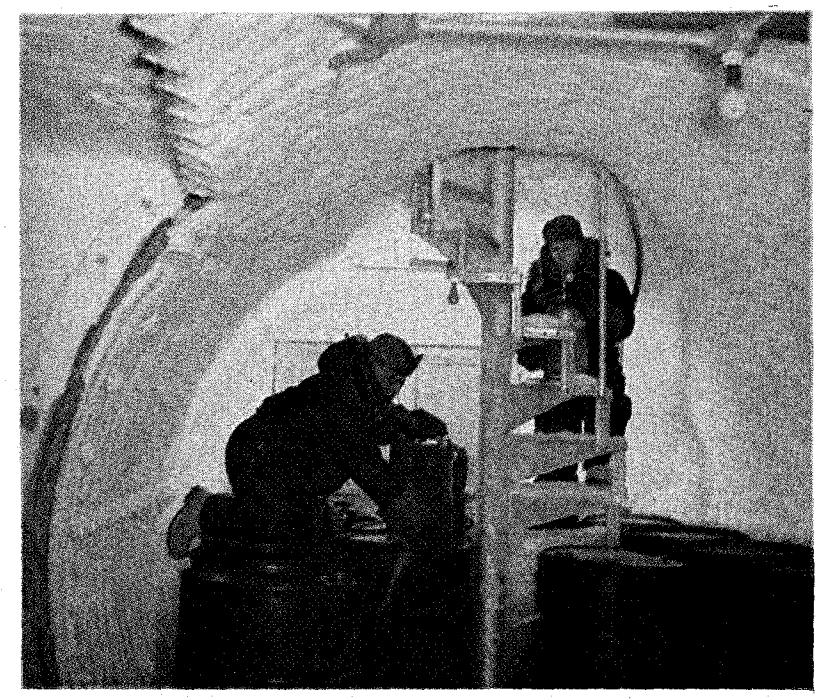


An "ice worm" emerges from his subsurface quarters at Site Two, an Air Force weather station deep in the interior of Greenland. Right: a fuel storage corridor.

I crossed the escarpment last fall, riding in a ski-equipped C-47, and became the first civilian ever to land on wheels on the inner icecap. From Thule we flew on for 220 miles, over a white prairie of solid snow-ice. Finally, the pilot retracted his skis and let down the wheels. We made half a dozen practice landings—wheels down—on an experimental runway of compacted snow, newly installed by a secret process that may revolutionize flying over the icecap. The 10,000-foot refrigerated strip is alongside an Air Force weather station at an altitude of 7200 feet—the highest inhabited spot in Greenland.

This outpost, populated by twenty-five Air Force men, is roughly 900 miles from the North Pole. It bears the prosaic name of Site Two, and the visitor is greeted by a flamboyant sign in the snow: WELCOME—HOME OF THE ICE WORMS. The description refers to the crew's quarters, a network of ten-foot culvert tubes beneath the surface.

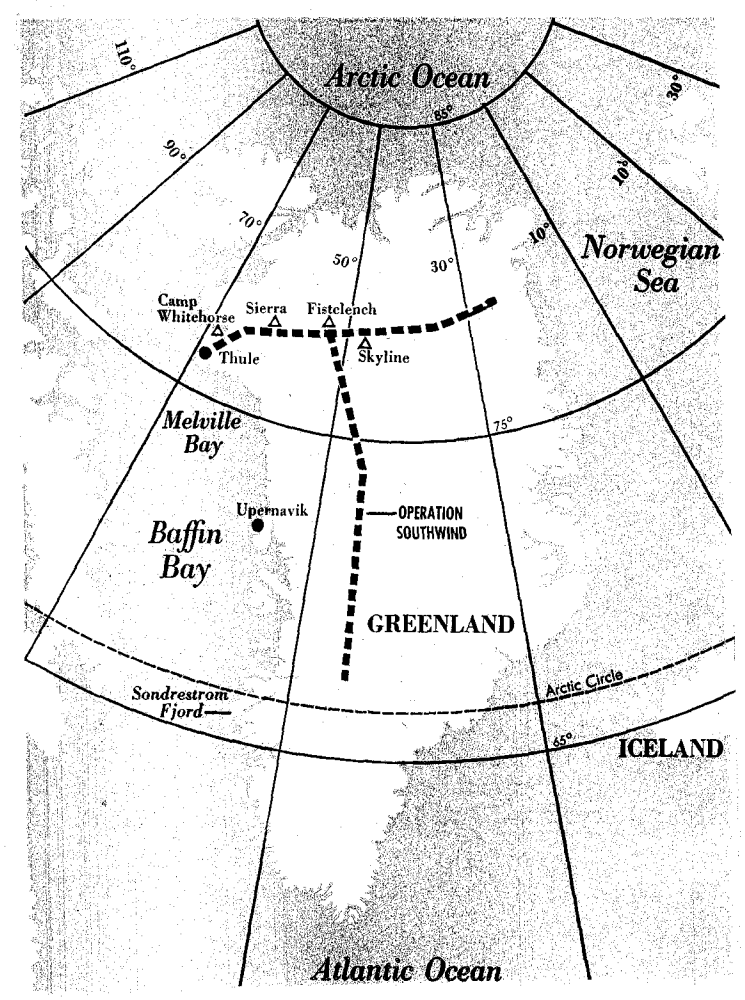
Site One is a similar setup located 140 miles from Thule in a different direction. Both installations are regularly serviced by plane from Thule, except when weather intervenes, as it did for twenty-nine days at one stretch in the winter of 1954–55. Heavier loads of supplies are brought in by cat train, but it's the aircraft which are awaited most eagerly.

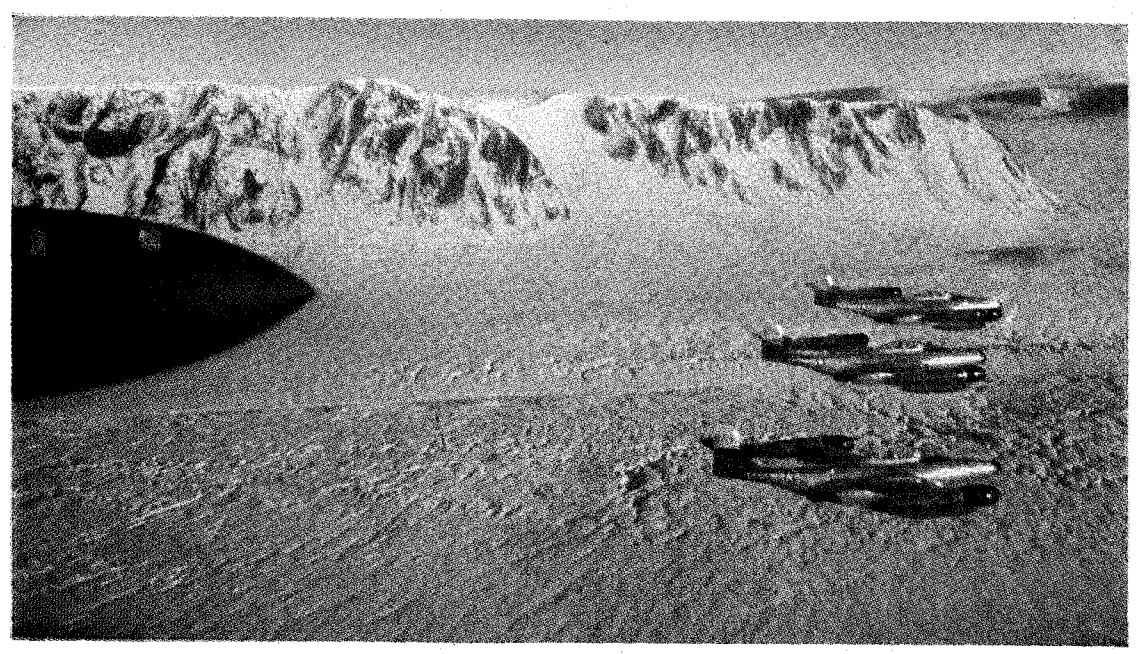
A few days after my sojourn at Site Two, the compacted snow runway was severely tested by a C-124 Globemaster. This is an aerial behemoth, weighing 140,000 pounds, used to shuttle freight from the States to Thule. The C-124 landed on the snow runway and made turn-arounds and practice take-offs on wheels as tall as a man. The white floor showed no signs of cracking. Later, landings were made with cargo loads that brought the freighter's weight up to 168,000 pounds.

Sites One and Two are the first permanent places of residence ever planted in Greenland's icecap. They (Continued on Page 82)

Newborn icebergs, golden in the arctic twilight, head seaward after breaking off from the mother glacier (rear).

Below: The route taken by members of Operation Southwind in their historic trek across the icecap.





A formation of Scorpion jets from Thule AFB flashes over the sub-zero wasteland. Nearly 90 per cent of the huge, inhospitable island lies under ice. Only a narrow fringe of land along the coast is ice-free at any time.

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By LEILA M. MAYNARD

Strange Reunion

Everything she remembered was different now. . .the places she had known, the people she had loved.

Sharp and keen, the wind swept under the Golden Gate Bridge, stinging the eyes and nipping the faces of the people huddled on the deck of the great transport. There were scores of them, and they could just as well have been below in the blind warmth of the gray ship; but they chose to brave the lashing gusts, blinking away the tears, because, if they stayed below, they could not see the Gate. And they had to see it—had to see the final proof that they were home again.

They gazed upward as the ship passed under the Gate. A lean, dark man, flinging up his arms, gave a ringing shout, "Inside the Gate, by heaven! We made it!" A feeble cheer and a flutter of laughter answered him and the tension began to disappear. Sharply conscious then of the biting chill—for inadequate clothing and blood thinned by prison fare in a tropic land protected them but little against the cold—the crowd stirred and many left the deck.

Sue lingered at the ship's rail, bare fists thrust deep into the pockets of her old coat. She had on nearly every garment she owned—thin cotton, patched silk—but the wind went straight through them to her shrinking skin. Below in the crowded dormitory where she had passed the endless days of the zigzagging, blacked-out voyage, there would be seething, excited chatter on the same old threadbare topics: food and clothes and money. She thought weakly, *I cannot bear any more of it. Let the dead past be. Let it be.* But a spasm of shuddering rocked her, and reluctantly she moved across the deck, limping a little.

Sitting on her bunk, she opened her battered suitcase to see if, by a miracle, it held something more she could wear, but there was very little in it, and nothing warm, so she closed it again. She took off her shoes and rubbed her bare feet until the numbness left them. She regarded her shoes with some satisfaction as she put them back on; they were brown, like her coat, and had been saved for just this day. It seemed quite likely that, in the bustle of landing, no one would notice that her darkly tanned legs were bare. *Besides*, she thought, *there are dozens of us*. Looking around the room at the others, garbed, like herself, in an odd assortment of clothing, she was comforted by their companionship.

Peering into her mirror, she adjusted the yellow bandanna over her dark hair and knotted it under her chin. A little more lipstick. Not too awful, she decided.

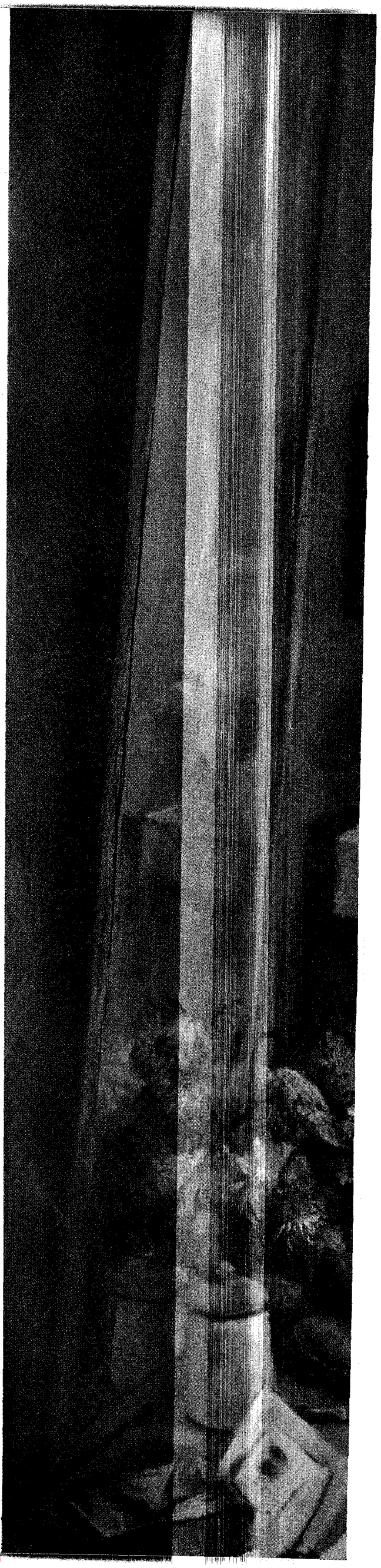
Irresistibly she was drawn back on deck. The ship was moving slowly, still far out in the bay and, at the sight of San Francisco, lying like a tapestry on its splendid hills, she caught her breath in wonder. Each detail of street and spire seemed magnified by the crystal-clear air. She joined the men and women at the ship's rail and, like them, gazed hungrily at the city.

In hushed voices, those about her murmured and exclaimed to one another. Here was a city, their city, clean and whole, untouched by fire and slaughter, and, seeing it, they breathed freely at last and were themselves cleansed and renewed. Some of the spiritual grime, some of the degradation of imprisonment, fell away.

For there had been a measure of shame and humiliation, though they had been innocent of wrongdoing. Racial and personal pride had suffered first of all. Then, as the monotonous, weary days dragged on, it had been humbling to watch the thin veneer of culture crack and peel. Stalwart men, their families hungry and in rags, had longed only for a chance to prove again their manhood among free men. Now they looked at the unchanged city across the sparkling water as on the Promised Land, and were uplifted by the sight of it.

A small boat put out from the pier and made for the transport. A woman screamed that she saw her brother and, waving hysterically, all but fell overboard. Sue peered at the approaching boat, whose deck was jammed with people, rosy-faced and smiling. How fine they looked; how fat; how fur-coated and warm! For a moment she

(Continued on Page 61)



Illustrated by Ben Stahl

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She stood before the long mirro
and slipped on the fine new clothes

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A policeman is slain by a cornered gunman. A fireman dies in a flaming building.
Are the families of these public heroes forgotten?
Not in Detroit, thanks to the Hundred Club—

The Bluecoats' Best Friends

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

Not all the superior products of Detroit have carburetors and wheels and windshields. One of the city's finest developments of the last few years has been a nonprofit organization called the Hundred Club, something that deserves to be copied by other large American cities. The Hundred Club is unorthodox. It has no clubrooms, no paid employees, less than a drawerful of records and the dues are high. It scrounges free talents and services from willing members who are invariably among the ablest and highest-priced in the Detroit area. The club meets only twice a year, at members' expense, and the concern of those who belong is not with each other but with complete strangers. The Hundred Club has few assets—nothing but a big fund of money, a growing reservoir of good deeds and the largest heart in town.

It is stated in the club charter that its purpose is to help provide for the widows and dependents of policemen and firemen who lose their lives in the line of duty. This is an understatement. For one thing, the city of Detroit maintains a program of death benefits and pensions for this purpose which is inferior to few and better than many similar big-city systems. The widows, in short, are provided for without the Hundred Club. Yet the club is known and loved throughout the police and fire-fighting forces of Detroit and fifty-one surrounding communities. In the words of one bluecoat, "It has given all of us a real wonderful lift in our emotions." For the club has put a soothing finger on a tender spot that cannot be touched by a set formula of benefit or pension.

As it now functions, the Hundred Club stands as assurance to every policeman and fireman in its territory that if he should die on duty the following things will happen within twenty-four hours: His widow will have $1000 in cash in the house, current bills will be paid, and if a debt or mortgage exists on his house, arrangements will be under way to clear it entirely. It is not expected that this will lessen the shock and grief of sudden, tragic widowhood. It is a contribution designed to lift from distracted households the specters of financial worry that are too often born of and compound the tragedy. The widow must face the loss of her husband, but she need not face also the loss of her home, the burden of debt, possible deprivation for the children.

The Hundred Club does not require that a policeman or fireman die in violence or as a public hero, nor that his widow be threatened with impoverishment. One of the most recent club cases is that of Chief of Police William Katke, of the suburban village of Pleasant Ridge. In October, Chief Katke answered an ambulance call for a heart-attack victim and assisted in carrying the fatally stricken man to the car. Within moments Chief Katke was a second fatality. His own heart had stopped.

The Hundred Club, advised of the death, went into motion. Club president William Packer, who is the country's largest Pontiac automobile dealer, set out for the Katke home carrying, according to club custom, a check for $1000 for the widow's immediate contingencies. He had a little trouble getting Mrs. Katke to accept it. She had never heard of this group of Detroit big names.

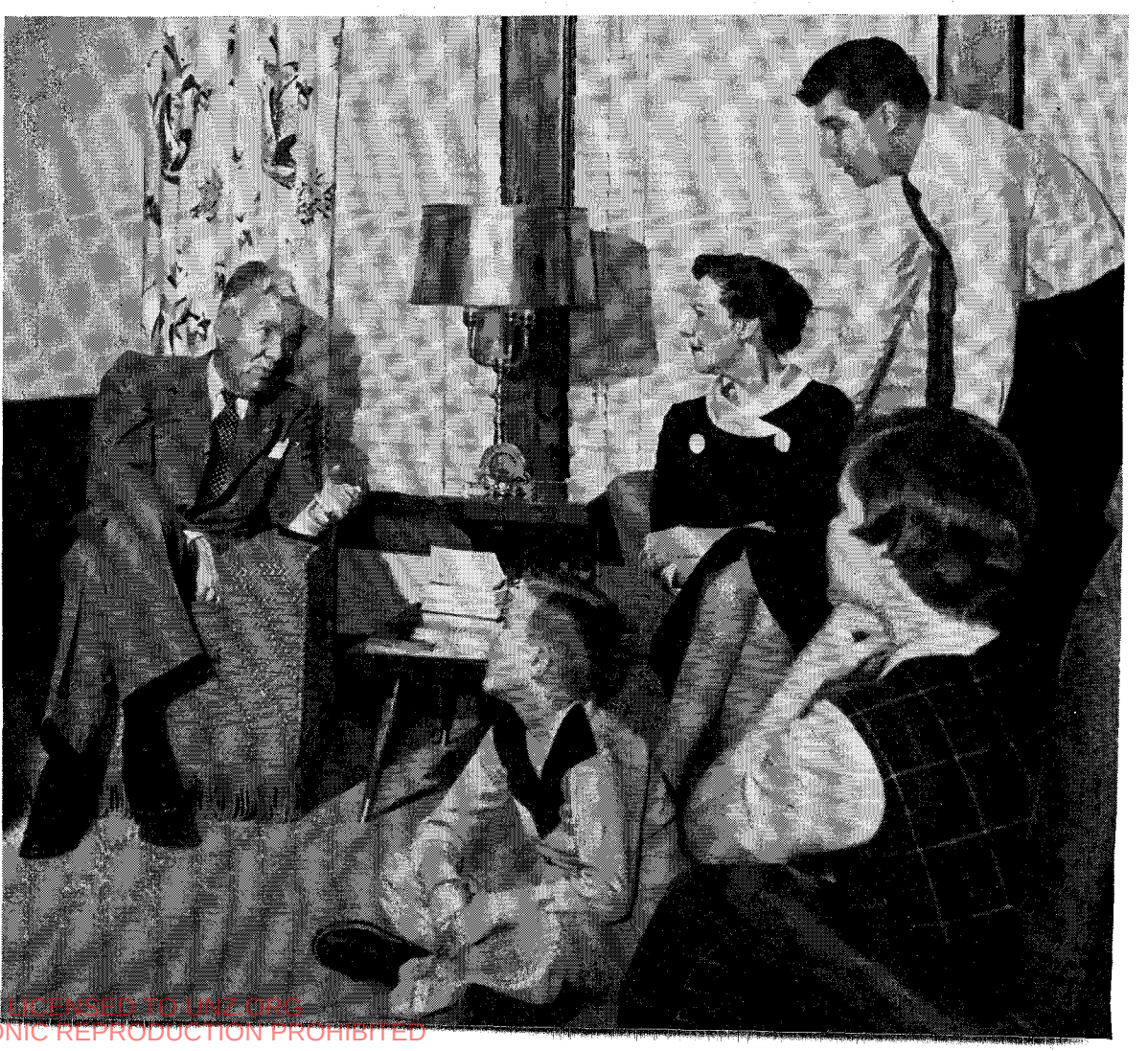
The Katkes, in middle age, had been thrifty and frugal, their modest home in adjoining Ferndale was clear of debt and Mrs. Katke would have an income she considered sufficient, including future education for her fourteen-year-old daughter.

Bill Packer admired her stand, but the Hundred Club has a mind of its own and a committee that is smarter than the average citizen. It is headed by Nate Shapero, who has built a huge chain of drugstores and who has had wide experience as a philanthropist. The committee, after an analysis by officers of the National Bank of Detroit, found Mrs. Katke overoptimistic. Had her husband been a Detroit patrolman she would have received $4000 and a pension of a little less than half his salary. But he was not, and small communities have more meager resources for widows, sometimes none. Mrs. Katke, it was decided, needed a little more.

Within sixty days Jim Zinn, a vice-president of the bank, had ready an annuity which would add thirty dollars a month to Mrs. Katke's income for ten years, more than time to see the daughter out of school. Nate Shapero delivered the surprise a week before Christmas. Only then was the Hundred Club satisfied.

The Krueger Case was different. On a warm August night last year, in the dark upstairs hallway of a Detroit apartment build-

William Packer, president of Detroit's Hundred Club, with a policeman's widow, Mrs. Arthur Meyers, and her three children. The Meyerses were the first family helped by the Hundred Club after its organization in 1952.



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ing, a shotgun blast boomed from a doorway. Five policemen were closing in for an arrest. The blast hit only one of them, George Krueger, but it killed him. Patrolman George Krueger left a twenty-two-year-old widow with three small children. Next morning Bill Packer, accompanied by Deputy Police Commissioner Miles Furlong, delivered the Hundred Club's customary cash check and then surveyed the Krueger situation. The distraught young widow produced a cigar box. It held papers on $614 of small loans. The house was under a $6925 mortgage. There was an automobile, worth just about what was still due on installment payments. The Hundred Club paid off the mortgage and debts and helped dispose of the automobile. Mrs. Krueger was out of debt years before she would otherwise have been and her pension would thus be unencumbered.

It is not unusual for Detroit police and firemen to live intimately with debt. They have job security. They are good risks and credit comes easily. Many of the rookies are war veterans with houses bought on slim margins, but with youthful confidence that a long pay-off period can be managed because the job is steady. This is not unusual, but for a group of businessmen to spot a potential weakness in this way of life and then, when tragedy strikes, to make a generous repair is unique.

The story reaches back before 1950, when a police sergeant in the Palmer Park area of Detroit was wounded by an attacker's bullet. Bill Packer knew the sergeant and considered him a friend, as he did most of the policemen and firemen in the area of his home and nearby business. He thought they did a good job in a friendly way, and he visited the sergeant in the hospital and talked to him about his work and the risks that went with it. Packer concluded that it was a rough deal and that citizens like himself should be pretty grateful. The sergeant recovered, but, as Packer later said, "I thought about him for a long time after that. He was probably still on my mind when former Commissioner George Boos one night told me about the death of Officer Andreas Mellert, a young ex-marine."

Patrolman Andreas Mellert was engaged in a routine pickup of a young man who had failed to appear on a traffic-violation charge. The young man had not resisted, but his father was enraged, and as Mellert and his charge left the front door the father opened a front window and shot the patrolman in the back, killing him. Andreas Mellert left a young widow, a tiny girl with large eyes. She had just a few days earlier sold a little one-woman beauty shop that she had been operating. She had to sell—she was shortly going to the hospital to have her first child. As a widow she would receive $4000 and a pension of $170 a month. The Mellerts owed $4500 on their modest home.

Bill Packer went to the hospital to see Esther Mellert and was so touched by the collapse of her bright family plans that he sat down and wrote 100 friends, asking them to contribute to a fund for the policeman's widow. He also enlisted the interest of columnist Jack Carlisle, of the Detroit News, who published a moving column about the expectant young mother in the hospital and the posthumous child of the police hero waiting to be born. Before Mrs. Mellert and newborn Kathleen Mellert left the hospital, Packer, Carlisle and Commissioner Boos handed Esther Mellert a bankbook with $7800 standing in her name. Andreas was killed on November 17, 1950. Kathleen was born on New Year's Eve. Three and one half years later the Hundred Club was to set up a scholarship fund of $1000 for Kathleen.

Patrolman Andreas Mellert left a wife and unborn child when he was slain. Their plight led Detroiters to raise a benefit fund, and inspired the creation of the Hundred Club.

George Krueger lost his life closing in on a gunman in a dark hallway. The Hundred Club paid off his mortgage and other debts to relieve his family of financial cares.

The Hundred Club did not then exist. Nor had it been conceived a year later, when another benefit fund was collected for the widow of Officer Jerlecki, shot making an arrest in an armed robbery. Packer was only a contributor to this fund. He was in Florida. Four other Detroiters managed it, two of them subsequently Hundred Club members, H. W. Hart and G. S. Fitzgerald. But Packer began to wonder if this was quite the way for citizens like himself to discharge a civic obligation that they felt should be met. Suppose that Mellert's young wife had not been in the hospital on the eve of motherhood or that Jerlecki had died less dramatically than he did. Would the response of donors have been as easy to obtain? Would a girl widowed by an undramatic fatality be less in need of help than a hero's widow?

Packer discussed these ideas with Jack Carlisle on a boat trip in the summer of 1952. Don Mumford, manager of Detroit's Statler Hotel and at that time a newcomer in town, was present. Among them they created the idea of a club whose members would contribute a fixed amount annually so that a permanent fund would be available to meet the problems as they arose. Dues were to be $200 a year, solely for widows and dependents, plus $50 for expenses and two fancy dinners a year, just enough social binding to keep members together. The dinners have indeed been fancy, and well attended. Mumford, who is now secretary of the club, donated the first dinner at the Statler, including grouse flown in from Scotland, an expensive gift. The manager of the Sheraton-Cadillac donated the second, and from then on the club has paid its way.

Of the first 100 invited to join, only two failed to respond promptly, and they joined later. Then other Detroit businessmen, approving the idea, demanded to be let in. The limit was raised to 200, then to 250. The membership stands now at 267, with the reserve fund at $157,000—enough to cope with results of a real disaster. At the last meeting the membership was asked if, in view of the large reserve, dues henceforth should be reduced. The suggestion was thunderously voted down.

Membership in the Hundred Club is sliced right off the top of Detroit business. Of the five automobile manufacturers, four presidents are members, together with strings of top officers of all five. There are also a Cabinet member, nationally known manufacturers, retailers, advertising heads, bankers and professional men. An honorary list includes the mayor, president of the Common Council, and the heads of four police and fire associations. Commissioner of Police Edward Piggins is a regular member. In his report at the last meeting he gave a clue as to how the force looks on the club. He said, "I echo the sentiment of every man and every woman in the (Continued on Page 69)

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Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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Mama Girl was pretty mad. We had come all the way to New York for her to be a star—but I got the big part.

I Love You, Mama Girl

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

Mama Girl and I were in our house on Macaroni Lane in Pacific Palisades, California, and she was getting ready to go to a party given by Clara Coolbaw. Then all of a sudden Mama Girl decided we should fly to New York so she could become a great actress.

We went to the Hotel Julien and got a nice room—but very small—No. 2109—and Mama Girl arranged to see a famous Broadway producer named Mike McClatchey. He gave us both a terrible surprise because he wanted me to be in a play instead of Mama Girl.

Well, Mama Girl was upset about that, and at the same time she kind of missed my father, or Papa Boy, as she calls him, when she's not mad at him, even though they're divorced. My father sends the money, and he lives in Paris with my brother. He calls my brother Peter Bolivia Agriculture.

By mistake, I got locked out of 2109 without any clothes on, and I met a tall lady named Miss Kate Cranshaw. She turned out to be the greatest drama coach in the whole world. I liked Miss Cranshaw a lot—even more than Gladys Dubarry, Mama Girl's best friend, who is rich and has a haircut like a boy.

Anyway, Mama Girl was worrying about bringing me to New York and about being a bad influence on me. So we sat in Central Park, to think and be sad together. And then, when it was dark, we went to get some vegetable soup for supper or breakfast, or whatever it was.

II

We crossed 57th Street to Carnegie Hall. There was a whole crowd of people there—on the sidewalk, on the steps going up to the lobby—and a lot more were arriving by taxi, limousine, and subway. Half a block away on Seventh Avenue, it was pigeons, a man with a pushcart, a father and his little boy, and peace and quiet, but at Carnegie it was all hurry, talk and excitement.

The self-service place on 57th Street is a good one, but you couldn't even find a space in the revolving door. When a space arrived and you went to get into it, somebody would get in ahead of you and push away. Mama Girl and I watched and waited, but it looked as if we weren't ever going to get in. Then a big man in rough work clothes took hold of the door and put his big, hairy arm out to hold back the people. He nodded to me to get into a space, so I did. He pushed the door around a little, and then he nodded to Mama Girl, and she got in, too, and then he pushed the door around slowly, and we were in at last. We turned to thank him through the glass, but he was walking away. There was a kind of angry expression on his face.

There were a lot of people crowding around the change booth, too, and Mama Girl looked a little discouraged.

"The soup's so good here," she said. "And it *is* fun, isn't it?"

Well, of course, it was fun, but it was awfully swift and a little crazy too.

"Oh, yes, Mama Girl, it's a lot of fun."

"Would you rather go somewhere else?"

"Oh, no. Let's try, at least."

At last Mama Girl got two dollars' worth of small coins and we went to where the trays and silver and paper napkins are. We got one tray for both of us, and the other stuff, and then we waited for our turn to tell one of the girls what we wanted.

"There are three soups," Mama Girl said. "Vegetable, chicken-rice and bean."

"You know what I want."

"Vegetable," Mama Girl said. "I'll have chicken-rice."

(Continued on Page 74)

Just then, the three fat people at my table got up, and I said, "Come and sit at my table, Mama Girl."

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Post Scripts

Just Give Me Time and I'll Get There

"You're absolutely right about those backward countries—I mean, it's like a kid before he learns to walk. You take our kid —— Well, sir, last Monday I got home early and I yelled, 'Hey, Buddy!' like I always do—now, mind you, Buddy's only eleven months old—but darned if he didn't just let go of the chair and ——"

"Toothache, have you? Sort of comes and goes? Listen, let me tell you what my dentist told me Tuesday —— No, wait. It wasn't Tuesday, it was Monday, because that's the day I got home early and I yelled, 'Hey, Buddy!' like I always do — now, mind you, Buddy's only eleven months old but ——"

"Now, I'm not saying television's no good, but these people who just stay glued to the set —— I mean, it's a matter of balance—and say, that reminds me! Last Monday I got home early and I yelled, 'Hey, Buddy!' ——"

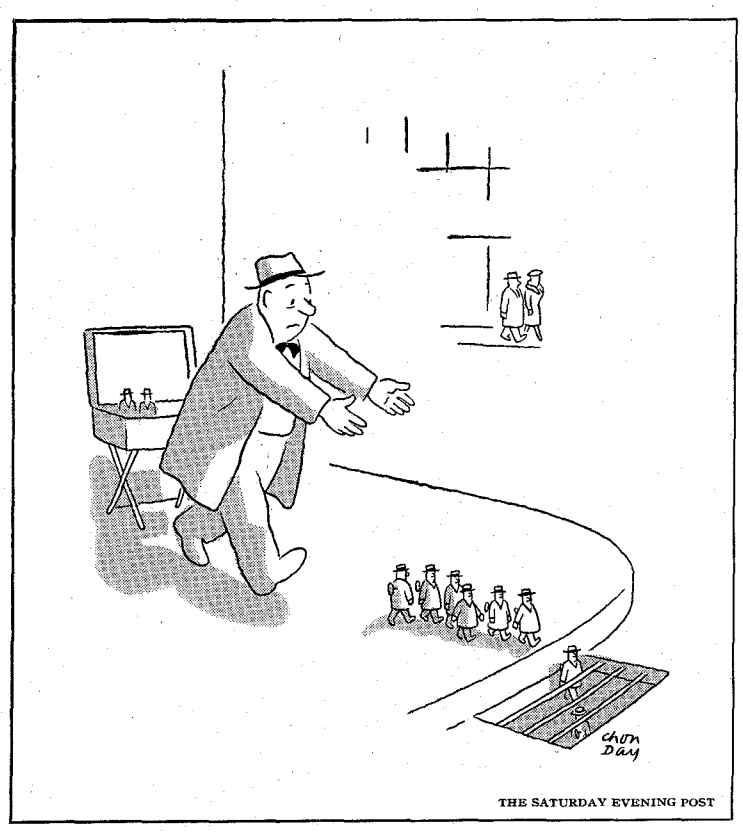
"That's right, anything can happen between now and Election Day and I certainly agree with you the town needs cleaning up, but if Sneadby runs again, he'll win in a walk—and say, speaking of walking ——"

PAT MCQUESTEN

March Winds and/or April Showers

To hurricane weather
My question is curt:
What to hold onto,
My hat or my skirt?

MARGARET FISHBACK ANTOLINI



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Rules for Supermarkets

Not all supermarkets have magic-eye doors. Avoid injury! Always stick your hand out in front of you.

A few wagons are bound to be squeaky. If you get a squeaky wagon accept it in the right spirit.

Do not paw over boxes of tomatoes, looking for a box with all good tomatoes in it. Each box contains three good tomatoes and one bad. That way it's fair to everybody.

When you can't make out whether the price stamped on a can is 26c or 29c, quietly ask one of the attendants. He'll tell you it's 29c.

If somebody puts something in your basket remain calm. You may be pushing his basket.

All flank steaks are folded with the fat at the bottom where you can't see it. This is a rule of the store and your co-operation is appreciated.

When standing in line do not run your wagon up on the heels of the person in front of you.

While awaiting your turn at the checker, do not place your stuff too close to the rubber belt. It is liable to go up with the other party's goods.

JOHN SWARTWOUT

Your Lead, Partner; I Hope We've Read the Same Book

When I was just a youngster,
Hardly bigger than a midge,
I used to join my family
In a game of auction bridge.
We were patient with reneging,
For the light was gas or oil,
And our arguments were settled
By a reference to Hoyle.
Auction bridge was clover;
Then the experts took it over.
You could no longer bid by the seat of your pants;
The experts substituted skill for chance.
The experts captured auction
With their lessons and their books,
And the casual weekend player
Got a lot of nasty looks.
The experts captured auction
And dissected it, and then
Somebody thought up contract,
And we played for fun again.
It was pleasant, lose or win,
But the experts muscled in,
And you couldn't deal cards in your own abode
Without having memorized the latest code.

We turned to simpler pastimes
With our neighbors and our kin;
Oklahoma or canasta,
Or a modest hand of gin.
We were quietly diverted
Before and after meals,
Till the experts scented suckers
And came yapping at our heels.
Behold a conquered province;
I'm a worm, and they are robins.
On the grandchildren's table what books are displayed?
Better Slapjack, and How to Win at Old Maid.

In a frantic final effort
To frivol expert-free,
I've invented Amaturo
For just my friends and me.
The deck has seven morkels
Of eleven guzzards each,
The game runs counterclockwise,
With an extra kleg for dreech,
But if you're caught with a gruice,
The score reverts to deuce.
I'll bet that before my cuff links are on the bureau
Some expert will have written A Guide to Amaturo.

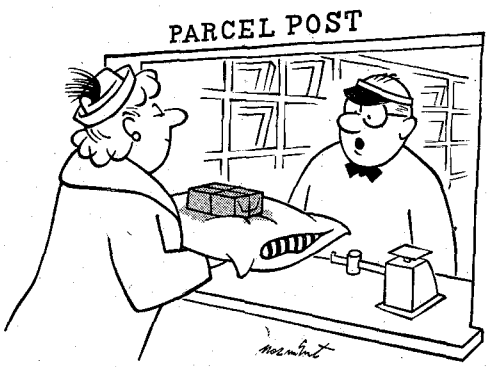
OGDEN NASH

Song to End Songs

Darn Body Oat Meal Stream

Darn body oat meal stream
Wear a first mate shoe,
Ouija eyesore blue,
Dresden gingham too.
It was there anew
Thatch a loft me too.
You were sixteen,
Marvel itch queen,
Darn body oat meal stream!

DAVE MORRAH



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How fragile is it?"

Look, Ma; I'm in the Paper!

. . . whereupon, Willimont told the police that, immediately following the episode, the man jumped into a green convertible and drove north. *A bystander* corroborated Willimont's statement.

. . . and it seems that more Acme Company employees have birthdays in January than in any other month—a total of sixteen. Three were born in February, nine in April, eight in June, seven in August, four in October and *one* in December.

. . . the new club officers were elected and introduced at the annual meeting. They were: President, Jerome Honeycutt; First Vice-President, Bertha Twitchell; Second Vice-President, Horace Billingsley; Secretary, Arnita Van Cleave; and *Treasurer*.

. . . at that point, with a three-and-two count on him, Slugger Gompert fouled a low-and-inside curve back into the stands. *An unidentified fan*, obviously not hearing the shouts of "Heads up!" was ——

. . . there was a tremendous burst of applause as Brubaker stated that persons in the organization constituted "just one big happy family." He added, "And that includes everybody from the president clear down to *the stock clerk*."

. . . Fifi Dazzleau, the vivacious French motion-picture star, arrived at the airport at 8:42 P.M. *One gentleman*, in his eagerness to obtain Miss Dazzleau's autograph, stumbled over somebody's overnight case and ——

VERNON H. KURTZ

Solitude

I'd like it very much, if only
It didn't make me feel so lonely.

RICHARD WHEELER

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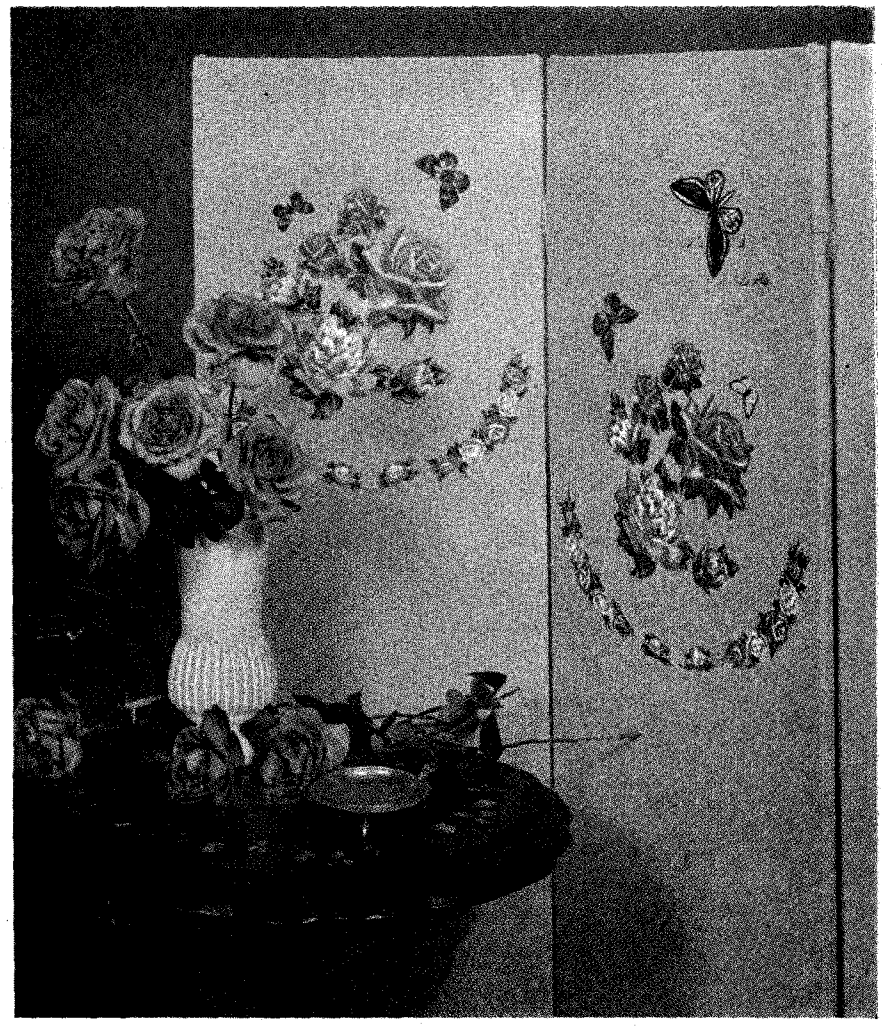
BRIGHT IDEAS for decorating everything from wastebaskets to walls. 12 different charming motifs in colorful Velon. Patrice Decores are designed for every room in the house, every spot you wish to brighten. A cinch to apply, they're self-adhesive — just remove backing, place on surface and they stick. 3 or 4 motifs per set. About 39c. **PATRICE, INC., NEW YORK**



Colorful...and so carefree!

What fun to give your home color — imagination — individual charm! And what a cinch to *keep* it sparkling when you do it with products made of Firestone Velon! Whether it's your own gay inspiration for decorating with easy-to-apply Decores — or a smart modern chaise — or even a pretty coat for a rainy day, if it's made of Velon your troubles are over.

Velon wipes clean in a wink — is wear-and-weather-resistant — keeps its fresh, bright color.

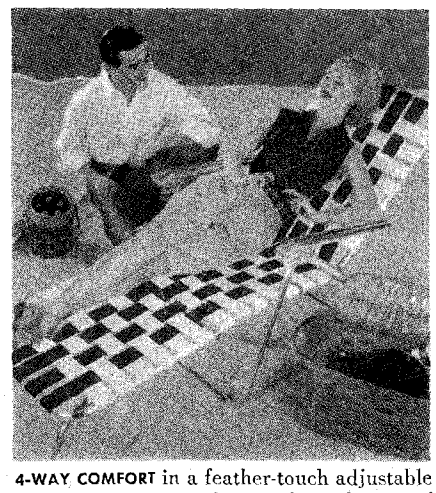
Fortunately there are literally thousands of pretty, practical Velon products all through the stores these days — new things to add color and ease to living. So whenever you shop be sure to be always on the lookout for the famous Firestone Velon tag.

...they're all made of Firestone Velon®

Firestone Velon® Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Not as Advertised Therein

WEATHER WISE Velon protection for all your outdoor things. In Ross plaid reversible to plain green for glider, chaise, chair, grille. $1.98 to $2.98. **VIVITEX CORPORATION, NEW YORK**

PRETTY PASTELS to spark your table settings. Wipe-fresh Velon cloths in pink, blue, green, yellow or white— 3 sizes. About $1 to $2. **WASCO OILSILK PRODUCTS COMPANY, NEW YORK**



4-WAY COMFORT in a feather-touch adjustable folding chaise — webbing of weather-proof Velon. In 14 color combinations. About $19.95. **AFCO ALUMINUM FURNITURE CO., MIAMI, FLA.**

RAINBOW of lovely colors to choose from in this smart Aqua-Sheen linen-embossed raincoat of Velon — with detachable hood. About $4.98. **ADVANCE MFG. CO., NEW YORK**

RELAXATION at its gay outdoor best in cool, porous Velon mesh. Oversize Swing-Time hammock, matching pillow. About $10.95. **GEORGE McARTHUR & SONS, INC., BARABOO, WIS.**

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Automatic Headlight Control

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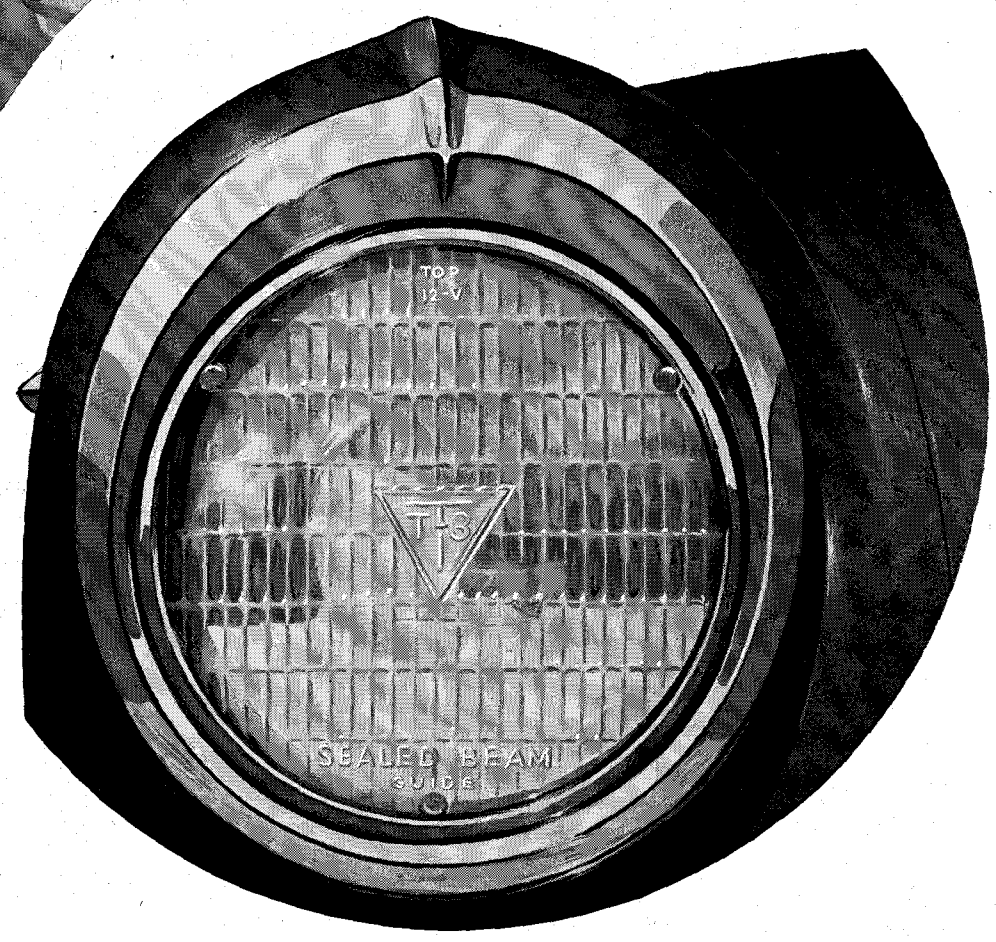
MORE LIGHT...AIMED RIGHT!



T-3 SAFETY-AIM

Headlamps

The new T-3 Safety-Aim Headlamp is Autronic-Eye's perfect partner for safety! Through a revolutionary and *exclusive* system, Guide eliminates all the guesswork in headlamp aiming. For the first time, headlamps can be aimed in minutes, in daylight! You gain the *full* benefits of increased down-the-road lighting—get up to 80 feet more visibility—and end the hazard of glare.

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"WIDE WIDE WORLD"
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For Night Driving Safety!

Two great night-driving advances are now paired for your safety! Guide's new T-3 Safety-Aim Headlamps to give you more light, *aimed right!* Guide's amazing Autronic-Eye for automatic headlight control! *Together,* they provide the *safest* lighting ever offered for driving. Autronic-Eye is available for all GM cars at your dealer's. Get Guide T-3 Headlamps at your GM dealer's or Guide Safety-Aim stations.

Products for Safer Vision . . . by Guide Lamp Division of General Motors, Anderson, Ind.

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Treasure at Tandem Key

By PHILIP WYLIE

Had they found the treasure—

only to have it stolen from them?

Crunch Adams and Des Smith lay, sweat-soaked and exhausted, on the sandy rim of the island lake. After resting awhile, they unlashed their burdens and prepared to enter the water with plastic lungs.

Crunch and Des had been hired by Pete Shade, a wealthy young Texan, to search for the sunken treasure of buccaneer John Endibbie. Pete learned of the treasure when he came to Tandem Key for a vacation. He was confident he had discovered a clue to its location.

Unfortunately, news of Pete's venture leaked out. The search was widely publicized. Alcott Drammel, skipper of the Buddyboy, and Z. Z. Bentley, a marine salvager, even tried to muscle in on the operation.

So far, the hunt had been fruitless. Worst of all, Pete's loudmouthed, domineering brother, George, had joined the search, along with Wonder West, Pete's girl, and her bossy mother.

Originally, Pete came to Tandem Key to escape George and Mrs. West. Now, with a mob of treasure seekers on his trail and George bossing the show, Pete was ready to quit treasure hunting.

However, Crunch still had one more card to play. After reading the rhymed riddle Endibbie had written, Pete figured that the treasure lay at the mouth of a subterranean tunnel through which the waters from the island's land-locked lake flowed to the sea. The trick was finding the tunnel and its mouth.

If he could find the outlet, Crunch intended to empty a can of dye into it. The current would carry the dye out to the ocean. The dye stain would mark the mouth of the tunnel.

To avoid spectators, Crunch and Des cut through the jungle at night to reach the lake. Crunch found the outlet. It was marked with a lightning flash and a big letter *E*. Crunch poured in the dye. If no one else spotted the dye where it emerged and investigated it, Crunch's party should know the site of Endibbie's hoard by noon.

CONCLUSION

Pete Shade opened his eyes reluctantly. It was morning—early morning. The Inne savored of breakfast. Outside, the sun was shining on the coconut fronds, making them glisten as if they were wet.

Crunch was standing over him, looking excited; Crunch in clothes that were ripped and tattered, with scratches on his sunburned face and his big arms. Pete swiftly sat up.

The skipper spoke in a murmur calculated not to be audible through the Inne's board walls, "Des and I went over to the pond last night. Found the outlet. Salted it with dye."

Pete was wide awake, then. "You went through that jungle at night?"

Crunch shrugged away the night's fears. He told the young Texan about the buccaneer's mark on the cavern entrance—the big initial and the lightning flash.

"Ye gods! The initial means 'Endibbie,' for sure! And the lightning symbol—you heard Hatsie talk about buccaneer's marks?"

"Didn't pay any attention."

"Well, that was one! There were others. Devils carved on trees. Suns with rays. I forget them myself. But the lightning shaft was one. I know!" Pete threw back a light blanket. "What do we do next?"

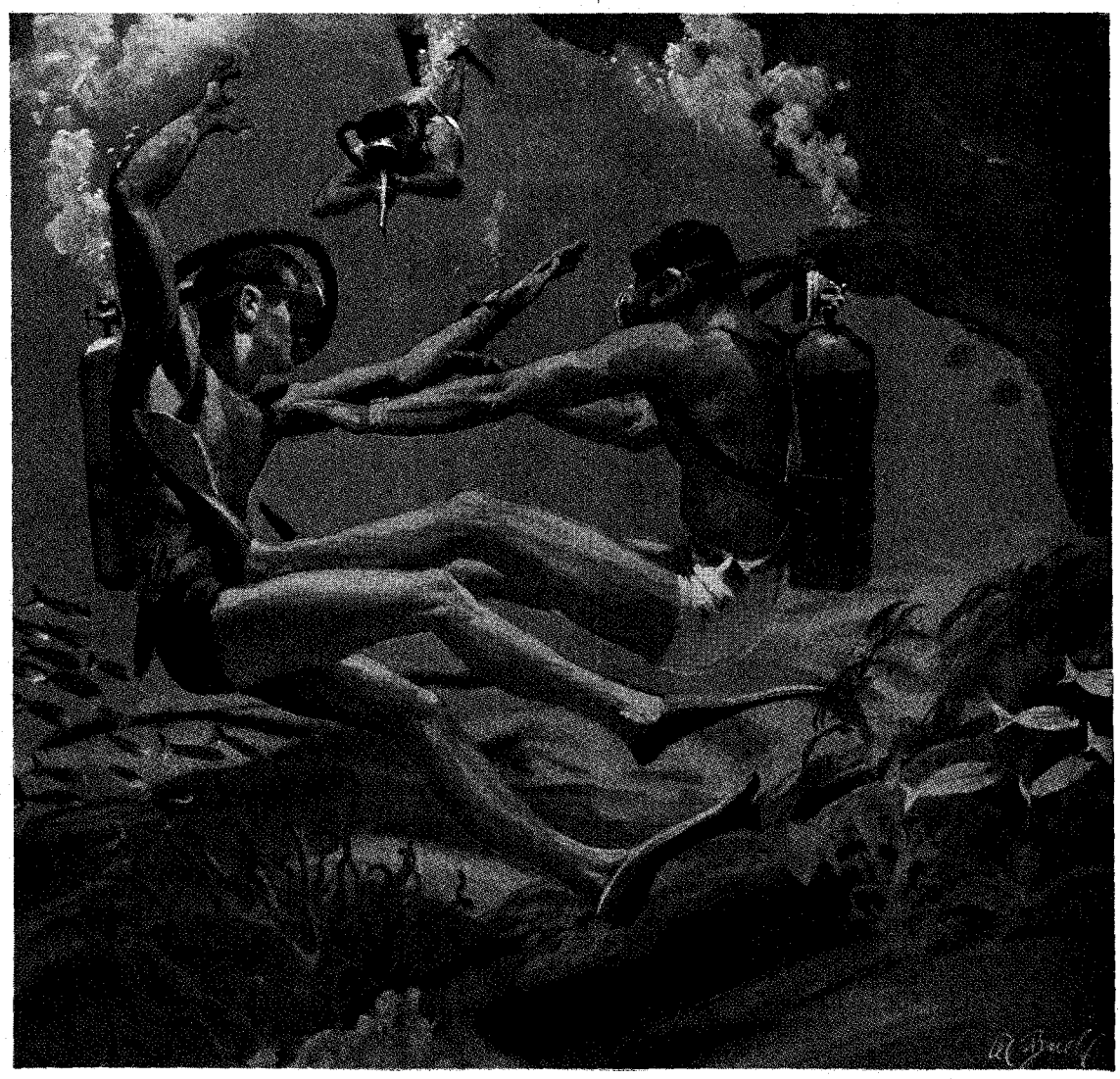
"That's the point. Somewhere on this tide, somewhere around South Tandem, there's going to be a big, yellow-green stain for a while. We gotta cover the whole area. I thought maybe you could make out you're bonefishing today. George might do it too. Hire natives in skiffs. Des and I will take the Poseidon out and just cruise. We have to keep an eye on about nine–ten miles of offshore water, from the one-fathom line out to the seven."

"Won't the mob here suspect something?"

"Sure." Crunch smiled a little. "Plenty. But they won't know what it is we're up to. If you do see the stain, just make a careful note of its position—pretend you never noticed it—and go on 'looking'—bonefishing, that is—someplace else."

"Right!"

"Des is all set on the Poseidon. I'll change; this rig looks real conspicuous!" He glanced down at his jungle-rent, sweat-stained khaki shirt and trousers. "See you early this afternoon—say, around (Continued on Page 108)



Crunch whirled in time to see a descending diver, flippers blurring, harpoon gun aimed.

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Common Sense About Children's Reading

(Continued from Page 23)

We can give examples, and will do so later on. But first, a word of caution: Since 90 per cent of our children do read well, let's be calm about the way our schools are being run. Reading is being taught, often very well. Parents should visit the schools and see for themselves.

Of course, some children will not learn to read well because their mental ability is limited. Most school systems set up special classes for these "slow" children, and often turn them into useful members of society. Some children—perhaps 1 per cent of the poor readers—have a physical upset of some kind: poor vision, faulty metabolism, glandular problems, anemia or a disturbance within the central nervous system which inhibits the consistent perception of words. An adolescent girl, for instance, may show symptoms of poor reading comprehension which can be traced to a thyroid deficiency or a need for more iron in the diet. In any case, an oculist is in business to correct poor vision. And recent research has reported some successes in the treatment with drugs of nervous-system disorders in children. But physical upset is seldom a sole cause of poor reading. The sickly poor reader probably has other problems too.

Some children read poorly because the mechanical movement of their eyes across

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the printed line is faulty. This sort of trouble alone may account for no more than another 1 per cent of the problem cases. And faulty eye movement is usually a result of something more deep-seated in the child's personality.

Clinical experiments show that some children, and some grownups, too, can improve their eye movement in reading by learning with the help of machinery. Many reading clinics and some schools use a variety of implements to widen the "eye span"—the number of words seen at one glance—to increase speed and understanding. There are film projectors, tachistoscopes, flash meters and "reading accelerators" which sometimes help a poor reader a great deal. It is worth noting, however, that in most clinics the use of these tools is losing ground in the face of increasing knowledge about the emotional causes of poor reading.

Some children do not learn to read early enough, because a few schools follow a wait-and-see philosophy. "Junior will read when he wants to" may be all right for children who can accept responsibility. In other cases, however, Junior will be retarded by such a program. Fortunately, this approach is going out of fashion.

According to recent studies on the subject, some children are handicapped in reading because they have not learned phonics—the skills of blending the sounds of printed-letter combinations. But the fact is that almost all children are taught phonics in school. Look at the popular textbooks and the teacher handbooks; they are full of phonics.

A queer thing about the phonics-is-the-cure-all approach is that so many problem readers score very high in tests of "word analysis," which is another name for phonics. An obviously retarded seventh-grader may get an eleventh-grade score in phonic approach to words. He can surely pronounce words, but he can't read. He is a "word caller."

Try this one on yourself. Can you pronounce "concatenation, syzygy, litotes?" If you can, what good does that do? Ask Junior to pronounce this sentence: "Somewhere, parently, in the ginnandgo gap between antediluvious and annadominant, the copyist must have fled with his scroll." Since everything in the sentence is phonetic, Junior may be able to call off the sounds. But this performance does not prove that he can read James Joyce, who wrote this sentence in Finnegans Wake.

The point is that almost every child encounters phonics when he is learning to read, unless he is deaf. However, children must learn a great deal besides phonics before they can become readers. A child who knows only phonics may be able to read aloud very well, but he may understand nothing. All good reading programs stress thinking and understanding along with word skills.

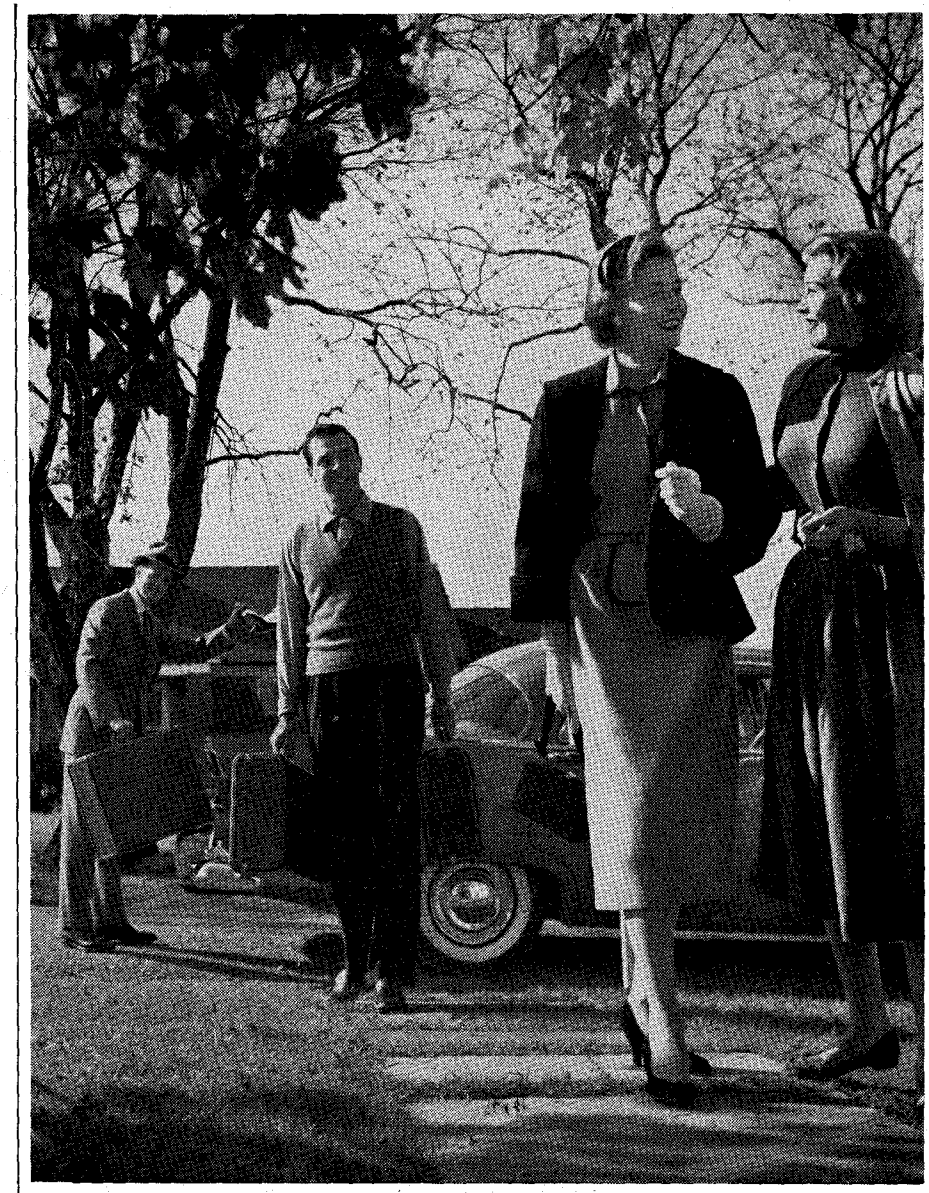
Another school problem, which is becoming better understood every year, is that of having every child in a class read the same book. Obviously, not every child is the same kind of reader. In the past, in most schools, all readers—good, bad, indifferent—did read the same book, often because the budget couldn't cover a variety of books. A few children suffered from this treatment. Probably today's parents suffered far more than their children do, because today, in many schools, the gifted students read harder books while the slower students read easier books. Thanks to recent research, teachers are able to fit the book to the child quite accurately.

Phonics, textbooks, bodily faults—all these are the minor reasons for reading difficulty. By themselves they may account for 3 or 4 per cent of our poor readers. The rest of the 4,000,000 have another kind of problem. Call it emotional, if you will. In this large category are five well-defined subgroups of children who are not functioning efficiently in the learning process.

The first subgroup is epitomized by Reader A—let's name him Andrew—the child whose parents have set very high standards for him. These often impossibly high standards apply to everything—daily life, home, school. Andy feels that his one hope of being "somebody" in the eyes of his parents is to please them, to meet their standards in behavior. He is the "good" boy who always bows properly and shakes hands. He brushes his teeth, makes his bed, cleans up his room without being told. He is not aggressive, he doesn't fight. He conforms, because only in this way will he be deserving of his parents' love, or so he believes.

Andy also behaves himself in school. He doesn't dare do anything else. He is a "nice boy." He says his phonics lesson dutifully, to please teacher or parent. "*M-e*, me; *d-i*, dee; *u-m*, um. Medium." But he doesn't make much progress, really, and he often doesn't make much sense. His reading is likely to be full of substitute words, like *ship* for *boat*. When he reads sentences he will try to please by "making sense," whether the words are on the page or not. Thus he is exasperating to teacher and parent. Emotions get tense and the learning process is upset.

Now perception is the main ingredient in the mechanics of reading. Reading is a creative process which requires the ability to invest (*Continued on Page 55*)



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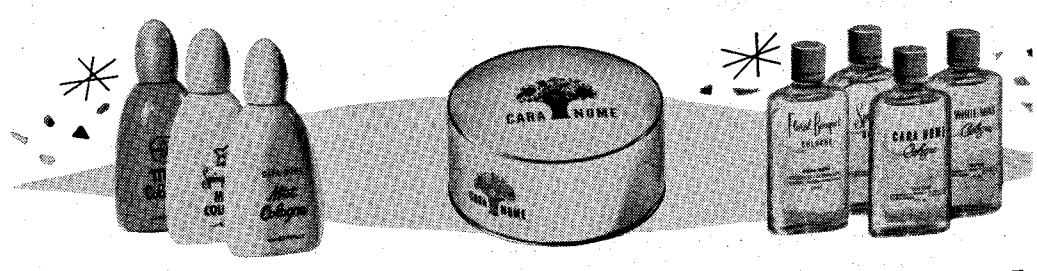

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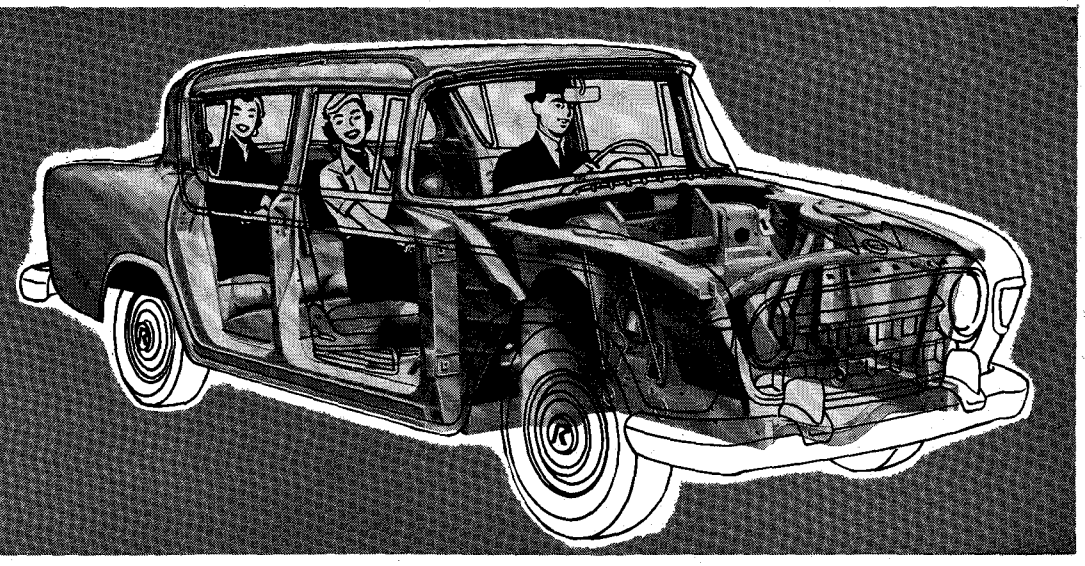

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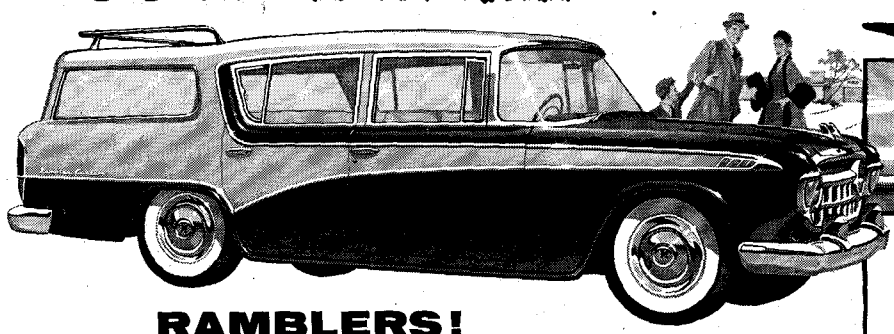

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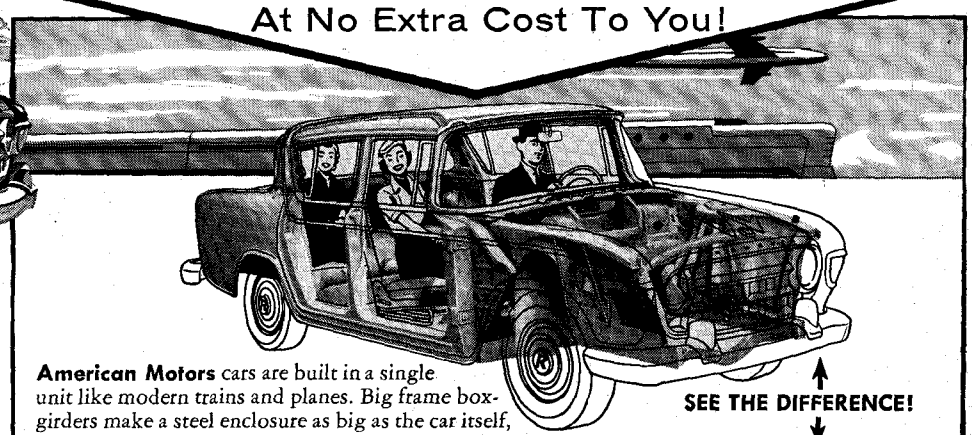

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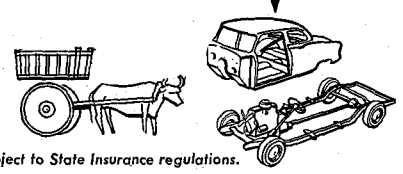

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(*Continued from Page 51*) aggressive, manipulative energy in a complicated process. When Andy goes through the motions to please his mother or his teacher, perception and retention are blocked. One reads to learn when one learns to read. Andy is not reading to learn. His motivation is wrong. Therefore he does not learn to read. Andy is not doing what most children do when they read—have fun, be entertained, "live" the stories, broaden their horizons. Andy reads to please his parents, and he misfires because he reacts in school just as he does at home.

Andy's problem needs the attention of a trained psychologist. He is the victim of "momism." It may take some time to straighten out his reading, because his false motivation is hard to replace. But he can be brought around.

Of course, children whose parents set high standards don't all come out as Andy did; reactions differ. Still, there are a lot of Andys in our schools, and the lesson for parents is to be careful to consider Andy's feelings and needs as a person while he is still small, and to avoid setting goals parent-satisfying which are unrealistically high.

Reader B—call him Bill— is usually an only child or the youngest child in the family. The parents subconsciously resist parting with the little one. They would like him to be a real-life Peter Pan, who never grows up; it's such fun that way. So Billy clings to his childishness, because it produces a show of love from his parents. He is the "darling."

Now when Bill (or, more probably, Billy Boy or Billsie) faces reading, which is a very hard business, this childishness does not pay off. It's hard for him to sit still, to pay attention to a real world so different from the unreal one at home. He wants to play. He will be inclined to show the effects of this retarded maturity by wild guessing at words. And his reading will be full of reversals: *don* for *nod*, *pan* for *nap*.

Unlike Andy, who conforms to wrong ideas, Billy Boy does not conform at all. He makes his own whimsical rules; he adheres to his own childhood world; he does not meet reality. Words are real, but Bill's play-dream world avoids the real, the frustrating, the self-responsible.

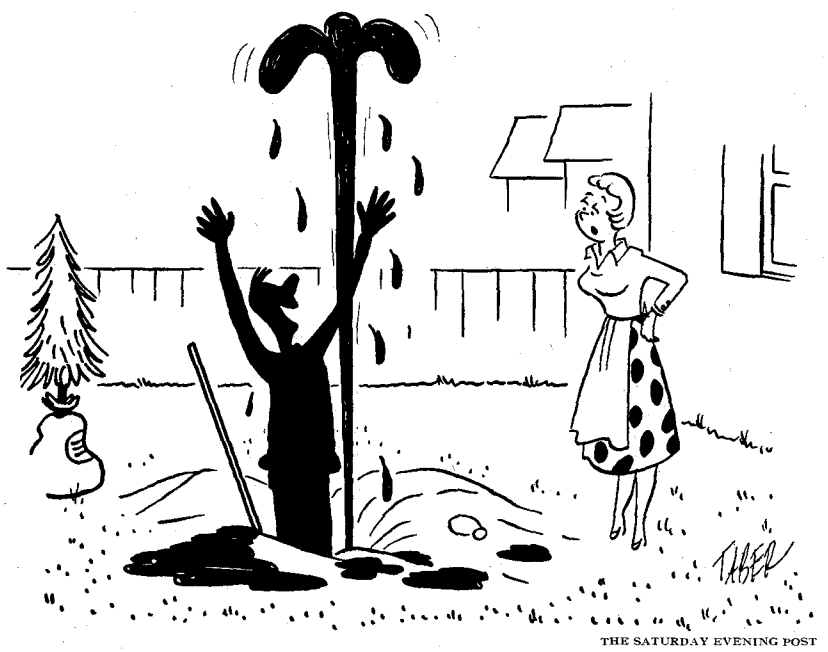
Before Billy can be taught to read adequately a large amount of teaching must be applied to his parents. They must be shown that Billy needs independence and discipline. A certain amount of thoughtful discipline, which is a form of love, will prevent the kind of trouble Billy has with his reading. Incidentally, no amount of mechanical training in phonics will have any effect until Billy is induced to meet the reality of the classroom, the teacher, the reading world. He may well call off *hot*, *pot*, *rot*, *dot* correctly, but the next word, *got*, may come out *tog* or *gold* or *black*.

Reader C—Carl—is another kettle of fish. Like Andy, he has to deal with some pretty high standards set by his parents. Unlike Andy, he rejects those standards. His philosophy is one of resistance: Mother doesn't understand how boys are, so I'll make my own rules and stick to them.

This fellow is struggling for independence. He holds tightly to the standards he sets for himself, simply because they are his own. To give in to someone else's ideas means for him the loss of his integrity. In reading he is a wild guesser, often "reading" words not in the book, and sometimes not bothering to make sense at all. His reading and his attention in class usually will be superficial, although he may be good in arithmetic, which is a cut-and-dried, right-or-wrong business. His parents call him stubborn; his teachers call him difficult. All in all, Carl seems doomed in school. Yet he'll come around if he is handled in such a way as to prove that no one is imposing on him, and he will probably learn to read very well.

Reader D—Danny—is a little boy whose home life is warm and pleasant. His parents create a set of values, not too strict, not too high. The error here occurs in making Danny feel that no matter what he does, it is right. He is excused for using daddy's electric shaver on the cat or for splashing paint on the wall, because "he's just a child." Here is a home with Tolerance. And guess who runs it. In this home Danny gets little experience in meeting frustration or in curbing his energies. When he bumps into school for the first time, the sound of the crash is loud indeed. This is a world for which Danny is unprepared. How does he react?

He has usually been approved at home, and he has been taught to approve his home. So he cannot believe that this extension of his world called "school" can be anything but right. Therefore, when he begins making mistakes, and is asked to discipline himself, he goes to pieces. His world has always been right, so he must be wrong. He says, "I'm dumb," or "I can't," or "I want to, but there's something wrong with me." This boy and his



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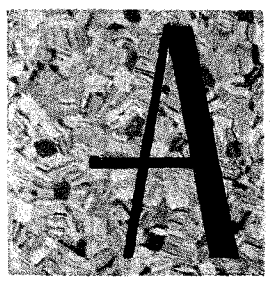

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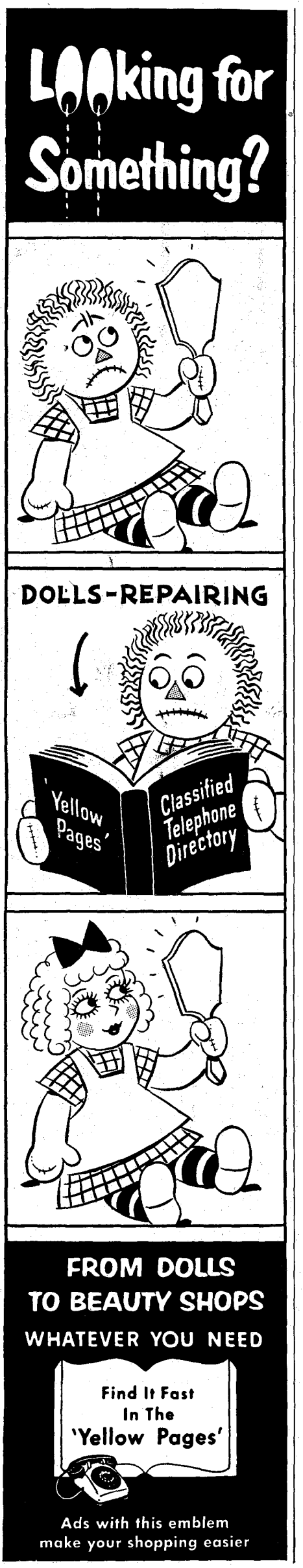
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parents will need expert help, because classroom methods run counter to the system Danny has had at home.

Finally, there is Reader E—Earl, let's say. Earl has become too dependent on mother. Our society is matriarchal, at least until after supper. But for little boys, pop would be a better boss than mom. In any case, Earl's mother is the one who says, "If he can't do that lesson, I'll have to show him how or he'll fail." Of course, she doesn't do the lesson herself, she just shows the boy how—or so she thinks.

The result is that Earl can't be independent in his schoolwork. Unfortunately for him, reading is a purely independent enterprise; so he doesn't learn. He does arithmetic fairly well, by rote, but he bogs down in the creative aspects of reading. He doesn't analyze words, doesn't try hard to make sense, because he is always looking for cues from someone else.

In the early stages of learning to read, this dependency problem is rather common. It may disappear in the middle grades, particularly if Earl is good enough at pleasing teacher to acquire some routine techniques to get him by. But the problem may crop up again in the upper grades, where Earl has to face a large volume of independent, critical reading in which he can't depend on anyone for the analysis of ideas. Dependence is often reflected in high-school composition, writing in which all of the ideas are derived from parents or other sources. An especially unpleasant manifestation here is cheating—cribbing or plagiarism. The lesson for parents: develop independence in the child's approach to school and don't do his work for him.

In all these cases the fault lies not in the school, in a lack of phonics, in eye or ear trouble, in any of the less frequent causes described earlier. The fault lies within the personality, in the child's use and direction of his energies. And nearly all the trouble stems from wrong reaction to parental pressure.

One cannot always blame the parents. After all, most parents don't go out of their way to ruin their children. The five kids described here simply happened to react in a certain way to what was probably a completely unwitting approach. Parents should not blame teachers as a group, either. When Junior comes home and says, "I hate my teacher," mother will probably ask why. If Junior says, "Because she hit me with a rock," mother had better trot down to school and look into things. But if Junior says, "She bawled me out because I didn't have my work done," don't blame teacher. Junior isn't blaming her, in his heart; he is actually blaming himself. In dealing with reading problems, the point is not to blame anyone or anything, but to look into treatment or prevention, exactly as in the case of a broken leg or smallpox.

It is possible to prevent a child from developing the personality problems which may lead to retarded reading. What we recommend sounds simple, although the methods may be hard for many parents to adopt. But if the experience of hundreds of teachers, psychologists and other specialists means anything, these recommendations are sound:

Start early in training children to meet their own little everyday obligations. If the child has developed a sense of responsibility, if he knows the fun of independence and can use it within the school group, he has made a good start for the day when he first faces reading, which is a complex business of sounds, symbols and meaning.

Don't do your child's homework. Give him help only when he really needs help. But don't invite him to ask for help by saying, "Remember, dear, if you have trouble with that theme, I'm here to help you." Or this horror: "I never had any trouble with arithmetic. Why must you? Come here, and I'll show you again!" When the child is confused about where home stops and school starts, some kind of hindering emotional problem may arise. The parents' job is to provide interest, moral support, encouragement, love. Say "Good for you!" whenever you can, instead of "Let me help."

An equally important point in the prevention of personality problems in young children concerns the school itself. If parents manage to make responsible citizens out of their young, then the school must take advantage of this responsibility. If Junior has an assignment due at a given time, the teacher must see to it that Junior does it. Schools today vary greatly in their handling of student work. Some either do not insist on punctuality or pass the buck to the parents: "Ronnie did not do his arithmetic today, Mr. Jones. Will you please make sure that he studies his lesson tonight?" This delegation of responsibility starts problems like those described earlier. Now, suppose you are too late to prevent trouble; you have the problem in your house. Here are some do's and don'ts for parents of children with reading disability:

First, if the school notifies you that Junior seems to be operating below par in reading, try to find out why this is so. If necessary, consult a recognized expert who will produce a considered judgment on the child. Be satisfied with nothing less than a clear-cut diagnosis of the problem, even if you dislike some of the things you are told. And demand that this diagnosis be put in such a way that you can understand every word of it.

Ordinarily the language of clinical reports is full of technical jargon which no mere parent can hope to understand. Don't accept such a report. If a reading expert writes you to the effect that Albert has a marked dyslexia, an aphasia, strephosymbolia or an auditory-visual associative reading disability, don't be stunned. Make the expert explain in plain English what he means.

After you have understood the diagnosis, find out what needs to be done, and do it. This is the hard part, because you may have to revise some of your habits to help your child cure his reading difficulty. You may, after years of "helpfulness," have to keep your hands off his schoolwork. You may have to change the way you demonstrate your love for your child. You may have to pay some tutoring bills. But if you are informed that Junior needs help in reading, don't scoff at the idea with "You know, I never was a reader at his age either, but I got over it." If the school, out of its increasing knowledge of the field, suggests extra work, be thankful that your child is in a modern school.

And do not try to work with Johnny on his reading after you learn that he has a problem, unless an expert tells you how to go about it. If you do not know how to teach reading, you can hinder the efforts of an expert reading teacher.

Finally, if a personality problem causing poor reading is deep-seated enough to resist the efforts of an expert teacher, it may be suggested that a psychiatrist be consulted. The child's psychotherapist starts by establishing a friendly relationship with the child—a "play" relationship which is the basis of helping the child work out his inhibitions, his fears, his hates. He helps the child understand himself and his own resources. This therapy also helps parents to understand their child; it helps them learn their proper role in the child's life.

It ought not be necessary to say this, in an enlightened 1956. But it must be said: there is no shame in consulting a psychiatrist. Most of us don't understand atomic physics. Do we hesitate to ask an expert what he means by *fission?* Most of us don't clearly understand what is meant by the term *personality*. No one should be ashamed to ask what *personality* means or to seek help when a personality is mixed up in one way or another. In any case, if as part of the treatment of your child's learning problem you are referred to a psychiatrist, don't, for heaven's sake, throw up your hands and scream something like "They say my child is queer!" This reaction is no longer reasonable.

To sum up: nine children in ten will develop no real problem in reading, because the schools, by and large, are doing a good job, and because most children do not develop personality problems which hinder their reading. The one problem in ten can usually be prevented by the right approach. If the problem is not prevented, it can be cured, in one way or another. Certainly no reading problem should cause parental hysterics.

In general, parents should take comfort. In the "good old days" when we were children, we didn't have to adjust our lives to TV, Hi-Fi, Cinerama or the atomic bomb. Our children fit all this into their lives, and reading too. It's quite a job; no heckling, please.

THE END

Can You Name This Star?

This young two-gun expert did most of his cowboy shooting in Ohio long before he entered the movies. His dad died when he was fourteen and his mother moved to Hollywood and became a studio hairdresser. Her son wrote and directed two Army shows while serving in World War II; got a bit part later in Janie, then a real role in The Eddie Cantor Story. Can you name him?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Keefe Brasselle

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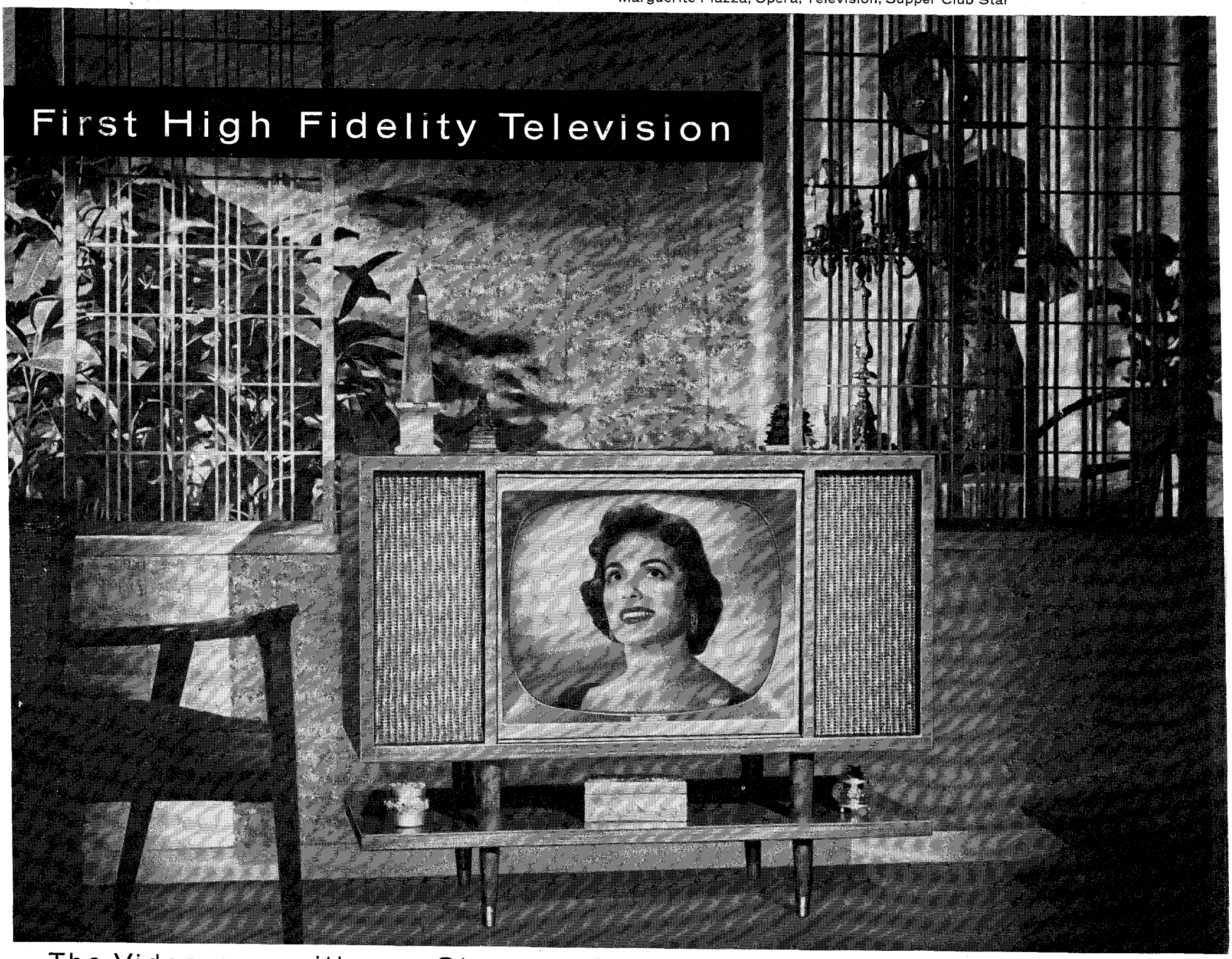

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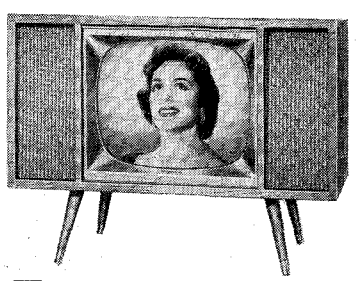

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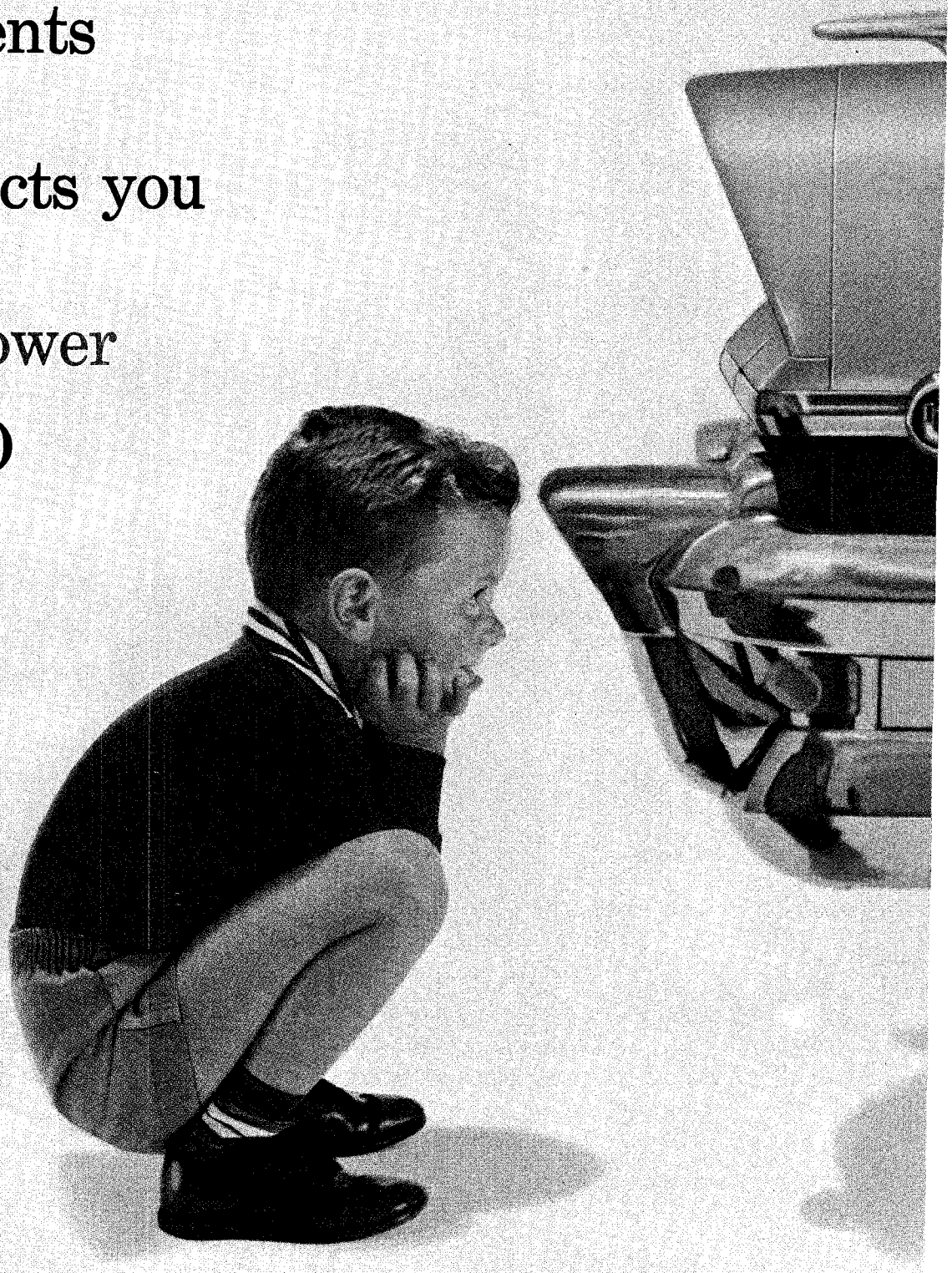

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Strange Reunion (Continued from Page 40)

thought she saw the round face of Adele, her sister. Her heart thudded and she waved hesitantly, but then she saw that it wasn't Adele after all. *But it might have been*, she thought. *She'll be on the dock, and so will Polly, and their husbands, too, since this is Sunday.* At the thought of that imminent joyous reunion, excitement rose in her until her throat swelled and she began to tremble. *Take it easy*, she admonished herself. *I hope they won't cry. No tears today, I'll tell them; this is the day to be happy.*

The small boat, having circled the transport, headed back toward the jetty, its passengers still waving and calling messages whipped away by the wind. The big gray ship drew nearer the pier.

Brazen-voiced, the loud-speaker commanded, "Now hear this!" and the people listened eagerly, knowing that this time there could be no call to boat drill, no alarm of submarines or floating mines. Instructed to line up for mail, they moved obediently, content to leave the deck at last.

I will savor every minute of this day. I will try not to remember too much nor look ahead too far, Sue promised herself as she stood in line. *Later I will be practical, but not today; this is the day I've been living for.*

Not all women are guilty of repeating gossip. One of them has to start it.

ELLIS C. GALT

The large brown envelope they gave her at the window was full of notes and telegrams, letters and booklets. Curious, she pulled out one of the official-looking papers and read: "Mrs. Susan Danton, report at once to Red Cross Center on pier." Another: "Special message for Mrs. J. L. Danton immediately upon arrival," signed by Captain Moore, WAC. What was this? And now the loud-speaker was shrilling, "Mrs. Susan Danton report at once to WAC Captain Moore at gangplank! Mrs. Susan Danton report ——" But Sue was running down the corridor, clutching her envelope.

Captain Moore was young and healthy and efficient. "I wanted to get hold of you before the Red Cross did; that's why I had you paged," she smiled. There was no comprehension on Sue's anxious, questioning face. She continued, "Your sisters thought the Red Cross would look after you, and so they left your things there. But the Army's taking care of you. I've got your reservations and money for you from your husband ——"

Sue could make nothing of it at all except that it had to do with Jim. Rigid, she said, "My—my husband?"

"Oh," the WAC said quickly, "I'm sorry. You haven't read your mail!"

Sue's voice was barely audible. "There wasn't time. Is my—is Jim ——"

Captain Moore's words were warm with sympathy. "Major Danton is all right, the last we heard, still at Zentsuji. Somehow he got word to Washington months ago and arranged to have money here for you when you arrived. That's all. I'm so sorry I scared you!"

The blood flowed back to Sue's heart and her vision cleared. Unsteadily she said, "I'm a little stupid, I guess. The excitement —— I—I can't think."

The WAC stared at the trembling hands grasping the brown envelope; she saw the hollow eyes in the too-thin face. She said abruptly, "Let's get out of here! Where are your bags?"

Sue hesitated, frowning. "I still don't understand. Where are my sisters? What am I supposed to do?"

"Try not to worry," the WAC answered. "The truth is your father is very sick and you're to fly home this afternoon. Your sisters went three days ago. My station wagon's outside, and I'll take you home with me until it's time for the plane. You can change your clothes there. I'll tell you more about it after I get you through customs."

Overwhelmed by this spate of information, Sue's mind darted from one point to another: *Change clothes. I haven't any others. Customs. Do we go through customs? Dad's sick.* She grasped that thought and held it. He was sick indeed if Adele and Polly had gone to him when their hearts had been set on welcoming her. All at once, her carefully built-up confidence tottered. *I hadn't planned on being alone at first*, she thought; *I won't know what to do. I can't go around saying, "Excuse me, I was a prisoner of war and I've forgotten how things are done."* She stifled her rising panic.

When, a little later, they went down the gangplank into the great, drafty shed of the pier, there seemed at first to be no one there. Then, as her eyes adjusted to the dimness, she saw the people lined up many deep outside the customs barrier, waiting there silently.

Captain Moore moved briskly, carrying the scarred old traveling case. Hundreds of eyes watched them, and suddenly Sue felt exposed and defenseless; she saw herself as they must see her—hands and legs bare, in shabby coat and ridiculous bandanna. She stumbled as she hurried after the WAC waiting with the customs agent. Was there any contraband in her bag, he wanted to know and, at her mute head shake, waved them through.

Two uniformed figures were at that moment admitted through the barrier, and Sue exclaimed and went forward to meet them in glad recognition. Captain Montgomery, looking more like a shaggy bear than ever in his heavy coat, and Commander Henley—old friends of hers and Jim's. The lost nightmarish quality of the minutes just past faded in a glow of relief as they took her hands and kissed her gently.

"Oh," she said, "but it's good to see you! Where's Ann—and Caroline? How are they? And how are you?" She laughed in delight.

Dick Henley smiled. "They're waiting for you. We're all outside."

She started forward eagerly, but Captain Montgomery put his hand on her arm, stopping her. "You know about your father, Sue?"

She wanted to run away from this, not to have it put into words, but she answered quickly, "Yes, yes, I know. He's very sick. I'm flying home today."

He still held her by the compelling pressure of his hand, his face concerned and gentle. "Sue," he said, "look at me. You're a brave girl. You can take it, can't you." He wasn't asking questions. "You know the old man's dead, don't you? Take a deep breath now. You're all right, aren't you."

So that was it. Of course. How like the captain—the clean quick slash, the steadying arm. Now he was waiting for her to speak. She said slowly, "He isn't—he wasn't an old man." Then, as he continued to watch her, her heart warmed to him for his solicitude and, knowing there were things she (*Continued on Page 64*)

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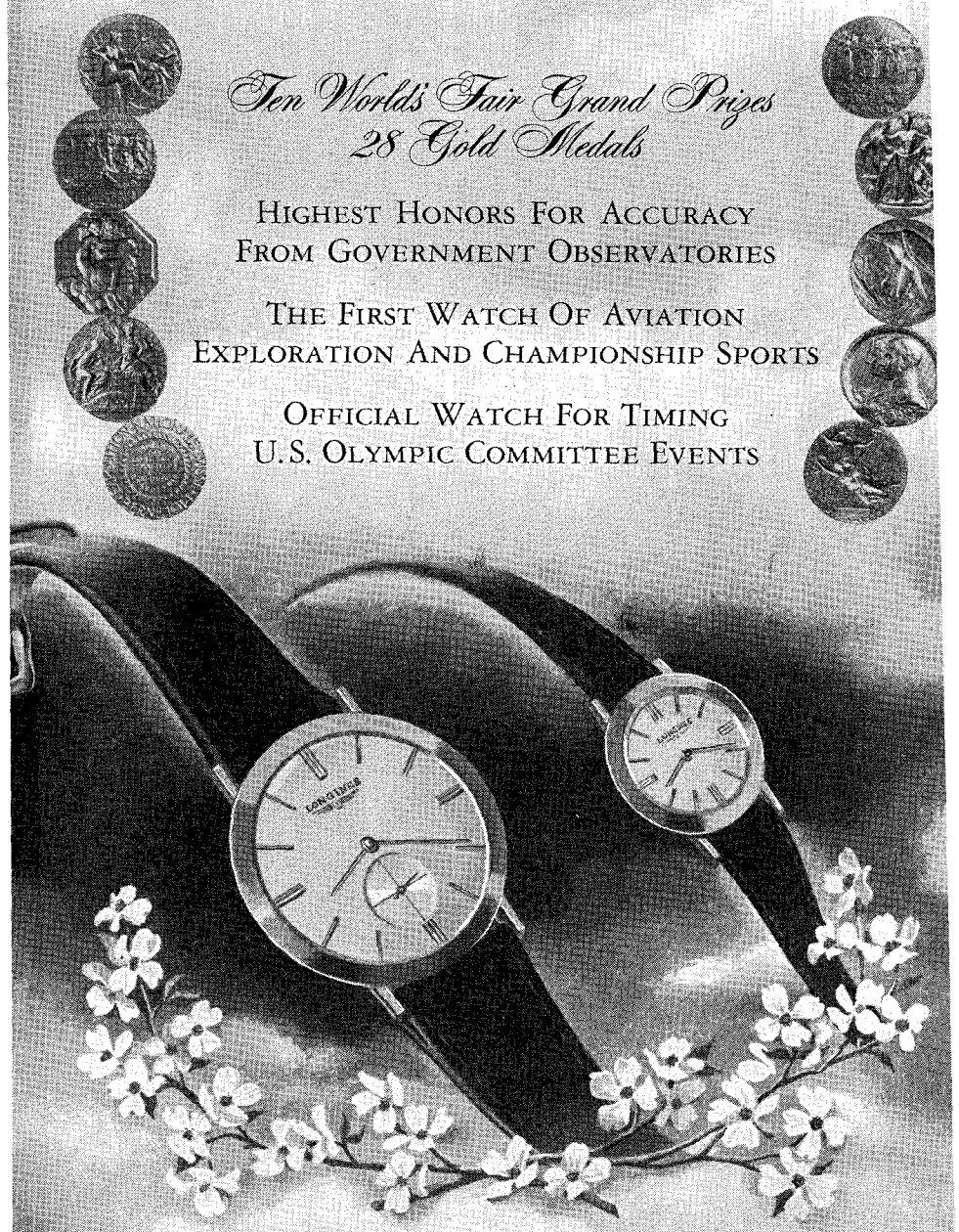

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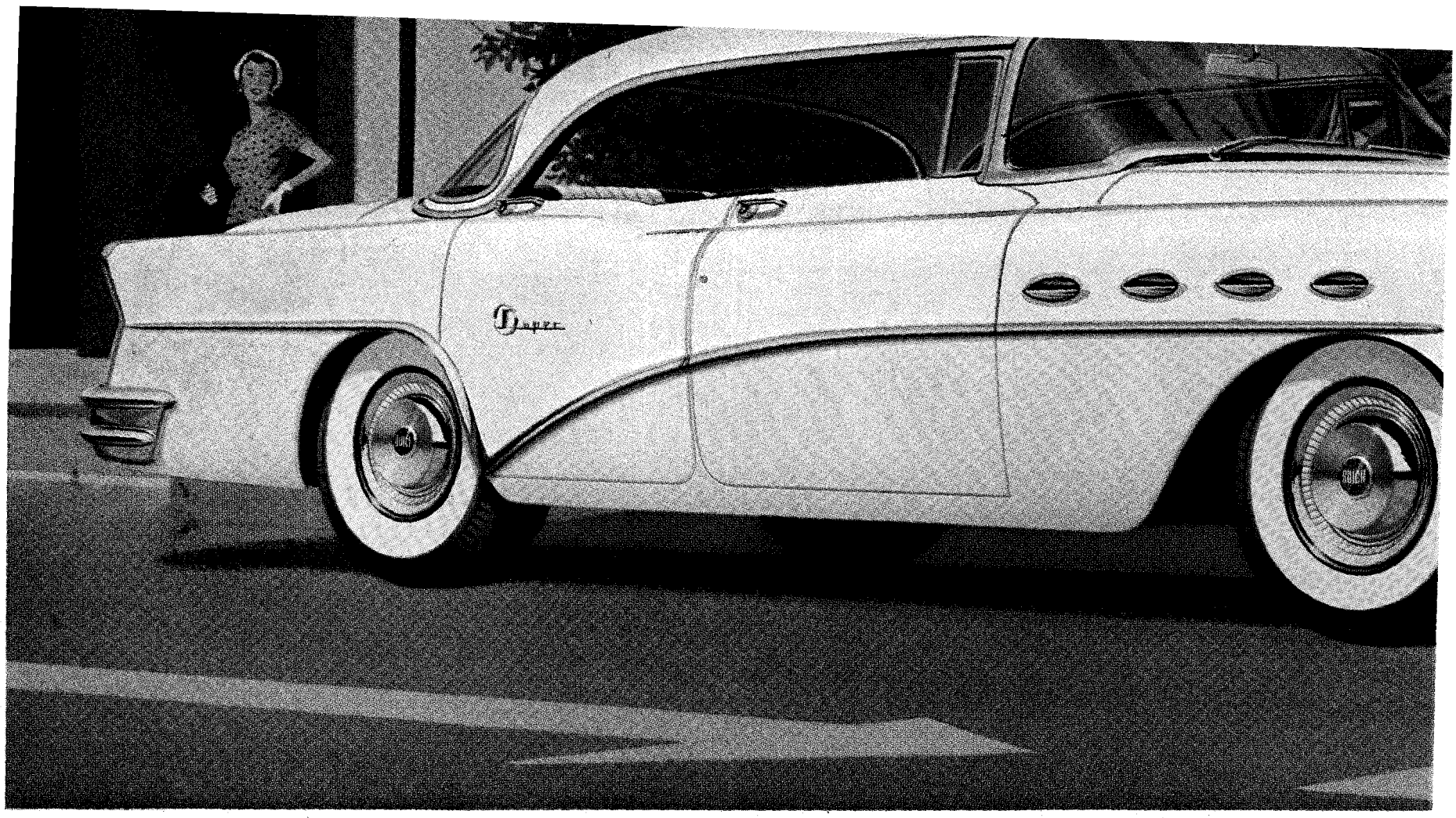

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(*Continued from Page 61*) was expected to say, she murmured, "When?"

"Three days ago. Your sisters just got there in time."

She said absently, "He was at home in his own bed, with his family around him, with doctors and good care."

"Of course," the captain said, his eyes puzzled.

She smiled at him, wanting to reassure him. "He was very lucky. He had such a lot! In camp, you know, at the last there was only one coffin—an old wooden box—and they used it over and over again, whenever anyone died. Almost every day we'd see the *carretela* hauling it in and out along the road between the hospital and the gate. The Japs just dumped the bodies somewhere; no one could be sure. And the lid of the box flapped up and down at every bump in the road. That was the horrible part—the flapping lid. I always thought I couldn't bear it if someone I loved ——" She broke off, seeing that he looked pained and worried. After a moment she said quietly, "Thank you for telling me. I'm all right." He tucked her hand under his arm and led her to the barrier.

Ann and Caroline were there, eyes soft with pity. "We wanted you to stay with us, Sue, but now ——" Ann's voice was a small wail.

Sue looked at her and at the others, all as solemn as mourners. She said, "I wish—how I wish you'd all stop looking so sorry for me! Isn't anyone glad to see me?"

At that, the tears spilled over Ann's cheeks and, seeing them, Sue hugged her old friend and said, "Crybaby! I know you're disappointed—but I'll come back later for a visit, I promise!"

Ann giggled in the midst of her tears. Then, holding Sue off at arm's length, she sputtered, "If only you could see yourself! You're enough to make anyone cry! For heaven's sake, buy yourself some clothes before you show up at my house!"

"What? You don't like these!" Sue protested, her voice bubbling with mirth. They clung to each other, laughing, but the others smiled faintly, their expressions wary and anxious.

The voice of the WAC captain broke in, "I'm sorry, but Mrs. Danton has a lot to do before she takes the plane."

In relief, Sue turned away quickly. Hurrying along beside the WAC, she said, "I know I'm thin and my clothes are terrible, but, after all, I got home! What's the matter with everybody?" *It's on account of dad*, she thought, *but that isn't real yet. I'm glad it isn't. I suppose it will hit me all at once.*

The girl was distressed. "They've worried about you. We've had calls and messages—the Red Cross too. They were afraid that the news of your father's ——" She broke off as they climbed into the station wagon.

"I know he's dead," said Sue. "Captain Montgomery told me."

"He did!" the WAC exclaimed.

Sue said, lightly and cheerfully, "He doesn't believe in beating around the bush. I'm grateful to him." After a moment, she added, "Are you worrying about me too? Please don't. I'm all right, truly I am. And in spite of my father's death, it is perfectly wonderful to be home again. Can you understand that?"

But, intent on her driving, Captain Moore did not reply.

Passing through the quiet Sunday streets, Sue stared in mounting delight at shop windows and flower stalls and the well-dressed throngs coming out of churches. Intoxicated by the incredible all-but-forgotten richness and bounty, she sat far forward on the leather seat.

Suddenly she exclaimed, "Just look at the fruit in that window! Did you ever see anything like it?" Laughing, she pointed at the pyramids of color glowing through the plate glass. Then, as she caught the uncertain glance of her companion, she said to herself, *I won't say anything more, I don't want to act foolish.* But her heart swelled; tears stung her eyes and she closed them so that the tumultuous joy that shook her might pass unnoticed. Instantly in the soft darkness behind her eyelids, the vivid streets of San Francisco were superimposed upon the smoking gray rubble of Manila, and the fragrance of narcissus was tinged with the stench of the burning dead. She opened her eyes again, quickly.

Captain Moore seemed relieved to reach her small, neat apartment. She ushered Sue inside and became very brisk and businesslike once more. "Now," she said, "here's the bag of clothing your sisters left for you, and here's the money to pay for your ticket—they left that too. Would you like a cup of tea before you change?"

"That would be wonderful," Sue said. "How much time do we have?"

"The driver is coming for you at two. It's almost twelve-thirty now. You have time to look at your mail while you drink your tea."

Assailed again by inner shrinking, Sue faltered, "Coming for me? Aren't you going to the plane with me?"

Ever so kind, the WAC explained, "I'll be on duty, but the driver will take you to the airline office. All you'll have to do is pay for your ticket and wait there for the limousine. Your sisters will meet you in Omaha. All right?"

Suppose I told her that I haven't the remotest idea how it will be; that I won't know what to do and will be ashamed to ask; that I feel like a piece of rusty machinery trying to run again. Suppose I told her that I was never a coward before, that I never whined nor whimpered in prison camp, but that now I'm so scared I could die, would she believe me? "It's all right," Sue said.

She began to take the clothes out of the black bag—silk underwear and stockings, smart black pumps, a wool suit and a furred jacket. Marveling at the softness and sheen of the fabrics, she stroked the garments, saying, "How beautiful! I really had forgotten!"

The WAC brought her a cup of tea and a cake. "Take this while you dress. I don't like to hurry you, but you'd better start."

With a sense of infinite luxury, Sue sipped and tasted and dreamily began to take off the motley array of her clothes. She stood nude at last in the middle of the floor, holding the silken underthings in her hands. A startled gasp came from the doorway and she turned to see the WAC retreating.

"Oh, I am sorry!" Sue called out. "I was daydreaming; I didn't think. I'm so used to having no privacy—we had to bathe and dress in rooms full of people."

There was no answer. Sue sighed. Why didn't anyone ever laugh? This would certainly tickle her camp roommates if they could hear about it. Oh, dear, she thought, she'd have to watch herself.

She slipped on the fine new clothes and they fitted perfectly. She stood before the long mirror, looking at herself in amazement. "Come see me now!" she called. "I look simply wonderful, don't I?"

"You look fine," the WAC said, and began folding the discarded clothes. She closed the bags and said, "If you're all set now, we have time for a little talk."

Her face was troubled. "Is there something more ——" Sue asked. "Bad news—you haven't told me?"

"Sit down, Mrs. Danton, please," and, as Sue sank into a chair, the girl said bluntly, "Do you know that they are waiting for you to get home—to hold the funeral?"

After a speechless moment, Sue said, "You must be mistaken. I'm sure they wouldn't do that."

"I was afraid you'd feel that way about it."

"But why? What do they think I'm made of? Isn't it enough that my father is dead? Isn't that enough?" Her voice rose and broke.

The WAC's reply was gentle. "They thought you'd want it that way. That's why you're flying home. Otherwise, you wouldn't have to hurry."

Sue was silent, looking down at her tightly clasped hands. *Why didn't I think of that? Maybe I am crazy*, she thought; *maybe I've forgotten how normal people feel; maybe I should be glad I can go to dad's funeral.*

"Do you think I'm crazy?" she asked. "Tell me the truth."

The WAC regarded her soberly. "You're certainly not crazy; of course not. But I imagine you are a little keyed up, aren't you?"

A little keyed up—as kind a judgment as I could expect, thought Sue. *I shrug off the news of my father's death; I laugh and cry over the streets* (*Continued on Page 66*)

"I had no idea he drank until he came home sober one night."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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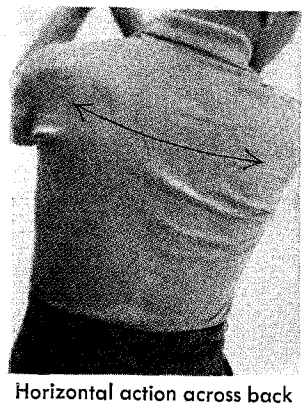
New! An all-purpose shirt with built-in action!

Shirt, $3.95; jacket, $10.95; slacks, $7.95 up.

THE ARROW FREEWAY GIVES FREEDOM IN *ANY* POSITION



Horizontal action across back

Diagonal action across front

Insert prevents binding

The new Arrow Free-Way* is knitted in a *special* way and *bias-tailored* to stretch in *any* direction. For golf, tennis, fishing, puttering around or just plain loafing, nothing equals the sheer comfort and casual good looks of the Arrow Free-Way. In 20 washable colors. The Arrow Windshield Jacket features an unusual tab collar and a Bi-Swing action back. "Sanforized," washable, and Zelan-treated. *By Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

*Pat. pend.

ARROW — first in fashion

CASUAL WEAR

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

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(*Continued from Page 64*) *of San Francisco; I absent-mindedly strip to the buff: I wail about going to the funeral——*

"Thank you," she said softly. "Thank you for everything. You've been very kind."

She paid for her ticket at the airline office and the little brunette at the desk said, "Oh, Mrs. Danton, a message for you from Captain Moore just came in. She said to remind you that you have a Number Three priority, and not to let anyone bump you."

Sue stared. "Bump me!"

The girl said with a friendly smile, "That's right!"

"Bump me!" Sue muttered to herself, turning away. What in the world did that mean? It was bad enough that she no longer seemed to think as other people did, but it was simply humiliating that she could not understand what they said. It made her an outsider, an alien. When the troops had come into camp at the time of the liberation, they had brought a strange new vocabulary, "GI" and "WAC" and "pin-up girl"—even those expressions the prisoners had never heard before, but it had only been funny then; they had all been mystified together. This was different. *I cannot ask*, she thought; *I'll have to take a chance.*

The limousine pulled up at the curb and Sue went outside with the rest. The driver began to collect fares for the trip to the airport, and she heard him say, "Dollar thirty." Carefully she got the money ready, a dollar bill and some coins, and gave it to him when he reached her seat. He inspected the money, and then, to her dismay, held up a silver coin and said loudly, "What's this? Some kind of foreign money, lady. No good here."

Snatching it back and handing him a quarter, she apologized nervously, "I'm sorry. It's a peseta, twenty centavos. I thought it was an American twenty-cent piece."

The driver stared at her sharply and some of the passengers turned in their seats to look at her. Sue's face was hot. An American twenty-cent piece! What was the use of trying to pretend? She didn't belong here.

Steadfastly looking out the window during the drive to the airport, she thought how the day had gone all awry. The glad anticipation was now gone beyond hope of recapture. She hardly saw the scene outside; other pictures filled her mind—awkwardness piled on awkwardness, everything she'd done and thought and said, all wrong.

I don't want to be queer, please God, she prayed sadly, remembering how many had become more than a little unbalanced under the strain of the age-long years. *Just let me be normal and average; let me be like the others. I want to be at home in my own, my native land. There is more to coming home than I dreamed; I am still a long way off.*

She turned her mind to her father, knowing it was the proper thing to do. She felt no sorrow, though his face was vivid in her memory.

The roseate glow of the morning had been dimmed; still, when the plane was in the air, once again she was uplifted by the sheer glory she looked down upon—miles of golden poppies bloomed in the meadows and on the lower mountain slopes, below peaks of blue and shadowed white. *This is what I need most of all*, she thought, drinking in great drafts of beauty long denied; *this is the healing medicine.* She gazed entranced until the earth was lost beneath the clouds.

All things in this strange, luxurious world were of absorbing interest. Dinner was served with marvelous dexterity, the dishes cunningly set into the tray. She ate slowly, aware of the flavor of each morsel, her eyes on the billowing clouds. Later she sat relaxed, possessed by a sense of well-being. Deliberately she let herself think about Jim and found that she was considering their future without doubting that it would come to pass, and so, filled with an unfamiliar confident hope, she dreamed. *He will come back as I have done, with a sense of being born anew, and I will be with him, and that will ease the strangeness. We will know how few are the things that matter, how good are the small and simple comforts.*

The stewardess was beside her, half kneeling in the carpeted aisle. Her voice was low. "You're all right? Would you like a pillow or something to read?"

"Thank you, no," Sue answered. "I just want to look at everything."

"You're not nervous? You've flown before?"

"No. And yes, I've flown before." Once before. Unwillingly, her mind was wrenched back to that other flight when, strapped in a bucket seat on a troop transport, she had been evacuated from Manila to Leyte. Above the jungle-covered mountains of Batangas, they had come upon a raging battle where American planes, buzzing like angry bees, were dive-bombing a Japanese stronghold. They had been too close, and antiaircraft fire had burst near them. Their pilot had pulled the plane away and gone out to fly over the sea.

The girl said, "It's getting dark; you can't see much now. Could you sleep for a while? You look tired."

"Sleep?" said Sue. "Oh, no, I don't want to sleep." Then, as the girl did not go away, she added, "Thank you. I'm really all right."

"Tell me," the stewardess said, "how do you happen to be traveling by plane? We haven't had a woman passenger in months."

Sue looked around the dimly lit interior at the uniforms—blue, gray, khaki—and back at the girl's live and pretty face. *It's been this way all day*, she thought; *it's like trying to carry a brimming cup of precious stuff and everybody wanting to help, and they jostle you and some of the shining drops spill over and are lost.* She mused for a moment, regretfully leaving the world of dreams; then she answered, "I landed in San Francisco from prison camp this morning. My father died three days ago. I'm flying home for the funeral. The Army arranged for me to fly because my husband's an officer. He is a prisoner in Japan."

The girl gave a gasp at this stark recital; then her eyes brimmed with tears. Sue saw that she was speechless and self-accusing and to ease her distress, she continued, "I've been gone so long that everything is new to me. That's why I don't want to read or sleep."

"How long?" came the question.

"Since I was here? Almost seven years; the last three in camp."

Still kneeling close beside her, the young woman was quiet. At last she said, her head bent, "Oh, I wish there were something I could do for you!"

The voice was urgent with compassion, and Sue was, all at once, immensely pleased and grateful. *How selfish I have been to refuse sympathy. I should have accepted it and welcomed it. Why didn't I see that before?*

"There is something you can do for me," she said, laughing softly. "They told me not to let anyone bump me, and I don't know what that means!"

The stewardess blinked in surprise and relief. As she explained, she began to smile. "They'll bump you over my dead body!" she ended fiercely.

As they talked, the plane came down through the clouds, and the earth blossomed with myriad lights. Twinkling, glowing splendor stretched mile after mile. Sue breathed, "What is it?"

"That's Salt Lake City. You change planes there."

"Isn't it glorious?"

"It's always like that," the girl said. "Haven't you seen a city from the air at night before?"

"Do you know, I've just realized it," said Sue; "I haven't seen any bright lights at all since Pearl Harbor!"

Absorbed in the drama of descent through a kaleidoscope of flashing beams, she marveled that her fellow passengers had to be shaken awake so that they might stumble wearily off the plane. Would she ever want to sleep again, she wondered.

Through the rest of the flight she was wide awake, though the others slept. Sometimes she closed her eyes so that the stewardess might think her resting and, flying through the starry night, she savored the minutes of peace and quiet memory. She thought of her father, and whispered, "Dad, you know how it is. People weep, you told me, not for the one who is dead, but for themselves and for what they have lost. So you do understand that I cannot yet grieve for you. I am coming home. I have so much, even without you."

The talent most folks seem to admire in an ancestor is a knack for saving money.

CY N. PEACE

Adele and Polly were at the airport, and as Sue walked across the wide strip to the gate, she saw their anxiety. She had learned a lot, and so she kissed them lovingly and soberly, accepting them with gratitude just as they were. She sat between them in the car and, as the driver took his place and they began to move, she asked them when the funeral was to be.

Polly answered, "Today at two. Do you mind very much that we waited?"

"It's all right. You know that."

Adele snorted angrily, "We didn't arrange it! We didn't want it that way! But the others ——"

"Now, Del," said Polly mildly, but Sue heard her sigh.

"Darlings," said Sue, "let's forget it while we ride home. Let's talk about ourselves. It's been a long time."

And so they rode along the quiet country roads and through the dark little towns, chatting, sometimes laughing and talking all at once. At dawn, they came upon a lighted diner and stopped to eat. Her sisters smiled at her, and Sue knew that they had been afraid, and now no longer were. A feeling of security welled up within her and a certainty that the day ahead could hold no ordeal beyond her strength.

Thus, in the early morning, Sue came home. At once she had need of her newfound courage. The house was filled with people, and some of them were strangers, and in amazement she asked herself what they were doing there. Her mother clung to her, sobbing brokenly, leaning heavily upon her. Relatives, friends—where had they all come from?—embraced her with tears. The atmosphere of gloom was stifling and she thought with alarm that she might faint. They seemed to watch her slyly, to see how she was taking it, and suddenly she was appalled by the realization that some of them were enjoying themselves, that their eyes held curiosity, not grief. She broke away and fled to her room.

Polly followed her. She closed the door and said, "I know just how you feel. We've all been away too long. The clan wouldn't miss this for the world, you know." She choked. "You should see the loads of food in the kitchen!"

Sue asked, "Polly, dear, how have you endured it for three days?"

Polly made a sound, half sob, half laugh. "Oh, it hasn't been like this all the time. This was a special act just to welcome you home!"

Ruefully, Sue said, "I simply can't cry. They'll be scandalized, won't they?"

"Oh, they certainly will," said Polly, and grinned. "It would be so much easier all around if you'd just have hysterics."

Adele flounced in, her face flushed, her eyes snapping with exasperation. "I've argued the last half hour, but it's no use. Now that you've come, Sue, it seems that we all have to go together to the funeral parlors. We've been made to go a dozen times, and what's the good of it? Sue, if you don't want to go, don't you do it!"

The hard knot that filled the space where her heart was supposed to be, tightened painfully, but Sue smoothed her hair and added lipstick before the mirror, noting the purple shadows under her eyes. How long since she had slept? She couldn't remember.

"Let's go," she said to her sisters, and seeing their anxious faces, was moved to comfort them. "It will soon be over," she said gently.

In the flower-smothered chapel, they stood silently beside the ebony casket. Their mother swayed and Adele and Polly helped her from the room. But Sue lingered, her eyes searching the calm, stern face of the man who had been her friend and beloved father.

There was the low wide brow under the blue-black hair, the deep-set eyes, the strong Roman nose, the generous mouth, the cleft chin. But without the sparkle of life and humor, the flash of shrewdness in the blue eyes, the quirk of the kindly mouth—without them, this was a stranger, remote, austere. With beating heart, she scanned the familiar features, seeking she knew not what. It was as if the answer to something was there, if only she could find it.

Then her gaze fell upon his hands, one cupped over the other. The square-tipped fingers were still bent—even now they could not be made straight—and at the sight of them, tears washed over her cheeks and she did not wipe them away. His fingers had grown around a plow handle and so were curved forever, he'd said, making a joke of the truth as he told them of his poverty-haunted childhood in pioneer days.

The thought of that small boy of long ago, roughly dressed, weary from a man's work, seemed all at once unbearably pathetic, and she mourned that she had not done more for him. A thousand memories came crowding as she clung to the side of the casket, dissolved in tears. And the tears were good. The tightness within melted; warmth and love and stormy grief possessed her. She wept and every nerve tingled with feeling, and she knew that she was alive again. The pieces of the muddled day fell into place like the pieces of a puzzle solved at last. Now she was home. A wave of weariness, so great that her knees buckled, swept over her. She touched her father's hand and left him.

She slept deeply until they called her to say that it was time to dress for the funeral. Refreshed and calm, she went down to the crowded rooms.

THE END

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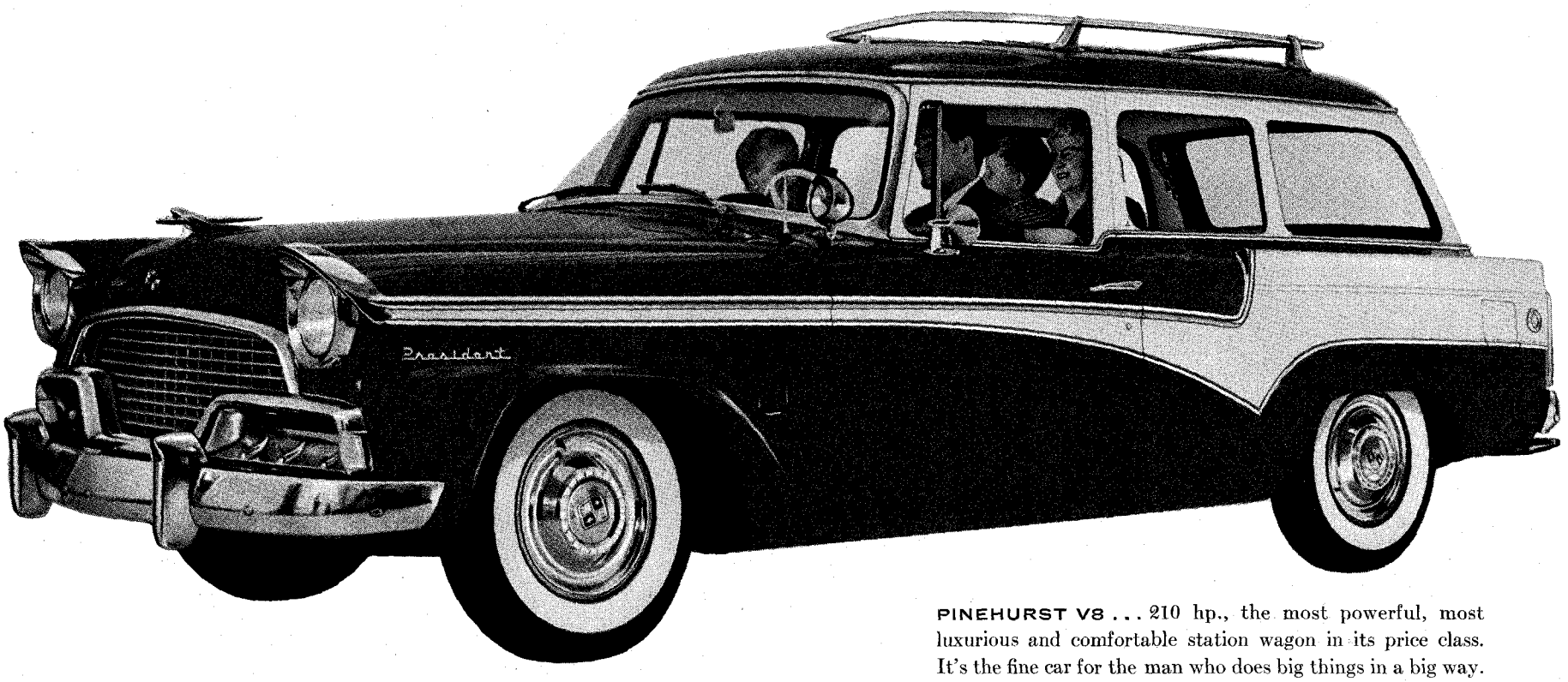
Come out . . . Come out . . .

Whoever you are!



PINEHURST V8 . . . 210 hp., the most powerful, most luxurious and comfortable station wagon in its price class. It's the fine car for the man who does big things in a big way.

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High hat or old hat . . . big timer or big jobber —whoever you're going to be this weekend, you'll be at your best in a handsome, *big* new Studebaker station wagon! Mink coats are as much at home in these beauties as bathing suits. And when you need space—you've got it —BIG space for kids, for baggage, for cargo!

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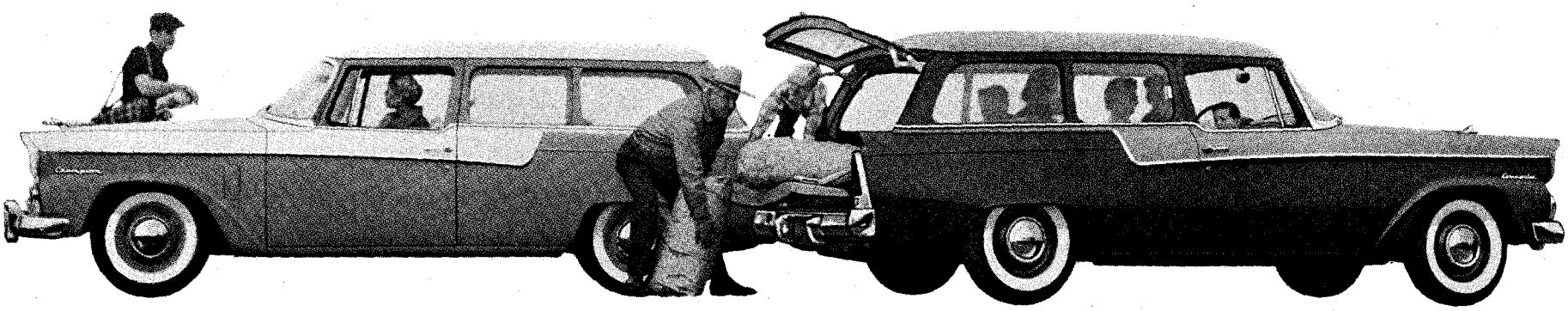
Yes, sir, here is your kind of car for more kinds of fun. And Studebaker's *craftsmanship with a flair* makes them the standouts among all station wagons in looks, performance, comfort, and value. Look them over, and take a drive in one of these big, beautiful new station wagons at your Studebaker Dealer's, soon!

Tune in "TV Reader's Digest" every week.



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Here is the Special Inspiration-Lighting© Sale

Left... M-840 Handsome period design pull-down, finished in rich Antique Copper. Equally at home in contemporary settings. Adjusts up or down from 28" to 56". 16" diameter.
REGULAR $26.95*.....**SALE PRICE $23.95***

M-839 Same as M-840 except with chain hanger instead of reel. 16" diameter.
REGULAR $21.95*.**SALE PRICE $19.75***

Center... M-1097 Popular pull-down "Bubble" light. Adjusts up or down from 21" to 49" at fingertip touch. Soft white Vinylite accented with Polished Brass. 18" diameter.
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Right... M-1050 Over buffet or dining table contemporary fixture. Frost-white Fiberglas with louvered lens. Pull-down type, adjusts up and down from 20" to 52". Trim, Brushed Brass. 21" diameter.
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The Bluecoats' Best Friends

(Continued from Page 43)

Detroit Police Department, when I say God bless each and every one of you." Bob Beale, president of the Detroit Fire Fighters Association, confided privately that Detroit firemen feel more than gratitude to the club. They are beginning to look upon it as a good-luck charm. In the three-year club history only one fireman has died in line of duty—far below average.

Organized in late 1952, the Hundred Club had only six months to wait to find out what it was like to play angel. In July, 1953, Motorcycle Patrolman Arthur Meyers, while on duty, was killed at a downtown street intersection. Bill Packer, Bert Hart and Jack Carlisle did not go immediately to the Meyers house on the first official club errand. They stopped instead at the home of the man who, they had learned, held a land contract on the Meyers home. The amount due was $7500. First payment had not yet been made. When the trio arrived at the Meyers house they found Violet Meyers, a fine young woman with three children. There was also a police sergeant present. It is doubtful that any of them will ever forget the scene. Bill Packer wrote out a Hundred Club check for $7500 and told Mrs. Meyers that it would be waiting to pay off the contract when the holder called. Mrs. Meyers broke down. The burly sergeant broke down. The three Hundred Club members very nearly joined them.

The emotional strain in this phase of the club's work is so intense that it is probably as well that the members are all pretty hardheaded men. Only once has a woman played a part. On that occasion Don Mumford's wife undertook to deliver the deed that gave to a young Melvindale widow the house she lived in with her three children. Her husband, Patrolman Cashel Fergurson, of the Melvindale Police, had shortly before that been killed while he was directing traffic around the scene of an accident on a rainy, misty night. His widow remembered too well that traffic was the one job her husband disliked. The Hundred Club had already given her the customary cash and had, because it was vital to her, completed payment on an automobile. Then, when Mrs. Mumford brought her the evidence that her house was clear, she was overcome. So was Don Mumford's wife.

When the Hundred Club was two years old members voted to go back beyond the club's formation to see if hardship existed among the women who had been widowed before the club appeared. So, with the help of both police and fire departments, every woman who had been widowed by a line-of-duty casualty was investigated. Those who had remarried were assumed to be provided for, and there were others who were in comfortable circumstances. But twenty-five were found who might use a cash gift, and to each of these a check for $1000 was sent. As a result, the club now has a file of twenty-three heart-warming thank-you letters. They speak of a hearing aid that was needed and could now be obtained, a child that could now go a little further in school than had been hoped, or the great lift that came with the knowledge that after all the years someone had remembered.

Perhaps the longest step that the Hundred Club has yet taken is in the minds of the policemen and fire fighters themselves. They were skeptics at first. Some of the uniformed men wondered what these big-shot businessmen might have up their sleeves. Did they have an angle, and what could it be? One of the more suspicious fire officers expressed his strong skepticism to Jack Carlisle on the street one day and a fist fight nearly ensued. About a year ago the skeptic apologized. "I was wrong," he said, "and I'm glad to admit it. You fellows are just about the nicest thing in town."

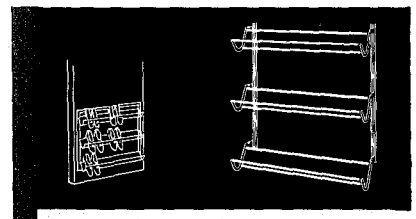
Undoubtedly the members of the Hundred Club are out-giving men. In their benevolent concern with the deaths of certain citizens probably not one of them has noticed a curious and perhaps entirely irrelevant parallel—the fact that for each death in which they have helped a widow, two of their own members have quietly passed away. THE END

BILL KING

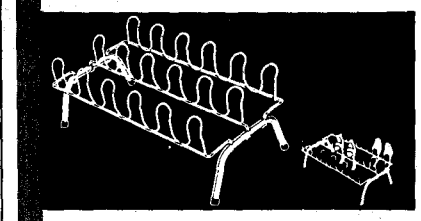
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It was just a summer romance. I was the only girl he knew whose house is air-conditioned."

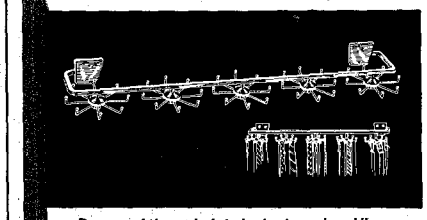
It's Springtime for YOUR CLOSETS!



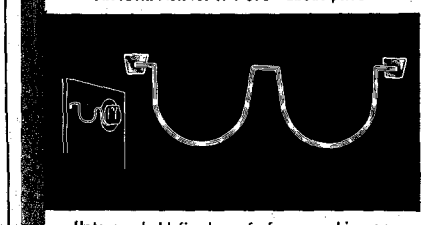
Keep 9 or more pairs on tidy 3-tier wall shoe rack. Ask for K-V 785—about $3.79*



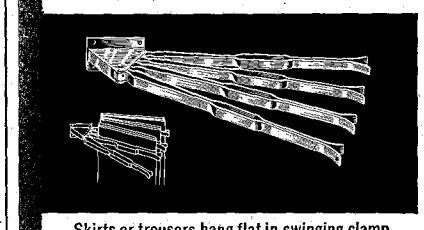
Floor rack holds 9 pairs of all type and size shoes. Ask for K-V 724—about $3.98*



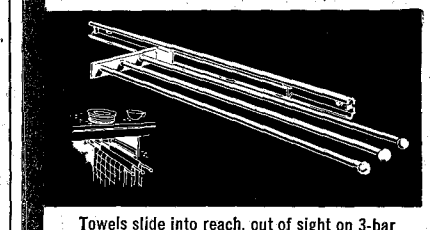
Dozens of ties spin into instant reach on View-All rack. Ask for K-V 575—about $4.98*



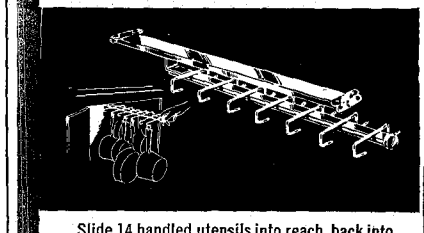
Hats are held firmly, safe from crushing on door, wall. Ask for K-V 1125—about 89c*



Skirts or trousers hang flat in swinging clamp arms. Ask for K-V 550—about $2.79*



Towels slide into reach, out of sight on 3-bar rack. Ask for K-V 793—about $3.50*



Slide 14 handled utensils into reach, back into cabinet. Ask for K-V 790—about $4.50*

*Prices may vary at distant points.

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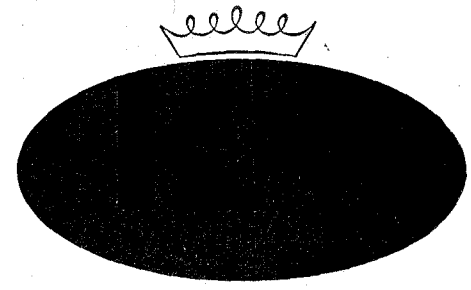

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He Hates to Lose (Continued from Page 25)

ball. Looking back, I think the reason was that I was getting down over the ball before I had fully made up my mind what I should do—what club I should use and how I should hit it.

"Bob Jones helped me tremendously. He said he once had the same trouble. He conquered it with the simple remedy of counting a cadence—'one-two-three'—in stepping up to the ball and getting set. Then he'd give the club one quick waggle and hit. He told me to try it. I did. The confusion disappeared.

"I still may appear intense and slow, but I am no more so than other golfers. I have found the quickest way to make myself nervous is to try to put on a show of outward calm. I refuse to do it. It breaks my concentration. I walk fast to the ball. My slowness comes from surveying the assignment. I try to make sure of my shot before I take my stance. I won't be rushed."

Middlecoff says one of the major mental obstacles he had to hurdle was that of worrying over a misplayed shot—that is, letting one error spoil an entire round. Here's where he drew on the philosophy of the great Hagen.

"Walter always had the theory that it is impossible to play every hole perfectly, and so you should take each hole as it comes, the good with the bad," Cary says. "I have learned there are definitely seventy-two holes in a medal-play tournament, and they may fall in groups—bogeys first, maybe, then birdies. I try not to worry about bogeys, figuring the birdies will come along later. There's only one thing I pop a fuse over now. That's making a stupid shot, one of bad judgment."

Middlecoff acknowledges that he has his flare-ups, but insists that they have diminished in recent years. He has staged walkouts, but there generally were unpublicized reasons, such as the hay-fever attacks of 1951, and a sudden illness of his father which pulled him out of another tournament.

"Middlecoff," says Joe Dey, executive director of the United States Golf Association, "is still an amateur at heart. He turned pro not for money reasons, but for a chance to compete. Cary, I think, is like an artist. Golf to him is almost an obsession, and he has a terrific urge to excel at it. This is responsible for his occasional outbursts."

Dey recalls a couple of incidents which emphasize the vagaries of an artist's temperament. One was in 1950, when the National Open Golf Championship was being held at the historic Merion Golf Club, just outside Philadelphia. The tournament, besides being the golden-anniversary event, had special dramatic aspects. Ben Hogan was making a comeback after his near-fatal automobile accident on a Texas highway in February, 1949. The golf world watched and wondered whether Hogan's shattered legs could bring him through.

The defending champion was Middlecoff, surprise winner at Medinah in Chicago the year before. Hogan and Middlecoff were paired for the final day's play. Excitement heightened when the two of them swung into the last eighteen holes tied at 213 strokes apiece.

In the late afternoon Dey left the official tent and strolled out on the course to see how they were progressing. He picked them up at the twelfth hole, where he found Hogan showing definite signs of strain, but Middlecoff much the more worried of the two.

Walking down the twelfth fairway, Middlecoff eased over to Dey's side and said, "I just can't do it, Joe. I just can't."

"What do you mean?" Dey asked, puzzled. "What is it you can't do?"

"I can't play my game for thinking about Ben," Cary replied. "Did you see him on that last hole? He almost fell off the tee. Gee, he's making a great go of it. I can't concentrate."

Hogan hobbled in with a final-round seventy-four, four over par, which gave him a tie for the championship with Lloyd Mangrum and George Fazio, whom he later beat in the play-off. Middlecoff skyrocketed to a seventy-nine for a tenth-place finish, which exposed him as a fairway killer with a marshmallow heart.

Three years later the tall Memphis dentist figured in another sort of episode. It was in the third round of the 1953 National Open tournament at Oakmont, near Pittsburgh. Playing the tenth hole, Middlecoff hit the ball into a sand trap. Obviously upset, he stomped into the bunker and proceeded to blast the ball onto the busy Pennsylvania Turnpike, back of the green. The crowd gasped.

This done, he collected his caddie and bags and strode angrily to the clubhouse, leaving his playing partner, Walter Burkemo, stranded and baffled on the course. Back at headquarters, Cary fumed, "I'm sick and tired of getting bad starting times. I've had them for four straight years now. I think it's unfair for the leaders to get early starting times"—this was interpreted as a reference to Hogan—"and the others having to play chopped-up courses. That's why I picked up."

Ordinarily such an overt act might bring down the strong fist of the U.S.G.A., drawing a suspension from future tournaments. But Dey, whose role with the organization is almost that of czar, said, "We try to study intent before we hand out severe penalties. In Middlecoff's case, we knew it was an impulsive act. He is a gentleman."

Middlecoff, born in well-to-do circumstances, and trained in another profession, had no reason to be hungry when he hit the golf trail. But he became the hungriest of the lot.

"I never saw a guy with such an urge to win," says P.G.A. champion Doug Ford, a moon-faced scrambler from Yonkers, New York. "Most of us are content to go along week after week picking up money here and there—a third place, a tenth and occasionally a first. But not Doc. He wants to be first every time.

"Any time he's in a tournament, Doc is the man to beat. He's the best. He may not last as long as some because of all that nervous energy he uses up, but he has wonderful concentration. He's the finest putter in the world and, I think, the best driver. He's a big hitter. He can hit them as far as Sam Snead and place them as well as Hogan.

"Whenever he putts, I don't care how far away he is, he's not trying to get close. He's trying to sink it. He'll cut you to ribbons when he gets hot, and he can hold a hot streak longer than anybody I know, sometimes six or seven months."

Fred Hawkins, of El Paso, Texas, the new players' chairman of the P.G.A. tournament committee, echoes these sentiments.

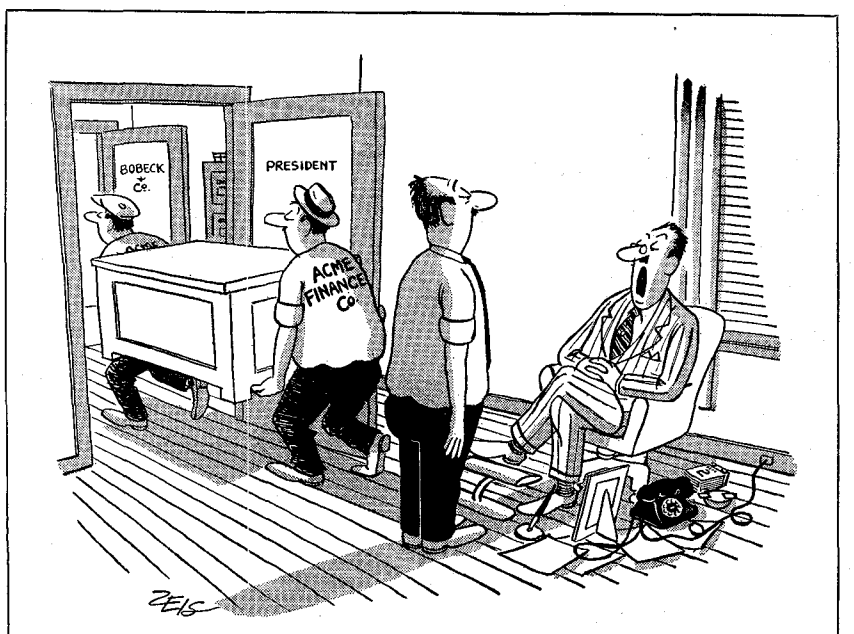
"They say Hogan is a great competitor, and he is," says Fred. "But Middlecoff is just as tough a fighter, maybe even a little more intense. He'll fight you until both arms drop off and then grab you with his teeth. Cary's a great guy, a good party man and a lot of fun when he's relaxing. But out there on the course he's murder."

Middlecoff is tall and slender, a six-foot-two 185-pounder whose boyish charm and good looks belie his thirty-five years. He greatly resembles Ted Williams, but has none of the Boston Red Sox outfielder's tendency to be a loner. In the locker rooms and around the clubhouses Middlecoff can be talkative to the point of garrulity. He is articulate and well informed on many subjects, particularly sports. Baseball is a specialty.

He has a light, flippant way about him, and a good sense of humor. When George S. May raised first prize for the Tam O'Shanter World Championship to $50,000 cash and $50,000 in guaranteed exhibitions, Cary pretended to gulp and said, "Imagine coming to the seventeenth, needing a couple of pars to win that kind of dough. I'm afraid Mr. May has reached my choking price."

On the golf course Middlecoff has the zest of a public-links enthusiast. Although meticulously slow in weighing a shot, once he hits it he'll rush like a race horse to the next one. It's as if he's anxious to get to the ball before it stops rolling.

He has an effortless, upright swing which once prompted Bob Jones to remark, "I'd give the world for a swing like that." The only phase of his game which is not outstanding is his iron play. Cary admits he is too conservative, and not to be compared with Snead in this department. "I don't hit a lot of shots close to the hole," he says. But he misses few



"I'm afraid this is a bad time to ask for a raise, Fenwick."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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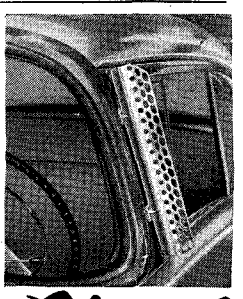

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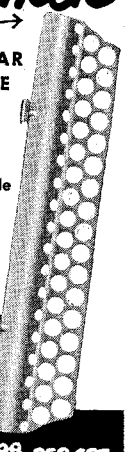

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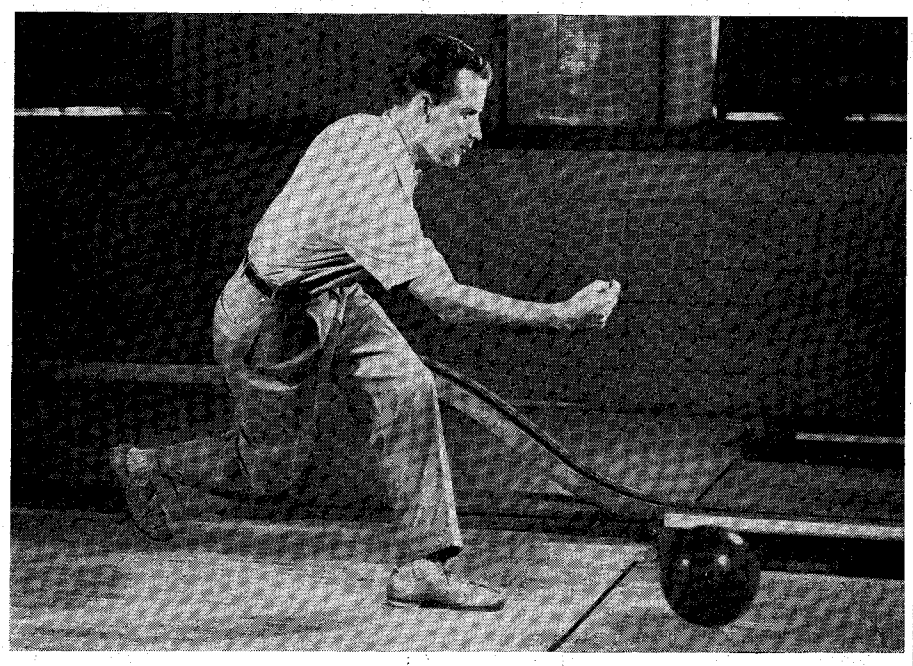

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greens, and makes up for his iron timidity with pirate-bold putting.

On the greens Cary assumes a statue-like pose with one hip thrown out to the side, at the same time propping up one hand. His long frame assumes weird angles, like a futuristic design in a museum. He considers himself a "streaky putter," but adds, "I've been more consistent in the last several months than ever in my life."

Emmett Cary Middlecoff—he cringes at the full name—was born January 6, 1921, in the little town of Halls, Tennessee. He was six weeks old when his father moved his dental practice to the big bluff city on the Mississippi River, and it was there at the age of seven that Cary got his first taste of golf.

Dr. Herman Middlecoff, a good athlete in his college days, encouraged Cary's interest in the sport by letting him tag around with weekend foursomes. The youngster attended a strict private school, Pentecost-Garrison, but as soon as the last bell rang he scampered to the golf course. "We couldn't keep him out of the pro shop," says Jake Fondren, the 135-pound pro of the Memphis Country Club, who has been teaching Cary since the latter wore knee pants.

Cary entered his first tournament, a school competition, at nine. At fourteen he won the event for his first championship. At seventeen he was Memphis city champion and a qualifier for the National Amateur, although he didn't play in it. He won the first of four Tennessee state titles in 1940 at the age of nineteen. Meanwhile, he progressed through Christian Brothers College, a Memphis high school; then the University of Mississippi, and finally the University of Tennessee Dental School, where his father had got his degree.

The young man's study of dentistry was not due to parental coercion. Middlecoff himself decided at sixteen that he'd like to follow the profession. The elder Middlecoff had his son drop into the laboratory occasionally to help out. "See if you like it before you decide," he counseled.

The decision was speeded by World War II. Cary wound up going into regular duty as a dental officer in 1943. Although stationed at Augusta, home of the famous Masters course, he actually had little time for golf until a unique accident brought a definite turning point in his life. "It was as if fate was calling the shots," Cary now says.

While he was grinding on a GI's tooth in the early summer of 1945, a small bit of porcelain popped into Middlecoff's right eye. He was temporarily blinded in the eye. For a while it appeared that both his prospective careers might be jeopardized. But he was sent to Valley Forge Hospital, in Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, and there doctors cleared up the condition in six weeks.

During the period of treatment and recuperation, Cary was on constant sick leave. Ordered to get outdoors to strengthen the eye, he played golf every day. This went on for two months, and that old "feel" began returning to his clubs. He stayed at Valley Forge until cold weather set in and then moved south, where he noted by chance that the touring pros were making their annual Dixie swing. Middlecoff had never played in a tournament on the tour. Now he had the opportunity. He decided to play in five as an amateur.

He was low amateur in his first open tournament at Richmond, Virginia. Then in his second, the North-South Open at Pinehurst, North Carolina, he won with a score of 280, becoming the first amateur ever to capture that event. His partners for the last round were Ben Hogan and Gene Sarazen. "I think the bug really bit me right there," Cary says. "I became convinced I could play golf on even terms with the leading professionals."

Middlecoff might have turned pro in 1946, after he got out of the Army, but his mother was very ill, with only a few months to live. So he stayed in Memphis and practiced dentistry with his father.

One day Edith Buck, a pretty, blue-eyed American Airlines stewardess, came into the office to have a tooth filled. She was a patient of the elder Middlecoff's, but she happened to land in Cary's chair that day. The young dentist was as impulsive as he is on the golf course. He asked her for a date, and then rushed out to the Colonial Country Club, where he told Jake Fondren, "I met my future wife today." They were married in March, 1947.

Cary qualified for the National Amateur at Baltusrol, in Springfield, New Jersey, in 1946. After sweeping through the first three rounds, he became the heavy favorite for the championship. Then in the quarterfinals he lost to Fred Kammer, of Detroit, two up and one to play. Cary's game had "frozen."

"Young Middlecoff came to me before his quarterfinal match," recalls Johnny Farrell, the bushy-haired 1928 Open champion who is pro at Baltusrol. "He told me he couldn't bring the club head of his putter back. His nerves had him tied in knots. I couldn't help him. I think he's done a terrific job of whipping his nerves since then."

Cary's play at Baltusrol in 1946 was good enough to get him selected to play on the 1947 American Walker Cup team against Great Britain. However, Cary by then had already made up his mind to turn pro, so he graciously declined the honor of appearing in this amateur classic. It was a gesture which the U.S.G.A. still extols as a model of sportsmanship.

Cary explained in a letter to Joe Dey, of the U.S.G.A., "I know that I would never be happy practicing dentistry without knowing for sure if I were a good player or a great one, and dentistry is too confining to offer me the opportunity."

Middlecoff decided to become a professional golfer despite a tremendous weight of advice to the contrary. His father in particular was anxious that Cary step in and take over the practice. Cary was assured that he could make at least $30,000 a year for life.

Bob Jones warned Middlecoff, "You'll be sacrificing security for a hard, fickle business that can break your heart." A similar danger signal was hoisted by Harold (Jug) McSpaden, the one-time touring pro star who had recently quit to take an executive's job with Palm Beach Company.

But young Cary could not be deterred. His father was not insistent. "Go ahead and try it," he finally said. "You always have this dentist chair you can come back to. It's like a paid-up insurance policy."

The elder Middlecoff's understanding may have been a product of his own youthful experiences and frustrations. In college, he was a .400-hitting first baseman and outfielder, a classmate of J. Thompson (Doc) Prothro. Both he and Prothro received big-league offers; Prothro from the Washington Senators and Papa Middlecoff from the St. Louis Browns.

Prothro accepted. He went on to become a big-league player and later manager of the Philadelphia Phillies. The elder Middlecoff turned down the bid. He was burdened with debts at the time, and his wife was carrying their only child. Many times later he wondered if he had made the right choice.

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So Cary Middlecoff, on March 13, 1947, took the plunge into golf, but with this proviso: "If I can't prove to myself in two years that I can play with the Hogans and the Sneads, then I'll come back to my dentistry."

During that probationary period there were many anxious moments. Immediately after turning pro he won the $2000 top prize in the Charlotte Open. But then followed two and a half months in which he didn't win a dime. He had only $210 in his pocket when he went into San Antonio on the winter tour. He had just enough to pay his hotel bill and passage for himself and wife, Edith, back home. If he finished out of the money again, he would have to give up and resume dentistry.

"But at San Antonio I finished fourth and collected $800," Cary recalls. "No check ever looked so big or smelled so sweet. Then I won $650 in Harlingen, Texas, another $600 in New Orleans and $525 in St. Petersburg. I haven't had a financial worry since."

Middlecoff's fortunes steadily soared, reaching a grand climax at Medinah, near Chicago, when he won the 1949 National Open championship with a score of 286. "After that, I guess I figured I had it made," Cary says. "I thought it would be downhill the rest of the way. I had a lot to learn."

... ...

Out of Sight

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Absence makes the heart
grow fonder—
Of whom, let absent lovers
ponder.

... ...

A mysterious kink developed in his swing. He knew he had poor hand position and couldn't make a good hit at the ball. Beyond that, he didn't have a clue. He continued to make money. He won some tournaments, placed well in others. But the big ones, the ones he craved most, escaped him. "I suppose it was the tension from trying too hard," he says.

Then, in the fall of 1952, he went back and let his home pros, Jake Fondren and Pat Abbott, look at him. The three of them discovered the trouble—a break in the wrist, ever so slight, as Cary started his downswing. "Throughout 1953 and 1954 I felt myself getting closer to the right combination—steadier nerves and a more confident swing," Middlecoff says. "Then last year, by limiting myself to twenty of the some forty tournaments, I felt I found the answer."

The high spot of Cary's 1955 campaign, of course, was his victory in the Masters, which, besides giving him his first "big one" since winning the 1949 Open, also made him a golfing partner of President Eisenhower.

In the Masters, Middlecoff started placidly enough with a seventy-two, five strokes back of the first-round leader, Jackie Burke. Then he suddenly erupted, as only the streaky Middlecoff can.

He sank five birdies on the first nine holes of the second round for a record frontside thirty-one. On the par-five thirteenth, the "graveyard of champions," Cary rolled in a phenomenal putt, estimated at eighty feet, for an eagle three. That was the clincher. Riding a crest, he finished with a sixty-five, just a stroke off Lloyd Mangrum's course record, then dared the field to catch him. He didn't waver under Hogan's relentless pressure and finished with steady rounds of seventy-two and seventy for 279. Hogan in second place was seven swings back.

It was natural, then, that Middlecoff should have been deeply cut when he was beaten out by Doug Ford in the voting for the P.G.A.'s Golfer of the Year title. Cary's supporters felt he was a lead-pipe cinch in view of his prestige tournament victories, his $39,567.27 money winnings and his personal triumphs over Ford in thirteen of the twenty-three tournaments in which they met, with two ties. Although generally outspoken, Cary this time didn't register a beef.

Middlecoff always has felt that there is no fair means of establishing golf supremacy. The National Open, he feels, is overrated as the premier championship test, and such popular measuring sticks as money winnings and stroke averages—for the Vardon Trophy—are basically unsound.

"Don't get me wrong," Middlecoff says. "I'd like to win the Open a dozen times if I could. But the way the course is doctored for the tournament these days—with its hourglass fairways to handicap the long hitter and its heavy grass around the greens to eliminate chipping—it becomes a paradise for the little-known players. More dark horses win the Open than most any other tournament. Look at the case of Jack Fleck beating Hogan last year at San Francisco. Outsiders don't win on courses like Pinehurst, the Augusta National or Riviera. The Open should command some prestige, certainly, but it shouldn't be the final test of a true champion."

Middlecoff says the money-winning list no longer is an accurate gauge because that $50,000 first prize at Tam O'Shanter throws the standings out of balance. As for the Vardon Trophy, Cary declares, "It's easy for a golfer to pick easy spots and play them and wind up with a good stroke average." Snead was the 1955 Vardon Trophy leader, with a 69.86 average. Ford had 70.12 and Middlecoff 70.16.

Cary has been plugging for years for a performance rating by which a player is judged on the entire year. Under Middlecoff's plan, which has been adopted by the magazine, Golf Digest, a player is graded on a point basis for each tournament. He gets twenty-five points for a victory, twenty-four for second, and so on. Possible points—twenty-five per tournament—are divided into points earned. Cary had the year's best performance average in 1955 with .659. Gene Littler was second with .564. Ford was seventh at .467.

By any yardstick, the nervous young ex-dentist from Memphis has found definite success in his new profession. From 1947 through 1955 he won a total of thirty-four tournaments and collected $195,129.13 in official P.G.A. prize money alone. No other golfer, not even the great Sam Snead, matched him in official tournament victories and money winnings for these nine years.

Besides this, there is his flat yearly fee, amount never disclosed, for representing Wilson Sporting Goods Company, and his royalties on every golf club sold bearing his name. He also is well paid for affiliating with the new Riverlake Club of Dallas as a playing pro. He has a syndicated newspaper panel of instruction called Golf Doctor. He has written one technical book and is in the throes of another. All told, his income from golf since he turned pro in 1947 has been close to $500,000.

"You can well see," says Middlecoff, "why I'd rather drill a brassie than a bicuspid." THE END

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I Love You, Mama Girl (Continued from Page 45)

We went to where you put two nickels into a slot and a cup under a spout and pull a handle, and hot chocolate comes out of the spout into the cup. I did my own, and Mama Girl did her own, but just as she was lifting her cup to place it on our tray, a man bumped her arm and a lot of the hot chocolate splashed over the top of the cup onto the saucer, and then over the top of the saucer.

Now all we had to do was find a table with two places. Every table has four places, but we just couldn't find one with two free places. We found quite a few with one place, so at last Mama Girl sat me down at a table with one free place, and then she sat down at the next table. We weren't at the same table, but we were near together. Mama Girl smiled and nodded.

I picked up my tablespoon, because I knew Mama Girl was waiting to watch me eat, and I began to eat the soup. It was very good, too, but everything was so swift all around that it wasn't easy to believe I was having my supper. It was more as if I were in a big game, only I didn't know what the rules were.

There was a very fat man at my table, and with him was his wife, and she was just as fat as he was, and their daughter, who was my age, I guess, and she was very fat too. I saw Mama Girl looking at the fat girl every once in a while, as if she wanted me to notice her and to eat the way she was eating; but of course I couldn't *help* noticing her and the way she was eating, which was swift and loud. She had a whole big plate covered with baked beans, mashed sweet potatoes, baked macaroni and a big piece of baked hamburger with gravy. Her mother and father had plates just like hers, as if they had all agreed to share and share alike. They ate so quickly that I was ashamed to look at them, or afraid maybe. I was afraid they would notice me watching and bawl me out. I hate being bawled out.

When they were finished, I turned to Mama Girl to ask her to get ready to move to my table as soon as they got up. Mama Girl didn't look very good. She looked unhappy. She was reading something in the paper the man next to her was looking at.

"What is it?" I said.

"Oh, Frog," Mama Girl whispered, "John Dooley's dead. I just read it in the paper. He was one of the nicest directors in television I ever worked with, and I'm terribly unhappy. Everybody nice I meet dies, and I just can't understand it. He was fifty-one years old, but he looked a lot younger and I never thought he would ever die."

Just then the three fat people at my table got up, and I said, "Don't feel bad, Mama Girl. Maybe he'll get born again. Come and sit at my table."

Mama Girl picked up her tray and got up and began to move to my table, but just then three people, not even people together, took the three places at my table, and then somebody took the place Mama Girl had just left at the other table, so Mama Girl looked around for another place, but there just wasn't any.

"You stay right where you are," she said, "until I come back. Don't move, and be sure to eat every bit of your supper. All right? I'm very unhappy about poor John."

"All right."

Mama Girl went away and I finished the soup, and then I began to drink the hot chocolate. At least once a week one of Mama Girl's friends dies, and it surprises her every time, and makes her very unhappy. Just *thinking* about it made me scared. Suppose we were to read in the paper someday that my father was dead in Paris? What then?

I drank the hot chocolate and felt very unhappy. When I was all finished I looked around, but I couldn't see Mama Girl anywhere. I just sat and waited, and then a woman with a tray came and said, "Are you finished, little girl?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I've got to wait for my mother."

"Would you mind letting me sit down? You can stay right here, of course, until your mother comes back."

"All right," I said, and I got up, and the woman put her tray down on the table and sat down and began to eat. I looked around to see if I could find Mama Girl at one of the tables, but I couldn't. I wanted to go away from there and look for her, but I was afraid to, because then I might get lost, and I knew Mama Girl would be very upset about that, and then very angry, too, so I just kept standing there, and my feet began to get tired.

Just then I saw Mama Girl coming to the table, and I was so happy I hollered, "Mama Girl!" The woman who had taken my place looked up at me and smiled, and I thought she was just wonderful. I was so happy I said, "Thank you very much."

Mama Girl came and took my hand and we began to leave. When we were finally back on 57th Street we looked at each other, and then Mama Girl bent down and hugged me, and there were tears in her eyes.

"I'm sorry your friend died, Mama Girl, but please don't feel bad."

"It's not that, Frog. I love you so much. Of course, I'm sorry John Dooley's dead, too, but sometimes I forget how much I love you, and then I remember, and it makes me so glad tears come to my eyes."

"Oh, Mama Girl," I said. "You're my mother, you're my friend, you're my big sister, you're my little sister; you're the best, the prettiest, the nicest; you're everybody to me."

"Everybody but Papa Boy and Pete," she said, and that was true, so then she said, "Well, I'm sorry about that, Frog, I really am, but they're all right, I know they are, they always are, and it's not as if they're gone or anything like that; they're just in Paris, and we're here, that's all. They're probably walking in the streets somewhere right now."

We walked up Fifth Avenue, looking into the store windows, and came to the Julien. We went in and got our key and got in an elevator and went up to 21, down the hall, to the right, and there we were at home, good old 2109.

We went in and took off our clothes and jumped into bed, and Mama Girl hugged me, and we talked and laughed, and then I don't remember any more, because I was asleep and happy.

In the morning the telephone rang, but Mama Girl didn't jump up and answer it. It rang again, but Mama Girl still didn't wake up, so I put my mouth close to her ear and said, "The telephone, Mama Girl."

Without opening her eyes, Mama Girl said, "Please answer it for me. Tell them I'm asleep. Tell them to call me tomorrow."

I jumped out of bed and answered the phone. It was Mike McClatchey, only he thought I was Mama Girl.

"Get your little daughter and let's have breakfast," he said. "I'm downstairs."

"Mr. McClatchey," I said, "my mother's asleep, and she says please call her tomorrow."

"Mr. McClatchey?" Mama Girl screamed. She jumped out of bed and took the receiver out of my hand and talked quickly and laughed and said we'd be right down; just give us fifteen minutes.

When we ran out of the room to the elevator, Miss Cranshaw was there, and she said, "Well, there you are, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, and then she said, "I was afraid I might not see you again. Will you have tea with me again soon?"

"Yes. This is my mother."

Miss Cranshaw smiled at Mama Girl and said, "I'm learning so much from your daughter. I do hope you can come this afternoon—any time after five."

Mama Girl smiled and said, "All right."

The elevator came and we got in, but it was morning and the whole elevator was packed. I got between Mama Girl and Miss Cranshaw, and they kept me from being squashed. When we got out of the elevator I saw a very distinguished-looking man with a very thin mustache. He was holding two bouquets of violets. Miss Cranshaw stepped out first. She went to the man and took both bouquets and kissed him and said, "Why, Mike McClatchey, how sweet of you."

Mike McClatchey said, "Kate, you know I've always adored you."

Mama Girl and I got out of the way of the other people, and we stood together near Mike McClatchey and Kate Cranshaw.

"Finally paid off the mortgage, eh, Burt?"

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"If you adored me," Miss Cranshaw said, "you wouldn't have brought me violets. You would have remembered that my favorite flower is the red blossom of the prickly cactus."

She turned to Mama Girl and me, and she handed us each a bouquet of violets.

"After five, then," she said.

"Do you know one another?" Mike McClatchey said.

"Oh, my goodness, yes of course," Kate Cranshaw said. "You know perfectly well that I know everybody who has talent. And these two are just loaded with talent."

"Thanks to you, I suppose," Mike McClatchey said.

"Not at all," Miss Cranshaw said. "As a matter of fact, I'm taking lessons from her," and she put her hand on my head. "Have a pleasant day, then, all of you."

"Let's have a long talk real soon," Mike McClatchey said. "I need some help in this new play."

"I'll call you."

"You said that the last time we met, almost a year ago. Let *me* call you."

"Don't you dare. This time I *will* call you."

"When?"

"Will tomorrow morning be all right?"

"I'll be waiting."

Miss Cranshaw spoke to Mama Girl now, "Bring the play to tea, will you?"

Mama Girl looked at Mike McClatchey, and then she said, "All right."

Miss Cranshaw walked down the long hall. She walked as if she were a queen.

"What luck," Mike McClatchey said. "I had no idea you knew Kate Cranshaw. If I can get her to help me with my people in this play, I'll feel a lot easier about its chances."

"I don't know her," Mama Girl said. "My daughter does."

"I might have known," Mike said.

Mama Girl introduced me to Mr. McClatchey; then we went into a big room full of light. We sat at a table with a thick white tablecloth on it, and we had breakfast together.

Mike McClatchey served Mama Girl and me first, and then he served himself, and he began to eat, and so did Mama Girl, and then so did I. We just ate and ate, and talked and joked and laughed, and he was one of the nicest men I ever saw. He wasn't a young man, he was fifty-five, he said so himself, but he was tall and very strong, and his eyes were very young. His face was long and narrow, and serious when he wasn't telling a joke or laughing, only he almost always was. His hair was turning gray, and it was parted on the side. After we had had breakfast he brought a flat brown envelope out of his brief case and handed it to Mama Girl.

"There it is," he said. "Please read it as soon as you can. Aloud, I mean, so Twink'll know what it's all about. It *is* Twink, isn't it?"

"It's her father's name for her."

"It suits her."

"She's got eight or nine others."

"All right," Mike McClatchey said. "Read it, and take it to Kate when you go to tea. She'll probably ask you both to read. Pay a lot of attention to everything she says. She's the greatest. She can teach you more in ten minutes than you might learn in ten years."

"Mike," Mama Girl said, "I'm absolutely thrilled, but I flew here from California to go to work in the theater, not to put my daughter to work."

"Give me time, will you?" Mike said.

"Well, is there a part for me, or not?"

"At this moment, no, but if everything else goes well, we'll see what we can do."

"But you *do* want Twink?"

"Yes." (*Continued on Page 76*)

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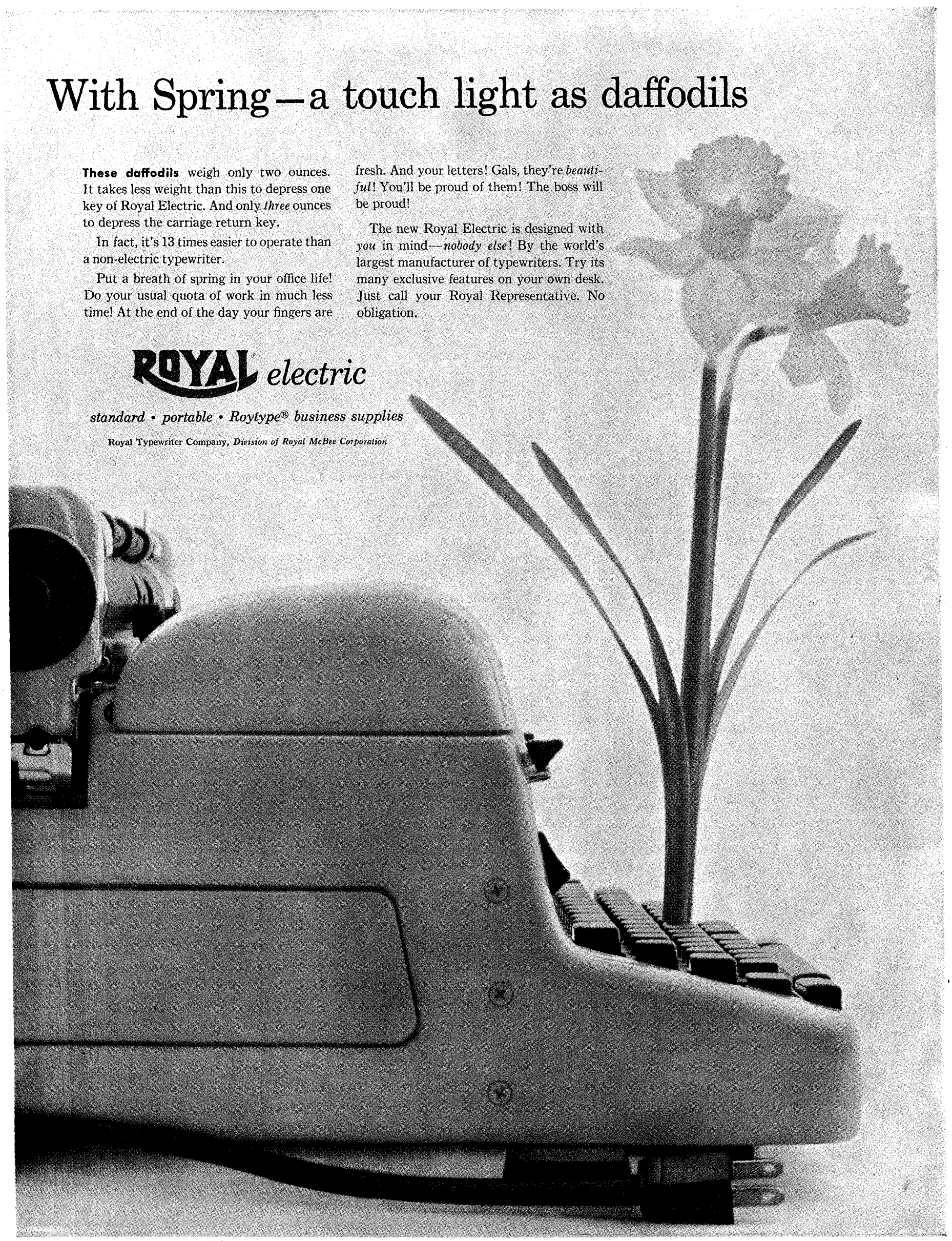

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(*Continued from Page 74*) "But you haven't even heard her read."

"I've heard her speak and I've seen her," Mike said.

"Are you sure you want her?"

"Yes. It's up to her now—and you."

"Well, then," Mama Girl said, "speak to her."

"No," Mike said.

"Why not?"

"If she were my daughter I wouldn't let her do it," Mike said. "I love the theater. I even love actors, and you know they're not easy to love, but I couldn't take the responsibility of urging this girl to come into the theater."

"I don't want to take that responsibility, either," Mama Girl said. "After all, she isn't my daughter alone. She's also her father's, and he knows nothing about this."

"That's what I mean," Mike said. "Just read the play aloud, as if it were a game. You and Twink talk about it. Find out how she really feels. And then, if the next step is to let her father know, phone him."

"He's in Paris."

"They've got phones in Paris."

"I'm thrilled, Mike. I really am. Because I know you want her, but I'm terribly let down about me."

"Now, don't be," Mike said. "One thing at a time. I've got a few ideas."

"Like what?"

"Well, for one thing, the three of us could have breakfast or lunch tomorrow with the playwright. After all, he's the boss, but I believe he'll soon get the same idea I got when I saw you together."

"What idea?"

"His might even be a little better than mine. I'm just a producer. Let's wait. Now, go on out and have a walk in the Park. You look a lot fresher this morning than you did yesterday at lunch."

"I was sick," Mama Girl said. "We both were. We had fevers. An airplane ride does that to us. Now, I'm just sleepy."

"Well, have a nice nap after your walk, then read the play, then go along to Kate's for tea. I'll be waiting to hear from you. If I'm not at my office, phone me at home."

"I'm absolutely thrilled, Mike."

"How about you, Twink?" Mike said.

"I'm thrilled too."

"Are you, really?"

"Yes. I love to walk in the Park."

Mike McClatchey and Mama Girl laughed, so I laughed, too, but I *do* love to walk in the Park.

We got up and walked together to Fifth Avenue. Mike jumped into a taxi, and Mama Girl and I crossed Fifth Avenue to the Park, to go in and walk there.

We had a nice walk in the Park, and then went back to the Julien and up to 2109. Mama Girl opened the flat brown envelope and brought out the play.

"Is that a play?"

"Yes, but it's in manuscript. It hasn't been performed yet. It may not even be finished yet."

"What's the name of it?"

"A Bouncing Ball, by Emerson Tully."

"Do you know him?"

"No, I don't."

"Have you heard of him?"

"No, I haven't. I guess he's a new playwright. Almost all of the new ones like to send their plays to Mike McClatchey, because he's not afraid to produce new plays by new playwrights, and he goes to a lot of trouble to do a good job every time."

Mama Girl turned a page, and then she said, "Well, are you ready, Frog?"

"Are you going to read it?"

"Yes."

"All of it?"

"Every word of it. You just make yourself comfortable. Lie down if you like and just listen."

"But I thought you were going to take a nap first."

"No, I'm wide-awake now. I'm much too excited to be able to take a nap. All right?"

"All right, but how long will it take?"

"Oh, to do it right, I suppose it'll take two hours, but it may take even longer."

"Do we have to read *all* of it?"

"Of course, Frog."

"Why?"

"Oh, now don't you go stupid on me all of a sudden, young lady, because I'm fighting for my life."

"I have a right to ask why we have to read all of it, don't I?"

"No, you don't!"

Mama Girl hollered at me, and there it was again—another fight. We just have to have at least one every day.

Mama Girl threw the play against the wall and said, "I don't want it. I don't want any part of it. It's too humiliating. If I can't get a part on my own appearance and ability, then I don't want any part at all. If I've got to tag along into the theater with my daughter, the hell with the theater." She began to cry, and then she hollered at me, "I hate you!"

So I hollered at her, "Then, I hate you too!"

And I began to cry a little too. Only I'm ashamed to cry. I always have been. I guess it's because my brother, Peter Bolivia Agriculture, was always ashamed to, too. He said, "Crying's for grownups, not for us. They cry all the time."

While she was crying, Mama Girl picked up the play and began to smooth out the pages that had got smashed.

I don't like to see her unhappy, so I said, "I'm sorry. I want to hear the play. Every word of it."

"No," Mama Girl said. "You're just saying that because you're so superior. I'll phone Mike McClatchey at his office and tell him to take his play back."

"No, please don't do that."

"I'm ashamed of myself," Mama Girl said, "and I don't enjoy that. I'll try other producers. If I fail, O.K., so what have I lost? We'll fly back to California and just live, that's all. Just look at television and read newspapers, and forget all about the theater."

But she didn't go to the telephone. I couldn't tell her I liked being in New York, but also liked being in my own home in California. I liked my whole neighborhood, and all my friends whose mothers and fathers weren't divorced, whose fathers weren't in Paris, whose mothers didn't want to go on the stage, who just lived in their houses. I couldn't tell her anything because we had come all the way to New York so she could try once more.

Little by little her voice changed. It stopped being angry and excited and unhappy. It became clear and serious, and she began to read the play.

"This play happens to a little girl," she read. "The little girl is eight or nine, or ten or eleven, and she has many friends, most of them imaginary. She is very earnest, but she is not an unhappy little girl. There is nothing the matter with her at all. She just imagines things, including real things. Things that really happen to her are no different from things she imagines. She is very real, and everything she imagines is very real."

Mama Girl stopped reading to light a cigarette, and then she looked at me. She didn't say anything. She just waited. I knew she expected me to say something, so I said, "I like it."

"Do you really, Frog? Because if you do—well, at least I can read it to you, and then ——"

"It'll be time to go to tea at Miss Cranshaw's."

"You like her, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. Don't you?"

"I do, of course, but she's so intelligent and famous, I'm a little afraid of her."

"Oh, that's silly, Mama Girl."

"No, it's not," Mama Girl said. "I'm afraid she'll see through me, and I'm nothing."

"Now you cut that out, Mama Girl. You know you don't believe that."

"It's the truth. I just want to be famous and rich; I don't want to study hard and work hard. I just want everything brought to me on a silver platter. She'll see straight through me, because I want so much, but you, you just don't want anything, so of course she's got to love you."

"Oh, Mama Girl, will you please read the play and stop fighting? I said I'm sorry, didn't I?"

"Why should you be sorry?" Mama Girl said. "You haven't done anything wrong. I have. And *I'm* sorry, Frog. Really, I am. I get ugly because I'm so angry about my silly life. All I want is more for me—me. I want to be the most beautiful girl of all; I want to be the most famous; I want to be rich—and it makes me ugly."

"No, it doesn't, Mama Girl. You're beautiful when you're ugly. I mean, you're always beautiful, no matter how you feel or what you do."

"I'm not," Mama Girl said, but just then the telephone rang, and it was Gladys Dubarry. Mama Girl spoke to her quickly, and not very politely, either, and then she said good-by and hung up.

She got the hotel operator and said, "Please don't ring here until further notice. I'm working."

She read the whole play from beginning to end. It was funny sometimes, and sometimes sad. Once or twice it was something else, too, only I don't know what, but it made me feel all excited inside, and a little scared too. It was all about a little girl and the things she imagined, and the things that really happened to her.

There were tears in Mama Girl's eyes when she came to the end of the play. She didn't say anything for a long time, and then she said very softly, "I know that little girl, because I *was* that little girl. I still am. Do you like the play, Frog?"

"Yes, Mama Girl."

"I'm glad, but I want to take a nap now. I want to go to sleep and remember the whole play all over again—my whole life."

"I want to, too."

We stretched out on top of the bed, and after a few minutes Mama Girl was fast asleep. I thought about the play, and about Mama Girl and what she had just said, and then I looked at her, and it was true; she was the little girl in the play, she was still the little girl, only now she was thirty-three years old and she had a daughter of her own who was nine years old—me.

I remembered the things the little girl had imagined, and I imagined a few of my own. They mixed together, and I didn't know for sure which was which. I cuddled up to Mama Girl, I put my arms around her, and I went to sleep.

When I woke up, Mama Girl was sitting on the edge of the bed in 2109 at the Julien in New York, talking long distance to Clara Coolbaw in California.

"It's the most beautiful play I've ever read," she said.

Clara Coolbaw must have said something funny, because Mama Girl howled and hollered, "Oh, you mean thing, you!"

They talked and talked, as if it didn't cost anything, and then at last they said good-by and Mama Girl hung up.

When she saw me she said, "How long have you been awake?"

"Two or three minutes, I guess."

"I phoned her to tell her to go out to the house and look after the goldfish. I told her all about the play too."

She looked at her watch and then she said, "Well, it's a little after five. Shall we go to tea?"

"Do you want to go?"

"Oh, yes. Do you?"

"I guess so, if you do."

"But I thought you like Miss Cranshaw."

"I do, but that doesn't mean I want to go to tea."

"Then we'd better not go. We'd better just tell Mike McClatchey you don't want to be a child actress."

"Will they pay me money?"

"Of course they will. You're practically the whole play. They'll pay you a lot."

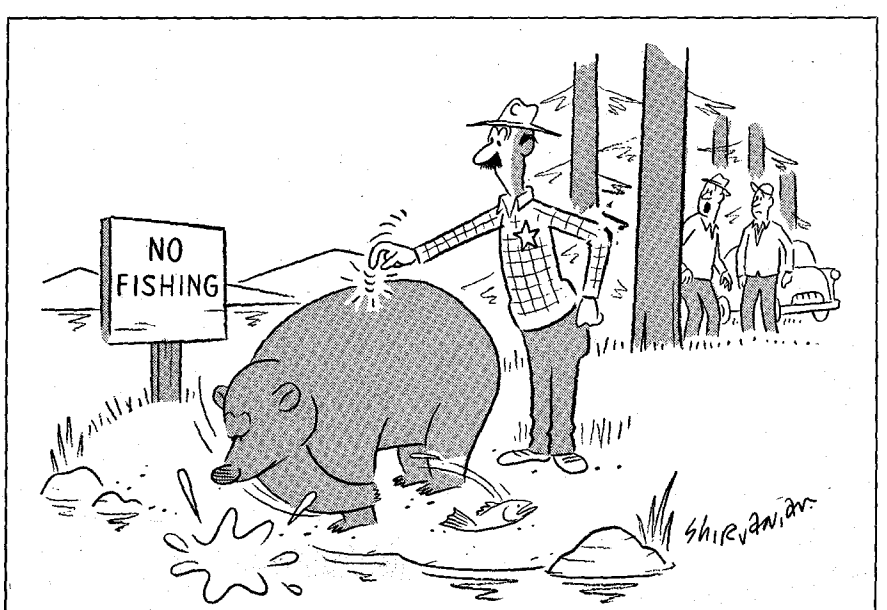
"Can I spend some of the money?"

"Of course you can. It's your money. Every penny you earn will be yours, not mine. It'll be put in a trust for you. You'll probably be rich at the age of ten."

"All right, then," I said, "let's go to tea."

"You've decided you want to do the part, then?" Mama Girl said.

"I've decided I want to go to tea, because I want to know what Miss Cranshaw thinks I ought to do. I've never thought about a thing like this before. I don't know if I can be a special kind of little girl (*Continued on Page 80*)



"Sometimes I think Hooper takes his job too seriously."

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"Tender Moment"
Photographed by Robert Frank

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(*Continued from Page 76*) on purpose, but I want to go to tea."

"I think that that's quite reasonable and intelligent," Mama Girl said, "but before we go, will you please stop being so grown-up and sad? I just can't help feeling useless and unkind when you're so much more intelligent and orderly than I am. So will you please think about happy things a moment?"

"All right, Mama Girl."

I jumped off the bed and began to dance, because that's what I always do when I feel good or want to stop feeling bad, but, of course, Mama Girl has never known that I've danced most of the time to *stop* feeling bad; she's thought I've always danced because I've felt wonderful, but I haven't. That's why her best friend, Clara Coolbaw, calls me Mrs. Nijinsky.

"This girl has got to be the prima ballerina of Nicaragua," Clara Coolbaw said to Mama Girl a long time ago. "She's dancing all the time."

But a lot she knows about anything. A lot she knows about little girls, even though she's got two of her own.

We went out of 2109 and began to walk down the hall to the door of Miss Cranshaw's apartment.

At first Kate Cranshaw was the same with Mama Girl and me as she had been with me alone; we all talked and listened and joked and laughed, and drank tea and ate cookies and cakes and very thin triangles of white bread covered with various kinds of nice-tasting spreads, and then Miss Cranshaw said to Mama Girl, "As luck would have it, Mike McClatchey left a copy of the play at the desk, so when I got back early this afternoon I decided to read it—something I rarely do, I may say. I mean, I'm sent so many plays, and so many of them just aren't worth reading, that's all."

Miss Cranshaw picked up a copy of the play off her desk and said, "This is one of the most poorly constructed plays I have ever read, but at the same time it is one of the most beautiful and simple and—well, straight. And I prefer straight things. Have you read it?"

"Yes," Mama Girl said.

"Aloud?"

"Yes."

Miss Cranshaw looked at me. "Then, of course, you heard your mother read it."

"Yes."

Now Miss Cranshaw walked around in the big room. I guess she was thinking.

"Let me tell you what I think," she said at last. "I think Mike will give this play a magnificent production. He will spare no expense. The play will come alive, as it should. It will please and satisfy me very deeply. And it will fail.

"I called Mike on the telephone an hour ago," she said. "I told him what I've just told you. I said I had no right not to tell him what I believe. I asked him if he was still going to produce the play. He didn't hesitate an instant in saying that he was. Mike is a pro. He could produce hits if he wanted to. It isn't anywhere nearly as difficult to do as people imagine. It's a matter of choice, pure and simple. Right now Mike needs a hit. He hasn't had one in three seasons. One more failure and he may be in serious trouble. Even so, this play *should* be produced."

Miss Cranshaw spoke very clearly, as if somebody else were listening.

"The play will fail. The best critics will like it, the others won't, and the people who buy tickets won't; they just won't, that's all. I am almost seventy years old. I have been in the theater since I was a little girl. Even now I will take a part if I like it, but for more than twenty years I have tried to teach others how to act—or, to put it another way, how to be people, which doesn't happen by itself. It happens on purpose."

Miss Cranshaw stopped suddenly. She went to the window and stood there, looking out. I looked at Mama Girl. She looked very happy, and I couldn't understand why, because everything Miss Cranshaw had said was so unhappy.

Miss Cranshaw looked at Mama Girl and said, "Do you want your daughter to play the part of the little girl in the play?"

"Do you want her to?" Mama Girl said.

"Now, that isn't fair," Miss Cranshaw said. "Answer my question, and then I'll answer yours."

"Then, the answer is no," Mama Girl said. "I don't want her to appear in a play, because I don't think her father would want her to."

"Why do you feel her father would be against it?"

"He loves her. He wants her to be a little girl and nothing more—his daughter. He's written to her once a week for a whole year. Not to me, but to her. He works hard to provide for her—and for me—and he doesn't want her to have a care in the world. Of course, she *has* cares just the same, but is there a child who doesn't?"

"If he were to read the play, might he change his mind?"

"I don't know, but I'm sure he'd like the play. I'm sure he'd see his daughter as the little girl, and then I think he'd say no, nothing doing, leave her alone, let her live her fable privately."

"Even if she were sure she wanted to be in it?"

"Yes."

Miss Cranshaw smiled, and then she looked at me. "All right, now, Twink," she said. "Yesterday, when you and I had tea, we talked the whole time and had a lot of fun. But not today. So far, you've done very little talking, but now it's your turn. Do you like the little girl in the play?"

"Yes," I said.

"Oh, now," Miss Cranshaw said. "Don't stop. This is not a trial. It's tea, and fun."

"Well," I said, "I don't know what to talk about."

"The little girl, of course."

"Well, I like her, but I don't *know* her."

"Do you like the things she imagines and the things that happen to her?"

"Yes."

"Would you like to perform the part of the little girl in the play?"

"I would, but I can't."

"Because your father wouldn't want you to?"

"No, because I can't be another little girl. I can only be me."

"Could you pretend to be another little girl?"

"Of course. I do all the time, but not just little girls. I pretend to be my mother, too. I also pretend to be pitchers."

"Pitchers?"

"In baseball, because when I grow up I'm going to pitch for the Giants."

"Why are you going to pitch for them?"

"Because my brother's going to pitch for the Dodgers."

"I see."

"I pretend to be animals too. I pretend to be everybody. And everything too."

"Such as?"

"Well, if I see a bright star, I pretend to be a star."

"How?"

"I pretend to be right here, but far away, too, and I pretend I'm shining just like the star."

"Is that why your father calls you Twink?"

"No. I never told him I pretended to be a star. He just started calling me Twink all of a sudden."

"All right," Miss Cranshaw said. "Why does your mother call you Frog?"

"I love 'em. I catch 'em and love 'em all the time."

Mama Girl was very serious when she said, "She used to hop around like a frog, too, though. On purpose, I mean."

The door buzzed and Miss Cranshaw said, "That'll be Mike. I asked him to come by as soon as he could."

She opened the door and Mike McClatchey came in.

"Kate," he said, "I don't think anything has made me as happy as your conviction that the play will fail."

Then he said hello to Mama Girl and me. He received a cup of tea from Miss Cranshaw, and he said, "That means only one thing to me—that you really like the play. And if you like it, I want to produce it—with your help."

"Well," Miss Cranshaw said, "we've been talking about it."

"Is this the girl for the part?" Mike said.

"Oh, I suppose there are any number of little girls who have had a lot of experience," Miss Cranshaw said, "and might be easier to work with."

"Will you work with her?" Mike said.

"I have been working with her."

"What do you think?"

"She's the girl."

Mike McClatchey looked at Mama Girl and said, "Well, what are we waiting for? Let's get happy, shall we?"

"She hasn't said she wants to be the little girl," Mama Girl said.

Mike McClatchey looked at me and said, "But you do, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," I said, "but I can't. I don't know how."

"Miss Cranshaw will teach you how."

Mama Girl said to me, "Well, how about it, Frog? It's up to you."

"I could try, but my father would have to say I could first."

"All right," Mike McClatchey said. "Here's the phone. Call him."

Mama Girl took the phone and gave the hotel operator the number in Paris. We talked and waited for the operator to call back, and then she did, and Mama Girl handed me the phone and said, "All right, Frog. Talk to your father."

"Can I talk to my brother too?"

"Yes, of course," Miss Cranshaw said, so I talked to my father, and then to my brother, and then to my father again, and I was about to say good-by when Mama Girl said, "Let me speak to them, too, will you, Frog?"

Mama Girl spoke to them, and then she said to my father, "She was supposed to ask your permission to appear in a play, but she forgot to."

Then, Mama Girl answered a lot of questions about the play, and then she handed me the phone again and she said, "You ask him, Frog."

I said, "Can I?"

My father said, "Do you want to?"

"Yes."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"All right, then," my father said. "Ask your mother to please send a copy of the play to me by airmail. I'll read it and wire her. In the meantime, you can go along as if I had said O.K., but I do have to read it first, Twink."

"All right, papa," I said. "When are you coming home?"

"Well, I feel at home right here," my father said, "but of course I miss you very much." And then, in a soft voice, he said, "I miss your mother, too, but please don't tell her, will you?"

"All right, papa. Good by."

I hung up and told everybody what my father had said, and I told Mama Girl to please send him a copy of the play by airmail, so Mike McClatchey brought a copy of the play out of his brief case, and a big brown envelope. Mama Girl wrote my father's address on the envelope, Mike put the play inside and sealed it. He said the play would be on its way within an hour, and with luck it would be in Paris tomorrow.

"In the meantime, what do you think?" he said. "Do you think your father will say O.K.?"

"Yes," I said.

Mike smiled and said, "Do you know, Kate, I honestly believe this play is going to be a hit?" Everybody laughed, and then he said, "I've got to run."

"So do we," Mama Girl said.

"Where to?"

"A long walk," Mama Girl said. "In the streets, this time."

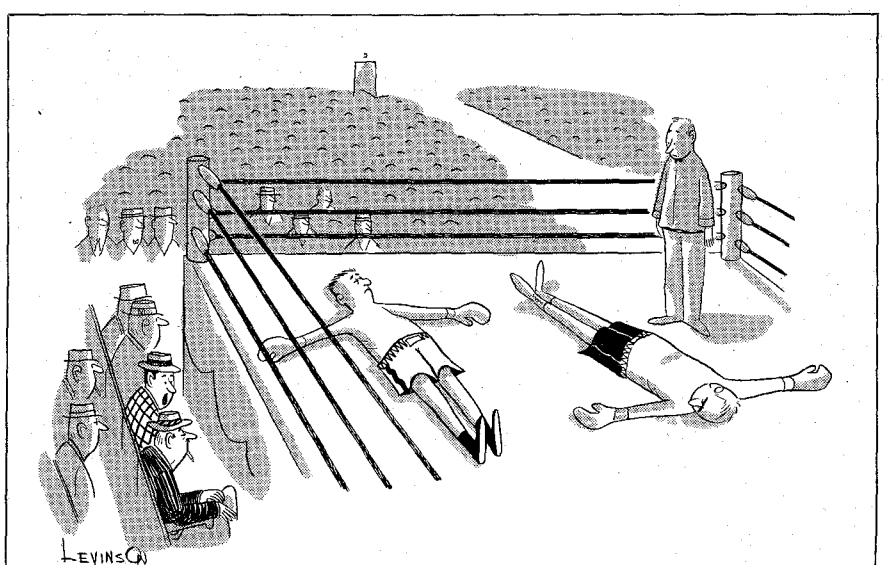
We said good-by and thanks very much to Miss Cranshaw, and we went to the elevator with Mike McClatchey.

"I'm absolutely delighted," Mike said. "And please don't be worried—about anything. I'm having supper with Emerson Tully tonight. I'm going to say there's a good chance we've found the girl. And then I'm going to wait for him to take it from there. I know he'll want to meet her—and, of course, her mother. Keep breakfast open tomorrow, will you?"

"Breakfast is always open tomorrow," Mama Girl said.

Mike jumped into a taxi on Fifth Avenue, and Mama Girl and I began to walk—in the streets, this time.

TO BE CONTINUED



"You're right. They were evenly matched."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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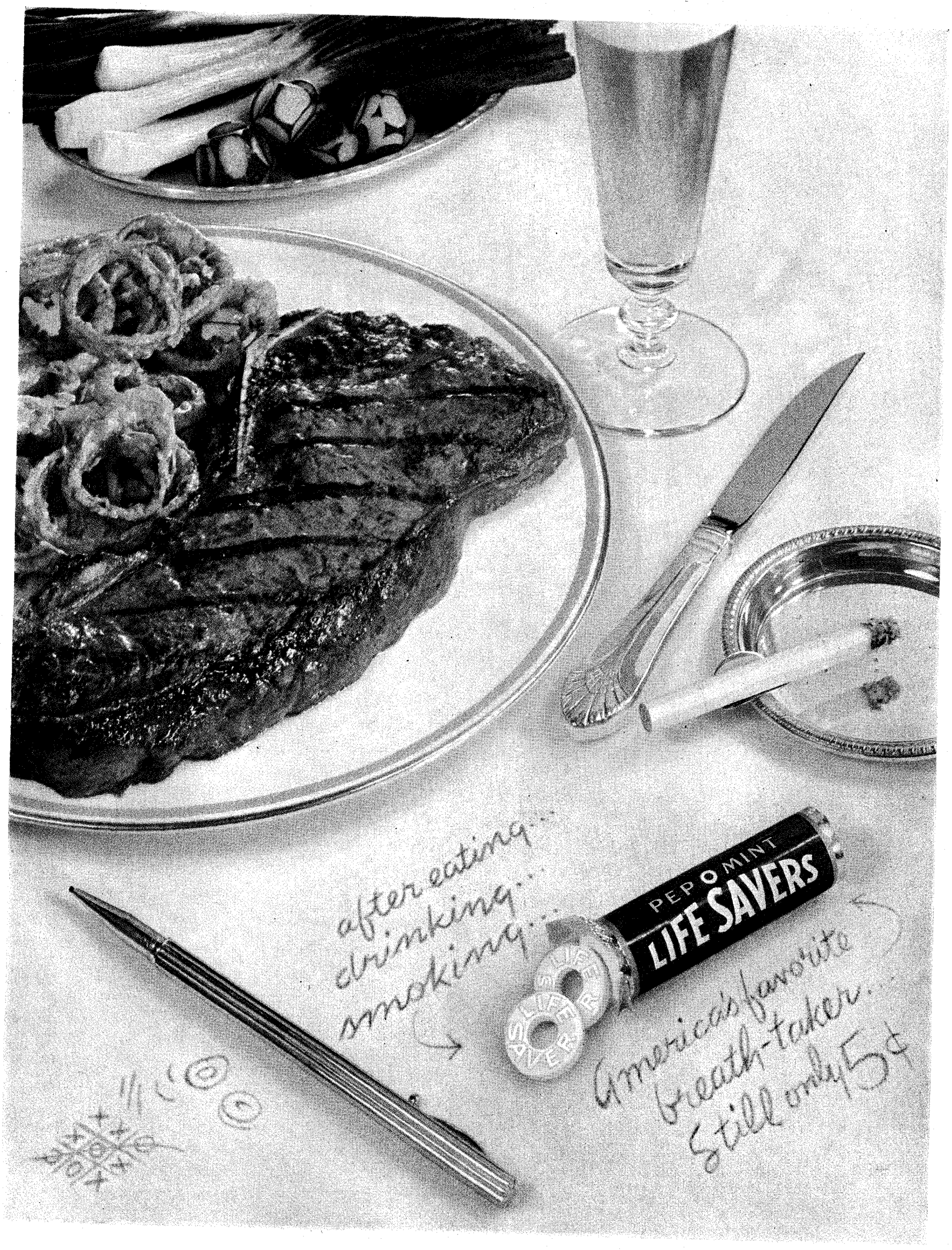

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Men Against the Icecap

(Continued from Page 39)

advertise themselves to the frosty sky by their odd clumps of metallic ventilators and escape hatches thrusting out of the snow. Living and working quarters are twenty feet under the surface, and the crews down there can ignore completely the howling winds overhead. A resident civilian engineer tends the fuel-oil heating plant, the generating system and the snow melter that provides water. The Ice Worms can even talk with relatives in the States through a shortwave link with a ham radio operator in New York state; the ham switches the signal into long-distance telephone circuits.

Three years ago, when the big culvert tubes were installed, they were half above the surface. Their retreat downward is due partly to the yearly accumulation of snow, partly to a tendency to melt their way slowly deeper. The floor plan has three main tubes, 200 feet long, laid parallel. The middle tube serves as the main corridor, the two outer ones are used for storage. Connecting passageways contain barracks, mess hall, recreation room and operational facilities.

Escape hatches are provided at intervals, but are never used for ordinary access to the surface. The front door is a boxlike affair sticking out of the snow above a flight of stairs, and referred to as The Pent House. Capt. Ernest Skinner, then commander of Site Two, told me that "a fifty-knot wind beating on The Pent House resounds down our main tube like a gigantic bass drum."

The icecap-site residents have little tricks of initiation for newly arrived replacements. For instance, when they want to know where the name "Ice Worm" came from they are told that the snow is populated by a curious form of life, the ice worm. Knowing that the water supply of the station is obtained by melting snow, the newcomer is apt to examine suspiciously each glass of water he takes.

Whereupon one of the old-timers explains, "Don't bother; you won't see 'em. Funny thing about ice worms. They're invisible."

At the time of our visit, Site Two's records showed an official low temperature for the location of sixty-seven degrees below zero. Paul Émile Victor's French expedition in the icecap (1948–51) got one reading of eighty-six below. In real winter the tractor which hauls fuel oil to Site Two from reserve dumps on the surface is kept running on a twenty-four-hour basis. If the engine ever stopped, it might be impossible to get it going again. Men who go outside to work are required to travel in pairs, keeping a close watch of each other's faces for the white spots which warn of frostbite.

No mistake about it, the icecap is a man-killer. It covers an expanse of 700,000 square miles, nearly as much as all the United States east of the Mississippi. Seemingly flat to an unpracticed eye, it is actually a domed plateau of ice that piles up to a maximum of 10,600 feet in its center. Its top layer is granular snow, blowing and drifting like desert sand in the screaming winds.

Each year another three feet of snow falls, and none of it melts. That's why seven-eighths of Greenland is under the ice; only a narrow margin of land along the coasts is bare.

Yet the cap is being conquered. From Thule you can now drive a motor vehicle over a graveled highway known as the Ramp Road some distance into the cap. Beyond that a network of hundreds of miles of marked tractor trails has been laid out in the snow. Murderous crevasses have been mapped and bridged, and the under-snow weather stations, high up on the cap, are there to stay.

To understand the significance of this all-out attack on Greenland's sub-zero wasteland, let's glance back at wartime. Greenland, of course, is a Danish possession, and with the Nazi occupation of the mother country Greenland became an international orphan. The Nazis took to planting weather stations along its bare eastern coast. By agreement with the Danish envoy, Henrik de Kauffmann—now Danish ambassador to the United States—this country became Greenland's guardian.

At the same time, plans were being drafted for ferrying warplanes to England on the Great Circle route. President Roosevelt saw Greenland as a possible link in the bomber-ferry shuttle, and a marginal note he scribbled on a document passing over his desk gave rise to the Army's ill-starred Task Force 4998-A, and its Icecap Detachment. The directive setting it up in 1942 defined its mission as the establishment of "radio-weather reporting and rescue stations on the Greenland Icecap."

... ...

Coquette

By BETTY ISLER

With daffodil and crocus,
Spring
Allows us shrewdly as she
sloshes
A glimpse of pastel finery
Beneath her raincoat and
galoshes.

... ...

The Air Corps knew almost nothing about the arctic regions. The first move, obviously, was to get itself some experts. Bernt Balchen, who had flown with Byrd, was fortunately at hand—and he still is arctic consultant to the Northeast Air Command. Another called in was Dr. William S. Carlson, now president of the State University of New York, then a Midwestern professor of geology who had spent a lot of time in Greenland. It was Carlson who thought of Max Demorest.

Demorest, while still an undergraduate at the University of Michigan, had volunteered to be Carlson's sole white companion during a winter of weather observing at Upernavik, a station halfway up Greenland's west coast. Soon, Demorest had adopted ice studies as a career and was on his way to becoming a leading glaciologist. He had just completed a thesis for his doctorate, at Yale, when Carlson talked him into accepting an Army commission and taking charge of the Icecap Detachment.

Lt. Max Demorest landed at Comanche Bay, halfway up the east coast of Greenland, in August, 1942, as part of Task Force 4998-A, which included a lot of young GI's who knew nothing about the arctic. In November a radio message told Demorest of a B-17 Flying Fortress down in the icecap within range of Task Force 4998-A. The bomber had crash-landed in a badly crevassed area, and the crew had set up housekeeping in the broken-off tail section.

Max Demorest took off for an overland rescue attempt, while planes parachuted supplies to the stranded bomber crew. Probing carefully as they went, because crevasses were hidden under snow bridges, Demorest and Sgt. Don Tetley finally reached the wreck on skis. They had a snack with the now-hopeful boys in the fuselage, and went back a couple of miles to bring up their motor sleds. Demorest led the way. On the return trip a snow bridge gave way within yards of the B-17, and Demorest plummeted from sight. The icecap had swallowed him and a large motor toboggan at a gulp. The awed men he had come to rescue peered down the crevasse and shouted, all in vain.

A blizzard promptly halted all movement. When it blew out, eight days later, the remaining rescue sled moved out, carrying a crewman whose frozen feet were gangrened. He was escorted by Tetley and two other men on snowshoes. A few miles from the wreck they paused to remove their snowshoes. Pvt. Clarence Wedel, a lad from Kansas, stepped up from his rearward position to one side of the sled. The snow gave beneath him. His mittened hand clutched wildly at the sled as he vanished into a deep crevasse.

Three more men lost their lives in the same rescue operation, after a Navy flying boat landed in the snow near the wreck and got off again with two members of the B-17 crew. On the way out, the Navy plane crashed into a mountain during a "white-out." The operation, drawn out for five bitter months, is a classic in Air Force annals of the north.

Task Force 4998-A was withdrawn from Greenland after two years of ineffectual fumbling. The war had turned in favor of the Allies, and Greenland's importance as a steppingstone for bombers evaporated. But Greenland's location still was vitally strategic—and Russia was not drawing back from polar regions. By 1947 the Army began taking a second, more deliberate look at the island. The ensuing steps that have modified fear of the icecap may be summarized under three headings: Project Snowman (1947); Operation Bluejay (1951); Project Mint Julep (1953).

Project Snowman landed a party of ten men on the cap by skiplane, approximately 100 miles inland from the semi-abandoned field of Bluie West 8 (Sondre Strom Fjord) of wartime-ferry fame. They pitched camp and carried on studies for twenty-six days. The official report said, "It is now possible to say that the Greenland icecap has been rendered accessible to virtually unlimited military and scientific exploitation."

Project Mint Julep, six years later, studied the same general area—the southwestern sector of Greenland—but it was sponsored by the Research Studies Institute of the Air University. Mint Julep's primary object was to determine the extent of a patch of bare ice detected by Snowman's aerial reconnaissance. It learned that the bare ice strip was large and firm enough to receive heavy aircraft on wheels—and many other things.

Operation Bluejay was the original code name for the huge construction effort which established Thule Air Force Base on North Star Bay, more than 750 miles farther north than Snowman and Mint Julep.

One day last September, after I had returned to Thule from Site Two, I left again in an Army helicopter. We sat down twenty-five miles back in the cap beside a sharply defined trail, cut in the snow by tractor treads. There I met Lt. Philip M. Smith, from Springfield, Ohio, a lean, serious-minded young chap with a shock of sandy hair in lieu of a parka. Smith was in command of Party Probe, consisting of seven men, two motorized weasels and a supply sled. This was a light-vehicle party, continuously patrolling the trail beyond Thule Take-Off (TUTO), base camp of the Army's Transportation Arctic Group fourteen miles inland from the air base. Major duties were the maintenance of trail markers—colored flags on bamboo poles—and the detection and filling of crevasses. Party Probe is based at Camp Whitehorse, thirty-five miles in from TUTO. There are a number of other such crossroads stations on the ice, with warm hutments in which the men live, and pioneer-type names—Skyline, Sierra, Fistclench.

With my photographer partner, Jim Burns, I joined Party Probe while it worked its way back down to Camp TUTO. A week earlier we had taken a weasel jaunt several miles into the icecap, during a blow that reduced visibility to only a few feet. Now we were privileged to see the cap in clear weather, dazzling and coldly calm under a cloudless sky. The sun was describing a low arc above the horizon, casting long shadows over the snow dunes. Occasionally, as we moved along, there were glimpses of Melville Bay between the coastal hills, and an illusion that its icebergs were floating in the sky. Once we reached a point where the trail narrowed between a double rank of flags.

"Never get outside those flags," Lieutenant Smith warned us. "This happens to be a bridge over a wide crevasse."

Party Probe was busy putting up new trail markers. The flags are made of tough fabric, but the wind soon whips them to a mere fringe, and they have to be replaced. Empty fuel drums serve as quarter-mile markers. Three feet of snow in a year's time soon buries the drums. Now the men were trying a new wrinkle, wiring the drums between four bamboo poles and setting them as high as they could reach.

The flags are of international orange for high visibility. But what about the arctic night? Phosphorescent cloth has been tried, but it wasn't durable. Engineers are trying out a charged cable laid along the trail, with detecting instruments in vehicles' cabs to keep them on the beam.

"This winter," Lieutenant Smith told me, "we probably will rely more on fuel drums painted with phosphorescent paint. Moonlight will help, but we don't know yet how much." (This is the first time the Trans-Arctic group has remained in Greenland all winter.)

Crevasses occur only in the marginal zone of the icecap, where the frozen mass is squeezing down to the sea in glaciers. The sloping-off process develops long cracks parallel to the shore line. These crevasses have been found as far as forty-three miles inland. The safety limit is placed at sixty miles inland. Beyond there the icecap levels off and there is clear sailing for heavy vehicles, provided they don't bog down in snow or lose themselves in white-outs.

The winter blackout is so daunting that prolonged movement over the icecap at this cruel season has long been regarded as impossible. Recently, however, the impossible was accomplished by a sled swing called Operation Southwind. The hour of triumph was 0800, on December sixteenth last, when the men of Southwind returned safely to their base camp, TUTO, after sixty days and more than 1350 miles of sustained travel into the frozen heart of Greenland.

Not so long ago this safe return from the polar nowhere, in midwinter and total darkness, would have made headlines in the world press. The fact that it went unheralded speaks well for the progress made by our military services in the high north.

Southwind was led into the appalling arctic night by Col. Page H. Slaughter, commander (*Continued on Page 84*)

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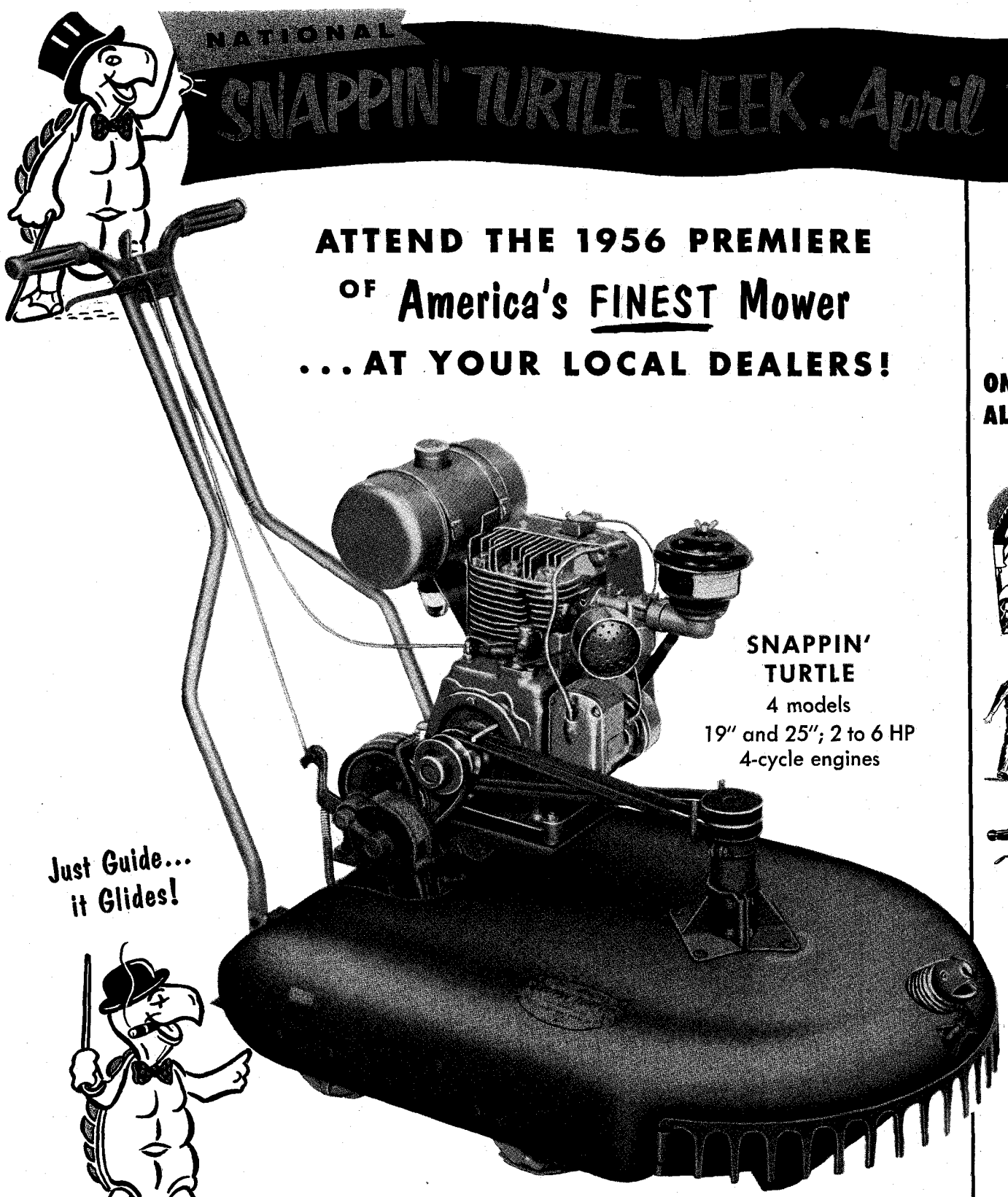

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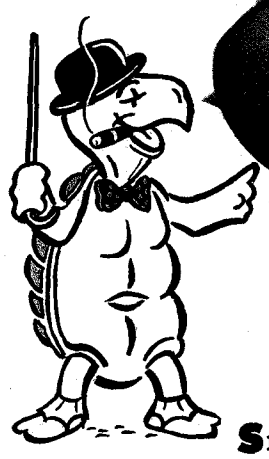

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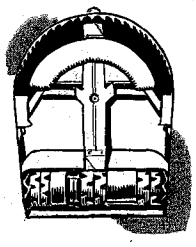

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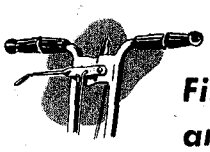

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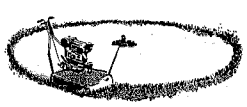
Mulches leaves



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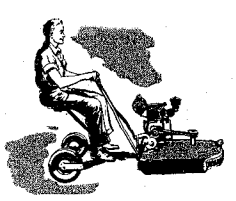

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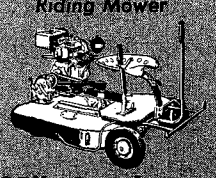

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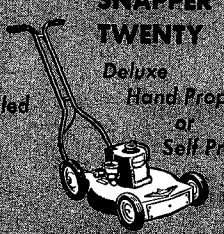

20" cut; 4-cycle

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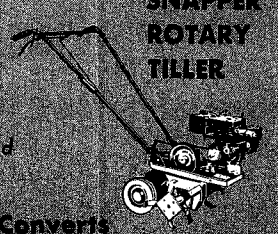

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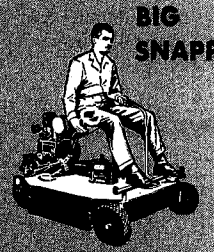

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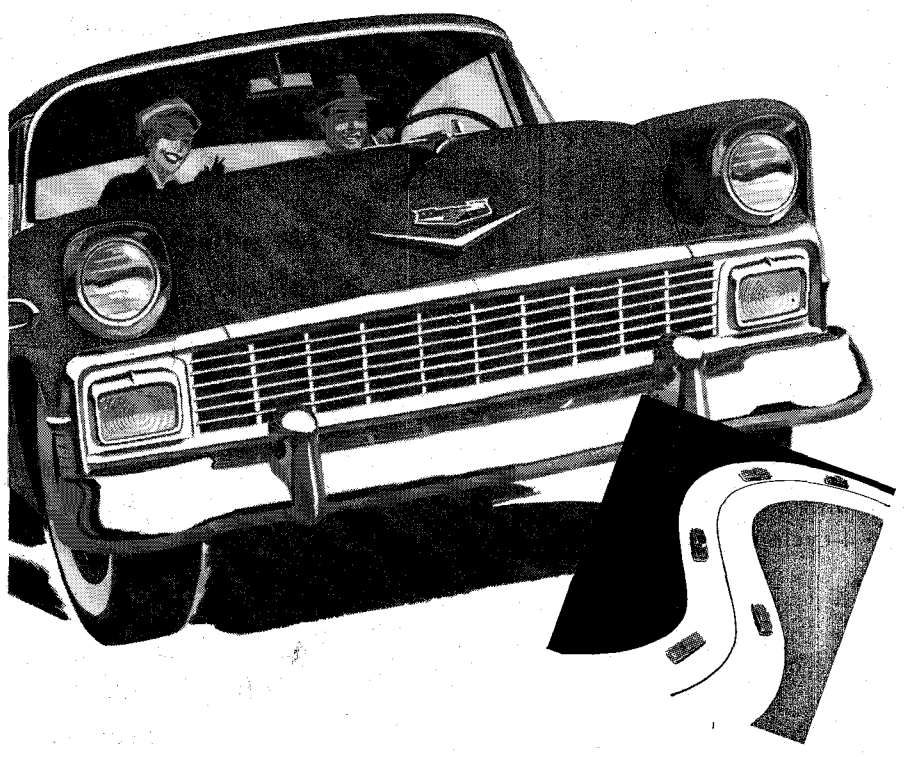

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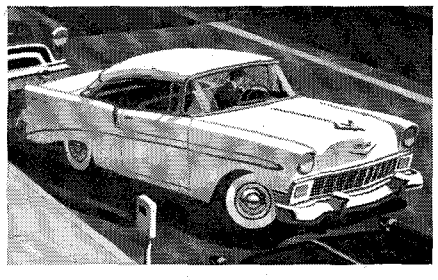

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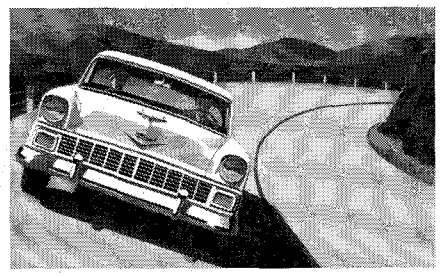

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CHEVROLET POWER STEERING by Saginaw

STEERING GEAR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS, SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

(*Continued from Page 82*) of the Transportation Arctic Group. In the crew of thirty-one, only one man had been in Greenland prior to 1955, and that was Slaughter himself, with slightly more than a year's experience. A middle-aged native of East Aurora, New York, the colonel never saw the arctic until he was assigned to the TUTO command in 1954. "Everyone," he says, "gets to be an arctic expert up here in about forty-eight hours." (One of the first things he did to break the ice, so to speak, was to let himself be dangled 110 feet deep in a crevasse.)

Southwind was launched October 18, 1955, the day before the sun made its last appearance at Thule, not to rise again until February. The train was mechanized. Heavy tractors hauled supply sleds and wanigans, which are insulated box-like trailers on sleds—in these the men ate and slept. The swing moved east, and after 220 miles reached Site Two. There the crew had their last hot showers for weeks to come, and headed south.

There were long stretches where trail markers had vanished beneath drifted snow, and the party's three navigators had to take bearings by arctic stars alone. At one point the tractor train was moving at an elevation of 9000 feet; rarefied air made the men gasp, and engines too. A nameless destination was reached on November seventh. And now the arctic cracked down.

As Colonel Slaughter tells it, "We had been making celestial observations to determine our location, and true courses to several distant points. Just as we were ready to start the return trip, a blizzard blew in. We sat it out for two days. The temperature dropped to fifty-eight degrees below zero. Some of the tractor engines couldn't be restarted, and much of the train was buried in snow. We worked around the clock for five days to get ourselves unstuck."

Deeper snow on the way back caused an increase in the tractors' fuel consumption. A stop was made to drop off equipment and lighten the load. Another blizzard struck and Southwind was stopped for five days. There was a final pause for hot showers and fuel back at Site Two, and then the men were on the home stretch.

On the way, the radio brought word that another swing, out on the icecap for a short-haul cargo mission, was in mechanical trouble. A rendezvous was arranged 140 miles from the coast, and the two parties joined forces for the run to Camp TUTO.

When Operation Southwind ran down the ice ramp to TUTO, on a sunless morning before Christmas, the unshaven crewmen could see the twinkling lights of Thule Air Base, down on the bleak shore fourteen miles beyond TUTO.

"After two months of snow, ice, darkness and stars," Colonel Slaughter says, "those lights looked like Broadway and Forty-Second Street. The night before, the last sack of coal went into the cook-stove for the last supper on the trail—which indicated the fuel officer had planned well or was awfully lucky."

Luck cannot be ruled out entirely, in view of the blizzards. But Southwind accomplished its mission: to determine whether heavy equipment could be moved long distances on the icecap in total darkness and extreme cold. The Southwind swing actually delivered a freight cargo to an inland location nearly 700 miles from Thule Air Base.

Southwind was the first party of any kind ever to attempt continuous movement over the Greenland icecap during the winter blackout. It was the first extreme long-distance, cargo-hauling swing ever mounted on the cap at any time of year. And it was independent of air support, apart from three practice drops, by the 55th Air Rescue Squadron, of mail, some fresh-food luxuries and a few spare parts.

"What we're looking for now," Colonel Slaughter says, "is a faster means of hauling more—and our thinking isn't entirely tied to a sled, which freezes to the snow when you stop. We're thinking now in terms of big wheels, with power on every wheel."

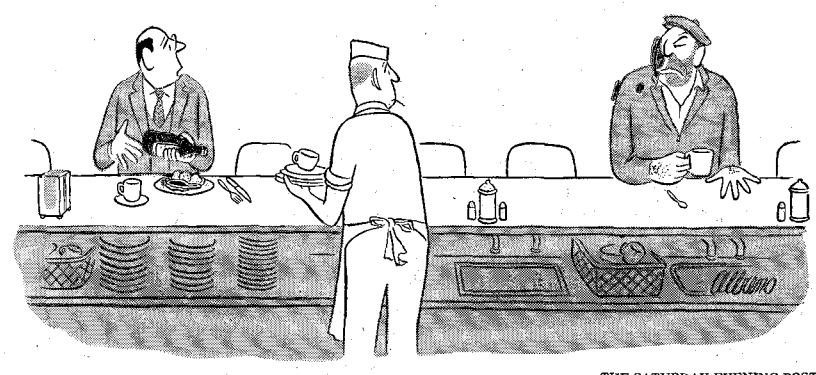
Crevasse detection and bridging was the first problem, but it is now pretty well licked. "We haven't lost a man yet in that job," Colonel Slaughter reports. In the past, crevasse volunteers walked ahead of the weasels, fastened by a long nylon rope to the leading vehicle, and prodding the snow with a twelve-foot rod. The snow bridges are usually no more than five feet thick. Crevasses, when located, are bridged over by bulldozing snow into them. Now the Army engineers are experimenting with an electronic device, resembling a mine detector, to be pushed ahead of the exploring weasel.

"Southwind taught us a lot," Slaughter says. "Some new ideas on arctic clothing and gear were born. Modifications will be made in tractors, navigating equipment and trail marking. Above all, we delivered the tonnage. The arctic winter is no longer a mystery."

The Trans-Arctic Group, which flaunts a polar bear as its emblem, has a strength of about 400 men. In three previous years of operation, it withdrew to the States as the polar night settled down. This year the group elected to remain all winter at TUTO, taking everything the Arctic could hurl at them.

It was less than ten years ago that the Army recalled its first task force from the icecap in a tacit admission of failure. Today the altered attitude of the military is epitomized in these words from an orientation brochure, handed to new arrivals by the Trans-Arctic Group: "While it (the cap) is an awesome and formidable sight, it should be always respected, but never feared. . . . It is a challenge, a frontier which must be conquered. American ingenuity, determination and scientific skill are dedicated to this task."

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Whoops!"

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How Krista Became an American

(Continued from Page 29)

Going home, my husband shook his head and sighed. "I have never seen anyone like you. You walk into a strange place, see a waif of a child which you pick out of a hundred others, and you want to adopt her on the spot. In the first place ——"

Yes, I knew. It meant another mouth to feed, and buying clothes, and the expense of education—and we hadn't finished educating our own son, now twenty-three years old. It meant forgetting about the all-electric kitchen. It meant staying home or finding a baby sitter. It meant that the colonel would have to find other work after the Army retired him, to make ends meet.

Well, I agreed not to push the matter. But the colonel was on the telephone, after a couple of days, asking if Krista could come to our home for a visit.

Within the week we drove back the 100 miles for the little girl who said, "*Nein, danke.*" They had her dressed in her best. They had told her that she was going in a wonderful big American automobile to a very fine house for a visit. She was told she was a very lucky little girl.

Bitsy-Bobbin had ideas of her own. When I entered the little courtyard her face fell. She stood pigeon-toed in fright before the stranger who had come to carry her off.

The nurse did not waste words. She told an assistant to take the child's box of clothing and put it in the car. She picked up Bitsy-Bobbin, escorted me back to the car, placed the child on my lap, and said, "Go quickly. It is better that way."

As we started away, Bitsy-Bobbin sat rigidly on my knees. Her hands were clenched. I began chattering about the cows in the meadows, a horse-drawn cart, an occasional dog. She did not answer. Instead, she stole a backward glance at me, suspicious and resentful. When my eyes met hers, she looked quickly away. Gradually I drew her tense little body back against mine. She was not defiant, but as soon as she touched me she pulled back into a stiffly upright position.

Over and over she said in German, softly, "Please, I want to go home." Now, even the orphanage seemed a refuge.

I tried to call her attention to roadside scenes. At length my legs grew numb. Gently I eased her over into the seat beside me. That did it. She burst out into tears, and my heart melted.

"It's no use," I told my husband. "She is just too old for the adjustment. I think we had better take her back."

He shook his head. "No. You know how strict the Germans are with children. If we take her back, she will be punished severely. She might as well be unhappy with us as with them. Give her a little time."

I told her what a sweet little girl she was. I coaxed her to stop crying. Abruptly, she obeyed. She was interested in the polish on my fingernails, and rubbed her finger over it.

"*Was ist das?*" she asked with a shy smile.

After we laughed a bit over red nail polish, which only American ladies wore, she insisted on sitting on my knees again, so she could see out the car windows. Then I noticed she was left-handed. So was my son. She had a mole back of her right ear. I did too.

"It's a sign from heaven!" I exclaimed to my husband. "Besides, the Germans call those moles the mother-marking. How very strange!"

Somehow I endured the last fifty miles of riding, managed to stagger on numb legs into our house. My housekeeper, Hanna, met us at the door. Hanna brought out a doll, but Krista politely refused it. Nevertheless, she did eat a good dinner, using the most fastidious table manners.

Then came bedtime. It was only natural that she cried herself to sleep with her head buried in my arms. I stroked her soft hair.

"I love you, Krista," I whispered over and over in German. "Sleep—sleep. Nita is here."

The next morning life looked brighter to her. Happily she walked about, exploring every room. My husband suddenly said, "For heaven's sake, take the child out to the PX and buy her some panties that fit. And a dress short enough to show the ruffles when she bends over."

What a man! He'd noticed, too, that Krista kept hoisting her dress and pulling up her too-large panties with a philosophical sigh. "*Ach! Meine Hosen!*"

After the third day, she began to sparkle. She'd say, "My sisters are at the *Kloster*, but this is my house! That"—pointing outside in the driveway—"is my auto!" Then, grabbing me around the waist and hugging until her face grew red from lack of breath, she'd gasp, "You are my Nita!"

We realized that Krista's father must consider adoption immediately. If we could not have her, we must take her back to the orphanage at once. To destroy her confidence again in someone she loved could do permanent damage.

m m m m m m m m

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We put in a long-distance call to the *Kloster*. They understood. The father would be visiting his other children on Sunday. "We will give him your message."

It was only Tuesday. We had almost a week to wait before we would know. In the interim Bitsy learned some English. Every German noun became a hyphenated word, half German, half English: *Milch*-milk, *Wasser*-water, *Hund*-dog, *Puppe*-doll, and so on. Bitsy loved to play the game. It was only on "streetcar" that she rebelled. She insisted they were not *Strassenbahn*-streetcars, but only *Strassenbahn*. When I insisted, she informed me politely but firmly, "*Nein, Ich habe alles von meiner Mutter gelernt.*" "No, I have learned it all from my mother." I pretended not to understand, but thereafter we did not argue over a *Strassenbahn*.

The week seemed never to pass. On Sunday an incident occurred which increased my anxiety. We were riding in the car, Krista sitting on her little wooden box so she could see out the window. As usual, she was singing. Presently her song broke off. Her eyes were glued to a nurse walking along in a sky-blue uniform and a huge white cap such as the nurses wore at the *Kloster*.

As we passed, Krista turned on her box and studied the nurse. Then, with a relieved sigh, she burst into song again. I pulled to the curb and stopped the car, just long enough to hug her tight. She had to be mine!

Krista hugged me, too, and whispered, "She didn't see me, did she?"

All day Sunday we waited for the call. It didn't come. The first thing on Monday morning, afraid the father could not let his child go, I phoned the *Kloster*. The nurse's voice rang out, "*Ja, Ja!* Maybe the father will sign the release for adoption."

But first he wanted his friend, the mayor of the town, to visit us and make certain we were a "good family" and that Krista was happy. If so, he thought his release was the kindest thing he could do for her. We would take her to America, make her a citizen, educate her. This he could not do. Even though he knew he would never see her again, he would sign.

So within three days the die was cast—or so we thought, until we went up against the German courts, and JAG, the legal department of the United States Army. We were kept busy putting out legal fires from the middle of April until the last of June, when we were scheduled to depart for America.

German courts wanted this. American courts wanted something else. Between court sessions we had to get Bitsy-Bobbin processed through the hospital for health regulations pertaining to adopted children, plus all the "shots" prior to sailing.

I canceled all social engagements. The colonel took two weeks' leave. With the aid of a competent German lawyer who spoke English fluently and who acted as a liaison between the two courts, we proceeded.

Our first big stumbling block came when the colonel and I had to prove we were married. Perfectly ridiculous! This happening to us, who had a fine big son! Still we had to do it. And it wasn't easy. My wedding certificate was in a lock box in a bank in Virginia. Son, who had the other key, was in the Middle West. JAG asked if we had living witnesses to our marriage who could produce a sworn affidavit. So we sent for an affidavit air mail, special delivery.

In the interim we appeared with Bitsy before the adoption board. We received the Army chaplain, who came to see whether the child was happy. I continued to take Krista to the hospital for "another shot."

The place was horrifying. Children came and went from the hypo room, screaming. Bitsy would grit her teeth and walk right in. They'd shoot her in the buttocks. She'd yank up her ruffled pants, hold out her hand to the doctor, shake hands and say, "*Dankeschön. Auf Wiedersehen!*"

As the red tape began to unwind, we planted the first thoughts in her mind that our relationship might continue. "Krista, would you like to be our little girl for always and always?"

Her face lit up. "Your little girl?" She looked at us with amused suspicion, as if we were playing a joke on her.

"Yes. Lynell will be your daddy and Nita will be your mamma."

"*Ja-a-a-a?*" Her rising inflection held a question and humorous disbelief.

"That's right. And your name will be Krista Gordon. Can you say that?"

"Krista Gor-don." She threw her arms around my neck and hugged tightly. Then, in German, "I'm your little girl now."

One day we went to the American PX for ice cream. I explained that the people here spoke only English. She must remember to say, "Yes. No." And if someone asked, "How are you?" to answer, "Fine."

As she sat on a stool enjoying her chocolate sundae, in came a nice big GI, who sat down beside her and proceeded to chat.

"Hello, honey. Do you like ice cream?"

"Yes," with a sweet smile.

"I'll bet that's hot!"

She giggled. "No."

"Are you going to give me a bite?"

She nodded. "Fine!"

I sat there in astonishment. I had always heard that a girl could enchant a man with a dimpled smile and honeyed words—"Yes. No. Fine!" Why, it was true. The moment the young man left, Bitsy looked up at me with feminine intuition and giggled.

Day by day, Krista was really adopting her new mummy and daddy. In her passionate desire to be like us, who had found her and loved her, she began to associate her happiness with people who spoke English. She was turning away from everything German. She began refusing to speak German and even pretended that she couldn't understand Hanna, our housekeeper. She was Krista Gordon. She was American.

One night the colonel came home looking glum. "The German judge won't accept the affidavit on our marriage. He still insists that the original license be filed in the German court."

"But there isn't time!" I protested. "Maybe it would be easier to get married all over in front of the German judge."

"No." My husband shouted. "Our son might want to run for Congress someday, and someone would point out that his parents hadn't got married until he had grown up!"

So the next day I worried and fretted and cut out paper dolls for Krista. Sensing my uneasiness, she would not leave my side all day. The afternoon dragged past, while the colonel sat before the German judge with our lawyer interpreter. Evening brought him home all smiles. The judge had conceded that we were legally married.

"How did you do it?" I asked in admiration.

He drew himself up in masculine vanity. Krista tugged at his sleeve, wanting him to sit down so she could be cuddled. "I explained," he said, "that the United States Government had moved you all over America and Europe, at their expense. They had paid you a substantial allotment all during the war while I was away. These facts, I assured him, could be established by my Army record here in JAG. If the United States Government hadn't been convinced you were my legal wife, it wouldn't have handed you all those good American dollars. When I finished, he agreed, "*Ja, das ist praktisch!*"

Now the time had come for the investigation by the Displaced Persons Commissioner. Since Bitsy was over two years old, we were adopting her under the regulations dealing with displaced persons; it was a shorter method. We had been told that if Krista had any relative, however remote, who had had Nazi ties in the past, the D.P. Commission would veto approval of the child. True, we were prepared to fight a veto, but each delay was alarming, because our sailing date was only two weeks off.

Krista's background was without stain. Now the three of us had only to appear before the supreme judge, who checked every paper, birth certificate, change of last name, health certificate and court order, after which he was to grant the final seal of approval.

We all felt secure and very happy. Krista showed the judge her *Puppe*-doll. She told him she was going on a big boat. The judge was getting a great deal of fun out of this little German girl who insisted in answering his German questions in English. Quickly he began going through the papers. One after another, he stamped. Then he paused over one, and his face grew serious. My heart began thudding.

The judge turned to our lawyer and spoke of our son. He opened his law book and read aloud. It went something like this: "Any couple, adopting a child, who have a natural child over twelve years of age, must bring said child to the court to speak his mind before the judge regarding the adoption of another child. If the adoption was not in accord with the natural child, then the final decree could not be granted." That was the law in West Germany.

So now what? Our son was in America, ready to board the battleship Missouri for a summer cruise. We might be able to reach him, we might not. Our lawyer explained the situation to the judge. Trying to help, the judge agreed to accept anything in writing from our son which expressed his approval.

It sounded simple, but I knew my son. He never dated a letter. Half the time he signed his name on the typewriter. Diligently I went through my desk. I couldn't find anything useful. We carried a couple of letters to the court. The judge shook his head regretfully.

I made one more search. Nothing. Wearily I began wondering if the Navy would help us reach our son in this crisis. I sighed and dropped into a chair.

Krista tugged at my sleeve. "Do you want this, *Mutti*-Nita?" She held up a greeting card for me to see.

"Oh, Krista, darling! Thank you! Thank you!"

It was a Mother's Day card, dated May thirteenth, the same as the German anniversary. The card pictured a big boy and a little girl. There was a message in honest-to-goodness handwriting: "Now that I am to have a little sister, I think this card is most appropriate. Love, Stewart."

The back of the card was scribbled over with drawings of cats and rabbits which the colonel had made one day to amuse Krista. Nevertheless, that foolish-seeming little card was all I had to offer, so I presented it to the judge.

A smile spread over his face. "Fantastic! But it has writing and a name!" He agreed that the boy showed he was in accord with the actions of his parents. Adoption granted. A passport issued.

On June twenty-ninth late in the afternoon, we made two last-minute telephone calls to friends who had adopted Krista's two baby sisters from the *Kloster*. We said farewell, and agreed that when the children were older they should know one another, and understand their relationship. Then we closed our trunks and started our trek home to America.

We've had Krista with us over three years now. Her brother, Stewart, isn't home very much, but when he is he spoils her without restraint.

We sometimes wonder just how much she remembers. Once she noticed an aluminum measuring cup in the kitchen. She picked it up and said, "We have one of these at home too!"

"Do you?" I smiled hoping to get her to talk. "Do you remember your other home, Krista?"

She gave a little laugh. "I don't know," she replied. "May I have a cooky?" And nothing could induce her to say another word.

My husband and I neither stress her adoption nor avoid mention of it. It's her story, to tell or not as she chooses. She calls us daddy and mummy, except for special times. Then I'm "Nita." It's Nita she crawls in bed with in the morning.

Krista has just turned eight, and is outgrowing her nickname, Bitsy-Bobbin. We feel that the process of transplanting her from Germany to the land of television and juvenile spacemen has been completely successful. Once I asked her why she wouldn't speak a little German with me. She replied, "Because I don't want anyone to know I can."

Daddy came to her rescue, "Well, Krista is an American now."

"Yes," she agreed, all aglow, "I'm an American!" THE END

"Not many of us have a wife like yours, Jim."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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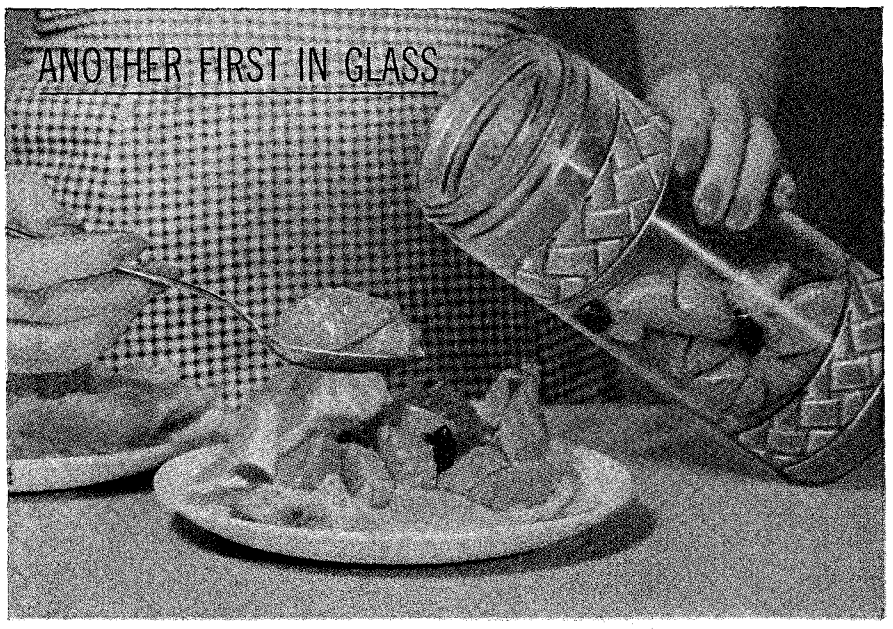

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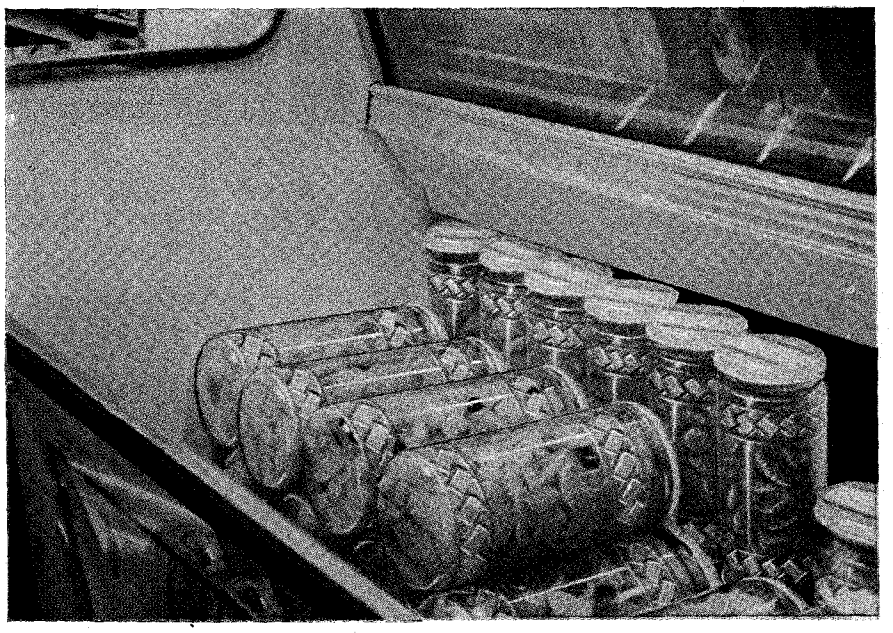

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And a glass jar is a "display case" in itself. The product tells its own flavor story with picture-window clarity. There's no need to depend on pictures or labels.

To help find the most appealing package for all kinds of new products—and the established ones, too—Owens-Illinois maintains a staff of designers, engineers, and marketing specialists. Their creative imagination and technical know-how are an important part of every O-I product.

(The table glassware shown above is the handsome, new Aqua Ripple design by Libbey Glass.)

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I Found Russia Changed

(Continued from Page 31)

for there was obviously no other place to put him.

On the table were the remains of a can of goulash, some crumbled chunks of black bread, and the inevitable small carafe of vodka. The six adults were sadly singing some old Russian folk songs. The solemn faces revealed their desperate determination to be gay.

That night the same scene was being enacted in hundreds of thousands of little rooms in the big, new, ugly apartment houses of Moscow's main streets and in the wooden hovels behind them. All over the Soviet Union—in attics, cellars and barracks—poor government workers, factory hands and clerks were celebrating over a can of goulash.

Soviet Russia is not naturally a beautiful country. To a flat, featureless landscape the Soviets have added monstrous piles of ugly factories, office buildings and apartment houses. On the potato-fed and potato-shaped bodies of the people, their rulers have hung shoddy, tasteless, shapeless clothes. For recreation they have provided down-at-heel parks, invariably called "The Maxim Gorki Park of Culture and Rest"—all studded with artless plaster statuary.

One favorite statue shows Lenin and Stalin lolling on a park bench like a couple of carefree Barney Baruchs. Another shows a well-muscled worker stripped to the waist, brandishing a hammer in one hand. In the other hand this worker is coddling what, at a distance, looks like a couple of baby chicks. But as you come closer you'll find they are two bricks.

If, instead of the park, the Soviet citizen seeks recreation in a movie, he is likely to see a film about a farmerette falling in love with her tractor or with a litter of suckling pigs. If he goes to the theater, he is apt to be shown, aside from the Russian classics, a Soviet morality play about a zoot-suiter who gets religion and joins the Red Army; or a flapper who abandons the champagne set of Moscow to plow the deserts of Kazakhstan in search of more bread for the fatherland.

But there is one last refuge to which hordes of Russians in search of an escape turn: vodka. In no other country in the world have I seen such mass drunkenness as in the Soviet Union. It is not just a gay, carefree drunkenness, but sodden, passed-out drunkenness—the last resort of those fed up with the dreary life to which they have been condemned. The police have even found it necessary to establish sobering-up stations in the big cities where those who can no longer stand are brought for treatment. I visited one in Moscow, but a white-coated policeman wielding a horse-sized syringe would not let me watch the sobering treatments.

What price did the average Russians pay before they finally submitted to this grim existence?

In lives: the collectivization of the peasants is estimated to have cost 10,000,000 lives.

In prisons: Tens of millions more have petered out their lives in concentration camps. A Russian proverb has it that everybody has been, is or will be in prison.

In slavery: I asked a Soviet people's judge how a Soviet worker might legally quit his job. He explained, "When he is old and tired."

But the cost of submission to the system has been more than death and slavery. It has meant a steady loss of the average Russian's moral values: the ability to tell right from wrong. In the Soviet Union lying is not a sin. It is a standard operating procedure. Decades of seeing their leaders lie have in the end convinced most Russians that prevarication is not just permissible; it is often a must.

In Bukhara, I asked to see the vermin pit of the former emir's prison, a well-known tourist attraction where, a century ago, prisoners were eaten alive by sheep ticks. But my guide explained regretfully that the prison was far, far away across a deep, deep river and the bridge was "*kaputt*." I pointed out on my tourist map that it was ten minutes away on foot. My guide blandly admitted it was. Besides, I added, there was no river in Bukhara. The guide agreed. "Let's go," he said a little ruefully. A few minutes later we were peering into the vermin pit.

In Samarkand a hard-faced, stringy-haired woman in a magenta hat and red coat—a favorite Soviet color combination—showed us the sights: Stalin Allee, Lenin Square, Gorki Park, the Pushkin Museum, the elementary school, the maternity hospital, the workers' clinic, the scientific institute. We passed a church and I asked what it was. "A cultural center," she replied.

I asked how many mosques were open. "None," she replied. I made her repeat the answer twice, and then asked why Khrushchev was busily telling the Moslems of India that their Soviet co-believers enjoyed freedom of religion. Her eyes blazed angrily. "Anyone who wants to, can pray," she snapped, "but not in mosques." Later the mufti, the local head of the Moslem faith, told us there were eighteen mosques operating in Samarkand. Why had she lied?

In Rostov I was taken to "an average farm." While I waited for the chairman, the bookkeeper proudly showed me the banners the "average farm" had won for being the best in the district. But the chairman, when he showed up, stubbornly insisted his farm was "average." I asked to see "an average peasant's house," and was taken to the newest and biggest in the village. The house had a large parlor, the first I'd ever seen in a Russian peasant home, decorated with rubber plants like a Soviet VIP hotel. On the wall were two certificates testifying that the owner was one of the outstanding horse breeders in the Soviet Union. "Are all your average peasants outstanding?" I asked the chairman. He ignored the question.

If the people have paid dearly for their submission, the leaders, too, have paid a price of a different kind, but which, in the end, may prove to be no less deadly. Though communism is the accepted state religion and is no longer even debated, its dogmas are constantly being sacrificed to expediency. Thus the religion becomes more and more of an empty ritual.

Perhaps the most spectacular sacrifice has been that of the "classless" society which Marx predicted would come about after private enterprise was destroyed. In the early '30's, when I first lived in Russia, one constantly heard enthusiastic young men and women passionately declaiming on the abolition of classes and privileges. Today, enthusiasm to destroy wealth has been supplanted by an equally passionate enthusiasm to make money. The first question I was asked when I'd crossed the border was: "How much do you earn?" Wherever I went, people asked, "How much does a man in my profession make in America?"

"We are well-to-do," a doctor told me, boasting of his economic status. It was the first time I'd heard a Soviet apply the term to himself. But now I heard it constantly. A theater director told me he made $2000 a month at the legal rate of exchange—but considerably less in terms of purchasing power. He had a car and a three-room apartment to himself in Leningrad. "And I'm no exception," he said.

To prove it, he gave me this example: "Like anyone else, I want to look a little better dressed than the next fellow. Sometimes I've bought the most expensive cloth I could find, even imported English cloth, and had it made up into a suit. But when I wear it to the theater, I find half the people in the audience wearing the same material. Obviously they are all as well off as myself." He told me that next summer he plans to tour France and Italy for twenty days. The tour, he said, would cost $950—"which is within the means of any well-to-do person," he added.

In a dance hall in Sochi a woman in her late thirties, dressed in a sort of pink housecoat with a string of fake pearls and the remnants of a hairdo, introduced me to another innovation in Soviet terminology. "Those people at the next table," she said with some disgust, "are not the right sort. See how noisily they drink!" But at another table a group of excessively bored men and women in a semblance of evening clothes, white shirts and polished shoes won her approval: "They are not only well-to-do but obviously come from good society."

A secret-police colonel described his home to me: "I have a three-story private villa and five hundred square yards of garden. I love to work with flowers," he added—and twisted his wrists to show his dexterity.

He told me of his native Erivan, the capital of Armenia: "As you know, in the Soviet Union the workers come first, and in Erivan we have built entire blocks of new apartment buildings for them." I asked how they compared in size with his villa. He was surprised at the question. "They have a room or two," he said. "They don't need more. If they have children, the children get married eventually and find their own apartments."

"Have you seen our new cookbook?" a doctor's wife asked. I had not. She produced a thick volume from her baggage. It was probably the most pathetic example of the Soviet happy life I had yet encountered. Its recipes were almost exclusively directions for using the canned foods prepared by the Soviet food industry. Much of it was devoted to explaining how various manufactured food products should be served in "good society." There were numerous colored illustrations, one showing a plate of pea soup with a hard-boiled egg floating in the center. The engraving was so shoddy that the soup looked like the green plush on the seats of a suburban train.

In the front of the book was a chapter on table manners and how to bring up your children:

"Never rock your chair while holding on to the tablecloth. You might fall backward and pull the whole table with you."

"Don't eat with your knife. You might cut your gums or lips."

"Don't pick your teeth with a fork. It is very bad for the teeth."

Since wage statistics are treated as state secrets in the Soviet Union, it is impossible to say how large the "well-to-do" set actually is. The average worker makes between $175 and $200 a month at the official exchange rate, which, when supplemented by the salaries of his family, provides a tolerable existence. Many engineers I talked to get a base monthly salary of around $650 and a bonus of $400 or more when the factory fulfills its norm. A colonel in the army draws about $1000 plus many fringe benefits. Professors get between $1500 and $3000 a month. Scientists, artists, writers and composers are among the top with salaries sometimes as high as $5000 a month. In addition, they get royalties, special bonuses for extra performances and supplementary salaries from secondary jobs such as serving on special literary or scientific commissions. If we take the colonel's salary of $1000 a month as the minimum entry fee into the well-to-do set, it is estimated that membership would be somewhere between 2,000,000 and 4,000,000.

If you were a member of the Soviet well-to-do, how would you spend your money?

If you're lucky you could buy a small car costing $5000. Currently, the waiting list on cars is around 17,000 people, and the waiting time anywhere from a year to three or four. And you could buy your wife a mink coat. In Moscow I saw rack upon rack of them at $7500. A great many of the well-to-do build country villas or in provincial towns they can build a house in the suburbs. Indeed, in order to overcome the housing shortage, the government has been compelled to encourage private enterprise—Marx's Public Enemy No. 1. In Rostov I saw thousands of small homes built by workers themselves. Many were little four- and five-room wooden bungalows. But in one section there were a number of elaborate two-story brick villas.

When I asked whom they belonged to, my chauffeur said, "To the railroad workers." A moment later we passed a particularly luxurious stone villa with a garage and a veranda overlooking the city. "That belongs to our hotel director," he blurted out proudly. But then he realized he'd blundered, and recovered quickly, "He used to be a railroad worker."

To build a house would cost you anywhere from $4000 to $8000, and in exceptional cases even more. The government, however, would lend you up to $2500—and if you have pull, probably more—at 2 per cent, for a ten-year period. The law limits the house to not more than five rooms.

The state or the enterprise where you work is obliged to help you find the building materials. You can either build yourself or you can hire people in their free time to do it for you. For the plumbing and electricity, either the factory lends its skilled workers or you can contract with special building trusts to do the work for you. The house is your private property and you can sell it, give it away or bequeath it, as you like. You can even rent out extra rooms. (I wondered what Marx would have said to this state sponsorship of landlordism, but I kept my heretical thoughts to myself.)

The land, varying from one eighth to one half acre, depending on how near to town you are, is furnished free by the government. It remains the property of the state, but is on loan in perpetuity to the houseowner. If the land is subsequently needed for other purposes, the state is obliged to give you another house, move yours or reimburse you.

You will probably want to insure not only your house but also your belongings with the State Insurance Company. In fact, all over Russia there are advertisements urging you to insure your possessions and your life as well—an innovation of

(*Continued on Page 91*)

The quickest way to be convinced that spanking is unnecessary is to become a grandparent.

HAL CHADWICK

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The only portable with a 5-Year Guarantee!

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Pink!
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Come get the feel of Mixette—the portable with the longest guarantee you can get! See how well it fits your hand . . . your kitchen . . . and your purse! Feel the difference tested balance makes—no straining to hold it steady; this one's *easy* to handle! Take comfort in *all* of Mixette's new features!

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Backed by a company in business over 150 years! All Hamilton Beach mixers are so well made, you get a 5-year guarantee—4 years longer than standard guarantees. This covers all parts and labor, including the motor, excepting only the cord set, bowls, and damage caused by misuse.

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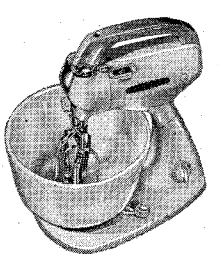
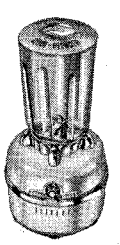


New Food Mixer
ends "hit-or-miss" mixing. Combination of new beaters and Bowl Control *beats everything* without spatula. New Mix Timer (optl.) **$39.95** white; chrome **$10** more.



New Liqui-Blender
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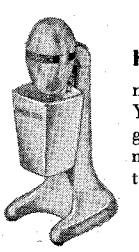

Home Drink Mixer
makes real soda-fountain drinks! Youngsters (of *all* ages) have a great time making those rich malteds you eat with a spoon; tasty fruit drinks. **$22.00**

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(*Continued from Page 89*) Marxism which, I dare say, Marx would have found bewildering.

But suppose you've already bought a car, given your wife a mink coat, built yourself a country villa and insured your accumulated wealth, and still you have money rolling in from royalties or commissions? The Soviet Government launches each year a universal state 2 per cent loan, which will be deducted from your salary before you even see it. Your subscription to the loan is nonnegotiable and runs for twenty years, during which time it earns 2 per cent interest. In the past, you could subscribe as much of your salary as the party operatives could persuade you to give up. But the latter have now been forbidden to ask for more than two weeks of a comrade's salary. During my two months in Russia I found no one who had not "voluntarily" subscribed the full two weeks.

In addition to the 2 per cent, there is a 3 per cent loan which is known in local Soviet slang as the "gold loan." It has a lottery feature attached whereby you can win up to $25,000 in one of seven drawings. The loan is negotiable and you can buy and sell it in unlimited amounts in any bank. I asked a bank clerk why anyone in his right mind would invest in the 2 per cent loan when he could buy the 3 per cent.

"You don't understand," she said. "They are two entirely different things. One you buy and the other you subscribe to." But, I objected, if I had 10,000 rubles to subscribe or use to buy, there was no question in my capitalistic mind which I'd do. "But we subscribe to the two per cent because we want to help our government finance our industrial program," she explained. I dropped the subject.

There is one last way you can spend your extra income, as any parent in the world will tell you—on your children. The old communist tenet that the state would take over the bringing up of children has long since been discarded and the role of the parent has been re-emphasized. You may find it difficult to buy a car for your son, though it is occasionally done. You can, however, give him a country villa where he can entertain his friends and spend his vacations. If he is backward, you can provide tutors to help him get into college—college is a must for the well-to-do. Finally you can give him an allowance. Pocket money up to $250 a month is not unusual for children of the well-to-do.

But what can the children do with their allowances? There are movies and theaters. There is always the possibility of a little party at the country house, with plenty of liquor and girls. And then there are the bars of Moscow.

If the dreary, humdrum life in Russia is so dull that it drives adults to drink, it often drives the young people to even stronger solutions. The Soviet press is constantly ranting about "the excesses of youth." One newspaper even printed a gruesome tale of a band of six young men in search of something more exciting than a Soviet movie who planned a bank robbery. One of the boys threatened to snitch, and his body was found months later in a swamp outside Moscow. The plot was discovered and the boys sent to jail. Though the names of five were published in full, the name of the sixth was apparently too prominent for publication and was not printed.

In other respects immorality among the youth is causing headaches to parents and government alike. In 1936, during my first assignment to Russia, Stalin had prohibited abortions and the sale of contraceptives. But prohibition in this respect proved no more successful than prohibition of liquor in America. Abortions continued to be performed by unlicensed practitioners, resulting in frequent deaths. On my current visit, contraceptives were being sold at all drugstores, including the kiosk at Moscow University. Last December the government announced that due to the injurious effects of illegal abortions, their performance would once more be legalized.

One of the chief diversions of bored Soviet youth is to become a zoot-suiter, known in Soviet slang as "*stilyag*," or style-chaser. Their badge is long hair, narrow trousers, odd hats and bright-colored neckties. They can be seen any Saturday night walking up and down Gorki Street or in the Moskva Hotel Bar and nearby restaurants. The chic among them pretend to speak only Latin or English. They have rechristened the streets and sections of Moscow with such foreign names as "Broadway" (Gorki Street), "Piccadilly Circus" (Theater Square) and "Brooklyn" (the area across the Moskva River from the Kremlin).

The gilded youth of the well-to-do are by no means the pinnacle of the Soviet social structure. Far above them gyrates another galaxy known as the "Jet Set." These are the children of the very top communist leaders, marshals, composers and writers. Whereas the gilded youth number in the millions, the Jet Set is confined to a few score stars. The well-to-do count their fortunes in the thousands of rubles, but the Jet Set often has financial reserves into the millions. Some of them are orphans or widows of generals who lost their lives in World War II and have pensions amounting to as much as $1000 per family a month. But most of the money comes from royalties for musical and literary works or political tracts. When, for example, a leading communist makes a major speech, it is often distributed in millions of copies. From these he gets huge sums in royalties.

Income taxes are seldom more than 11 per cent and inheritance taxes are a flat 10 per cent. It is therefore possible for children of top leaders to inherit immense fortunes. This enables them to live in great luxury without lifting a finger. At least one such heir owns three country houses, keeps two apartments in Moscow and has four private cars. Asked how many millions he had, he replied, "Damned if I know."

The Jet Set are a class to themselves. They regard the gilded youth of the well-to-do as new-rich and vulgar. Not even all the offspring of the top leaders are accepted. For example, the Jet Set regards the children of Mikhail Pervukhin, member of Russia's highest ruling body, as "lowbrow," like their father. The Jet Set marry almost exclusively within their own circle and change marital partners with bewildering rapidity.

As for the masses, they simply do not exist for "the cream of the cream." The Jet Set crowd has no contact whatever with those who stand in lines. Even at the super-strict Moscow Grand Opera House, where, after performances, foreign ambassadors wait patiently in long lines at the cloakrooms, the Jet Set sweeps ahead and gets its mink coats, and no one raises a murmur. The public of Moscow is too well trained to object to such antics.

Money has no meaning for these new aristocrats. They think nothing of stopping at a flower shop on the way to a party and buying it out for their hostess. Their current craze is collecting old porcelain. Their greatest passion is for foreign things—from cars to phonograph records. They would give their shirts for a trip abroad. In summer the fashionable place for them to go is Carlsbad, in satellite Czechoslovakia. Foreigners who have seen Carlsbad since the communists took over deplore its decay. But for the Soviet upper crust it's the ultimate in spa luxury.

Whereas foreign ambassadors in Moscow sometimes have country villas to which they bring their servants when they come to stay, Jet Set members often have several villas, each permanently staffed with a full complement of servants. It is in these villas that much of their social life takes place, including, on occasion, some rather wild orgies. The legalization of abortions had no meaning for these spoiled sons of the great—they always found a doctor ready to perform the illegal operation.

Politically, the Jet Set is completely loyal to the Kremlin leadership. Occasionally, they bemoan the lack of a "strong man to make decisions," but they are well aware that they, too, have profited from Stalin's death, for that ruthless old man might at any moment have wiped the whole lot from the face of the earth with a single phone call. However, they take no part in active politics and regard themselves as superior to Communist Party activities. "Pravda is not for us," one of them said recently. "When it calls Tito a hero one day, a swine the next, and a great and good friend the third day—that may be for the masses, but it's not for us." Indeed, their belief in communism is the purest lip service. Enthusiasm for its teachings does not exist, and when someone tries to preach to them, they simply ridicule him with epithets.

A few of the males in the Jet Set are more serious and have studied for the diplomatic service or engineering, but for the rest, like the gilded youth they despise, their lives are a monotonous round of parties and boredom. Sometimes they enjoy doing bit pieces in the movies. This is considered quite the thing so long as it's not done for money. But the rest of their time they spend trying to wangle a trip abroad as the secretary of a delegation or a helper in some sports competition—anything for a look at Paris!

Why does the Kremlin put up with these new classes which threaten the very structure of communism? The answer, it seems to me, is that the Soviet system depends for its very life on its engineers, scientists and managers. To make sure of their loyalty, the Kremlin has bribed them with privileges which in turn are passed on to the children—the gilded youth and the Jet Set. The price the unthinking mass of Soviet workers are paying for their freedom from terror may well be high. But how high a price the communist rulers are paying in sacrificing some of their most basic principles is for the future alone to tell.

Editors' Note—Is communism, with its dreams of world conquest, here to stay? In his third and concluding article of this series, in next week's Post, Mr. Thayer has an informed and convincing answer to this question.

They Repair Damaged Hearts (Continued from Page 33)

Some have had abnormal openings between the right and left sides of the heart—septal defects—stitched shut. Others have had tight valves loosened up or have been equipped with plastic or cartilage baffles to make leaky valves close more tightly. In a few patients a gaping valve has been snugged up by a drawstring made of nylon parachute cloth or an eighty-two-pound-test fishline. Several people are wearing in their aortas, at the exit of the heart, a plastic ball valve that ticks away like the alarm clock swallowed by Captain Hook's dreaded crocodile.

The largest number of heart-surgery patients owe their new hold on life to a much simpler, but still delicate procedure. This is the one-finger operation—with or without a knife—designed to widen a mitral valve scarred and constricted by rheumatic fever. The valve, so-named because its two leaflets, when closed, resemble a bishop's hat, or miter, funnels the blood from the left auricle down into the left ventricle, whence it passes out to the aortic trunkline. Mitral stenosis—narrowing of the valve opening—is the most common heart condition presently treated by surgery. And the operation for it, perfected within the past eight years, has been basic to the development of the whole field of intracardiac surgery.

The procedure is now being carried out by excellent surgeons in many cities of the world, and important contributions to the technique have been made by a number of them. But credit for originating the operation and bringing it to its present high level of safety and usefulness belongs mainly to three men. One of them, Dr. Horace G. Smithy, Jr., of the Medical College of South Carolina, died in November, 1948, nine months after his first successful operation upon a mitral valve. The cause of his death—mitral stenosis. The two others are Dr. Charles P. Bailey, professor of thoracic surgery at Hahnemann Medical College, in Philadelphia, and Doctor Harken, surgeon at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston, and associate professor of clinical surgery at Harvard.

As a boy of twelve, Doctor Bailey had seen his father die from the effects of mitral stenosis, and he determined early in his medical career to do something about the condition. Both he and Doctor Harken were born in 1910 and were in their thirties when they began research on the problem, arriving at solutions almost simultaneously. Their first successful mitral-stenosis operations were performed just six days apart in June, 1948—Doctor Bailey's on the tenth, at Hahnemann Hospital, and Doctor Harken's on the sixteenth, at the Boston City Hospital. Both of the first patients are still living and well. Associated with Doctor Bailey at this time were Dr. Robert P. Glover and Dr. Thomas J. E. O'Neill, who have also been responsible for many improvements in surgical methods.

Doctor Bailey and his associates inserted the index finger and a slender knife into the heart as the operating instruments, a modification of a technique described by a London surgeon, H. S. Souttar, some years before. Souttar had tried it in only one case, however. Doctor Bailey called his operation, a commissurotomy. Doctor Harken, in his first operations, which he called valvuloplasties, employed a punch-like instrument similar to those used by his famous predecessor in this field, the late Dr. Elliott Cutler, although he later changed to a finger-and-knife method.

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The early triumphs of these pioneers were marred by frequent failures. A high proportion of the patients operated upon in 1948 and 1949 died during or soon after surgery. This period of dark discouragement was recalled by Sir Russell C. Brock, of London, in a speech last year before an international symposium on cardiovascular surgery at Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit. He and his associates at Guy's Hospital, at one point in their own development of mitral-valve surgery, had four successive deaths among their women patients.

"Despair stalked before us and everyone's morale was low," Sir Russell said. "I remember saying to my team that we could do only one of two things—give up or go on—that it was impossible to give up, as we were certainly in the right. The only thing, therefore, that we should do was to go on. We did continue, and had thirty consecutive successful cases."

While the courage of skillful surgeons was an important factor, the courage of desperately sick patients was no less essential to the forward march of cardiac surgery. Doctor Brock remarked at the Detroit meeting that he felt that "the great pressure to aid the development of mitral-valve surgery came not from the doctors, but from the patients, who, in their frustrated desires to obtain help in their disability, brooked no interference."

One who refused to wait for the slow uncoiling of medical conservatism and protocol, afraid her heart wouldn't last that long, is a dark-skinned, delicate-featured West Indian beauty named Dolly Tondo. Her trouble was a septal defect, a hole between the right and left auricles, rather than mitral stenosis, but her story dramatically illustrates Doctor Brock's point. For years she had tried in her native city of Port of Spain, Trinidad, to get help for her failing heart. Several years ago she journeyed to England, only to return disappointed. Then her local doctor got in touch with Doctor Harken and exchanged letters about her case.

But Mrs. Tondo became impatient with the pace of the mails. And one day last July she took the money she had earned from sewing lessons, left her seven-year-old son with her mother, and boarded a plane for the United States—without letting either physician know she was on the way. She felt she was dying and that this was her only chance. She landed in Florida and took a bus for Boston. Three days and nights later she arrived at the Park Square terminal in a state of collapse, too ill to call the doctor or the hospital. The bus driver made the calls, and a taxi rushed her to the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, where she was placed in an oxygen tent and treated for heart failure.

There followed several weeks of study and tests and, early in August, Doctor Harken and his associates operated. They employed low-temperature anesthesia (hypothermia), chilling her body in an ice bath to reduce its metabolic need for blood. This permitted them to close off the vessels to the heart long enough to open the right auricle and stitch shut the hole in the heart's inner partition. She was then placed in a warming bath to bring her temperature back to normal. She made a good, albeit slow recovery, and two months after the operation left the hospital for a convalescent home. She has gained thirty-three pounds since the operation.

Surgery for mitral stenosis is considerably less risky and demanding than operations to correct septal defects like Dolly Tondo's. And as the surgeons learned more about the dynamics and pressure relationships of the heart and its valves their score with the scalpel improved. Dr. Frank Glenn, professor of surgery at Cornell, told a recent American College of Surgeons meeting in Philadelphia that the over-all mortality, as estimated from numerous 1955 reports, is now down to 5 per cent. "And the risk of operation is decreasing," he added. Doctor Harken reports that the figure for all but the very poorest risks—who constitute about a quarter of the entire group—is less than 1 per cent, which is no higher than that in the average abdominal operation. Indeed, the heart may in many instances be safer to operate upon than an inflamed or stone-filled gall bladder.

Doctor Harken classifies his mitral-stenosis patients into four groups, ranging from those without any significant symptoms (Group I)—for whom surgery is not usually recommended—to the cardiac invalids suffering chronic congestive failure (Group IV). The majority of patients accepted for surgery fall into a middle classification, Group III, described by Doctor Harken as having progressive symptoms, "so handicapping that their activities are significantly and increasingly limited." Of his first 500 mitral-surgery patients, 342 were in Group III. The surgical mortality among them improved steadily over the years from 14 per cent to less than 3 per cent. Since making this analysis of the first 500 Doctor Harken has operated upon several hundred more, and among the last 400 Group III patients there were only two operative deaths, a rate of one half of 1 per cent.

A million years from now, the world may be filled with creatures who will stoutly deny that they ever descended from man.

AL MCGEE

The figures on the poor-risk patients—those in Group IV—are less cheerful. Doctor Harken and Dr. Laurence B. Ellis, eminent Boston cardiologist who has supervised the follow-up analysis of these cases, point out in the journal, Circulation, that here the operative death rate, which covers those who die on the table or fail to rally in the postoperative period, has continued to remain at about 25 per cent.

"This emphasizes the desirability of operating upon mitral-disease patients before they reach this terminal stage," the Boston physicians state, although they believe people should not be operated upon "unless they are substantially disabled by their disease, and unless, in spite of medical treatment, they are going progressively downhill."

Even though the very-poor-risk patient may have only three out of four chances of recovering from his operation, this can be regarded as a worth-while gamble. For, as Doctor Harken says, they are "terminal cases, cardiac invalids." He calls attention to nineteen such patients who were accepted for mitral-valve surgery, but who at the last moment refused it. Seventeen of the nineteen were dead within one year.

Careful follow-up studies of the thousands who have survived the operation reveal that more than 70 per cent have shown striking improvement. This includes all groups, poor risk and good risk, although the percentage of good results has naturally been higher in the latter category.

The measure of improvement is sometimes dramatic, indeed. For Mrs. Doris McSweeney, a pretty, honey-haired young Boston housewife, it meant the final realization of hopes many times cruelly deferred. She had been one of thousands of women whose heart conditions were frustrating their efforts to have a baby. A heart hampered by a constricted mitral valve—and in some cases the opening is no larger than the head of a match—cannot pump blood through the body fast enough to take care of the woman's own normal activities. When it is forced to assume the additional burden of nourishing a developing infant in the womb, trouble frequently ensues. Four times the McSweeneys thought they were going to have a baby, and four times the young wife lost it before term. Their disappointment was bitter. When Doris became pregnant a fifth time her doctor talked to her about the possibility of terminating the pregnancy early in its course, for the sake of her own health. But the McSweeneys are Catholics. Their priest advised them that such action would not have the sanction of the church. In the meantime Doctor Harken had examined Doris and indicated she could probably undergo a mitral-stenosis operation even though she was pregnant.

"I wouldn't be able to live with my conscience, much less my religion," she told the surgeon, "if I didn't make one more effort at having a baby. So, if you think this operation will help me, I'm anxious to go through with it."

In the third month of her pregnancy, Doris McSweeney entered Mt. Auburn Hospital. There Doctor Harken performed the operation, widening the constricted valve to provide a more generous flow of blood for herself and her growing infant. Her physical condition began to improve almost at once. Last June, at the scheduled time, she entered the hospital again for the long-hoped-for event. And on the afternoon of June twenty-fifth Doctor Harken picked up the phone in his office to hear a young woman's excited and jubilant voice.

"Surprise! Surprise!" she shouted. "It's twins, doctor! Twins! I've really hit the jack pot!"

Today, chubby, blue-eyed Maureen and Michael McSweeney are among Doctor Harken's prize testimonials to the value of mitral-valve surgery. When their mother brings them to his office he picks one up in each arm and marches proudly around the place to show them off. They are not, however, the only babies whose advent into the world was made easier and more certain by an operation on their mother's heart. His list includes twenty other women operated upon while they were pregnant, with subsequent successful deliveries. One of these had triplets six months after her operation.

For some unknown reason, mitral stenosis affects more women than men, and its insidious course can lead to tragedies more serious than the inability to bear children. Although the condition is usually attributed to childhood attacks of rheumatic fever—often unrecognized at the time—it may not give its victim trouble until she is in her twenties or thirties. Then, as the obstructed valve interferes with the heart's blood pumping, the woman finds herself getting weaker and weaker. She cannot walk upstairs without panting for breath. She is tired out before her day's housework is scarcely begun. Her ankles may swell. As the disease becomes worse the back pressure in the blood vessels leading from the lungs into the heart causes fluid or whole blood to seep into the lung's air spaces. This is called pulmonary edema or congestion of the lungs. It often comes as an acute attack of gasping, wheezing and coughing of blood. These terrifying episodes are frequently brought on by unusual physical or emotional strain.

"The emotional ramifications of this condition," Doctor Harken commented, "often lead to the break-up of a marriage and a home. For sex relations may be hazardous if not impossible for the woman with severe mitral stenosis, and there are cases where the husband, failing to appreciate the seriousness of his wife's condition, has left her. If there are children, she is faced with the problem of providing for them alone. Because of her physical disability she may eventually be forced to place them in foster homes. She now feels completely deserted, her life ruined."

Doctor Harken is confident that cardiac surgery can prevent many of these domestic tragedies. And to his task of repairing damaged hearts he brings not only a sound surgical preparation but an unquenchable enthusiasm and an affection for his patients which obviously help in their recovery. His sense of humor is also on tap for those who are tense and worried about the ordeal they face. It is related that one woman, having been treated by various physicians and brought finally to the point of operation, looked at him anxiously and said, "Doctor, I'm now in your hands and God's hands."

To which Doctor Harken replied with a smile, "Well, I hope God scrubs."

Before he himself scrubs for the operation he orders the patient studied thoroughly to make sure her condition is one which he has a good chance of correcting. First come X rays and electrocardiograms. Then, in many cases, a fine plastic catheter is inserted into the heart chambers, via blood vessels in the arm, or through a hollow needle in the back, to measure pressures on either side of the defective valve. The pressure readings give a fairly reliable estimate of the size of the valve opening. At Peter Bent Brigham these studies are made by Dr. Lewis Dexter and his associates in the cardiac-research division. Once the patient is wheeled into the operating room she is in the hands not of one surgeon, but of four, plus two anesthesiologists and three nurses—a highly trained team of nine people.

Doctor Harken starts by marking out the line of the incision, a wide arc extending from the front of the chest around under the left breast and left shoulder blade. Then, with quick, sure strokes he cuts through the skin, fat and muscle. His assistants meanwhile tie off or cauterize the bleeding points.

The surgeons expose the heart by pushing aside the lung, slitting the pericardial sac and holding it open with several tie sutures. Now the heart can be seen clearly, pink and glistening and pulsating. Gently, without moving it from its normal position, Doctor Harken explores the organ and its attached great vessels.

Folded back on the main body of the heart is the earlike auricular appendage, the thin-walled tip of the left auricle. This is the vestibule through which the surgeon will enter the heart with his index finger to explore and operate upon the valve. To prepare for the crucial entry, the appendage is pinched shut near its base, by means of two curved clamps. Then purse-string sutures are stitched in place and a finger-sized slit made in the top of the appendage. As Doctor Harken slips his index finger into the slit, his assistants draw the purse strings snugly around it, meanwhile slowly releasing the clamps. The drawstrings keep blood from leaking out around the finger and the surgeon proceeds to probe the valve opening with his finger tip.

"This young woman has been very sick," he remarks. "She was terribly thin and pale and she couldn't go up three steps without becoming breathless. And no wonder. The valve opening is quite small—less than seven tenths of a square centimeter, I'd say."

He pauses to ask the anesthetist about the blood pressure. "Her heart's pretty irritable," (*Continued on Page 94*)

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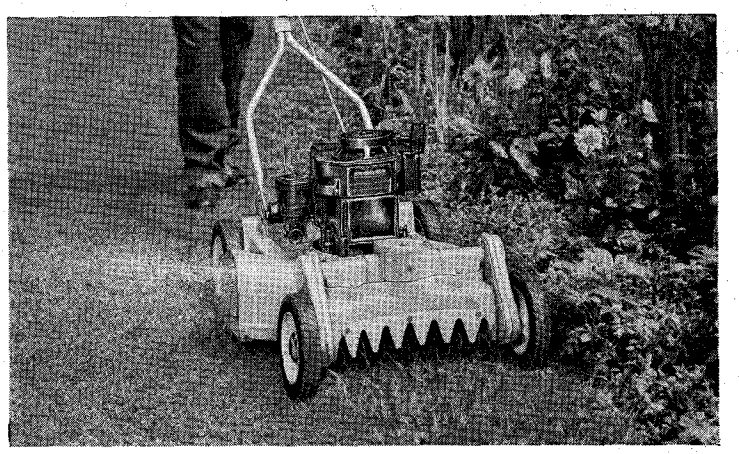

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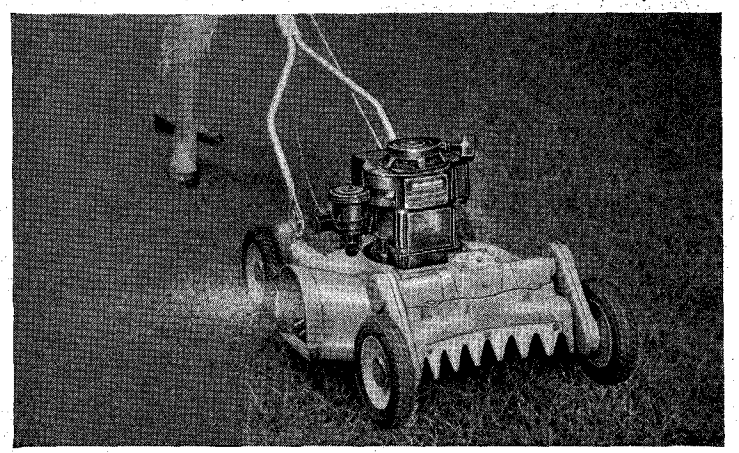

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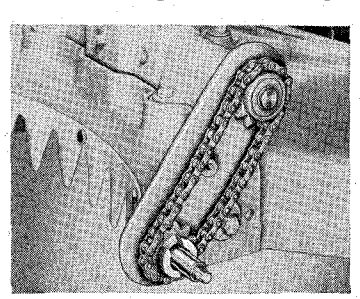

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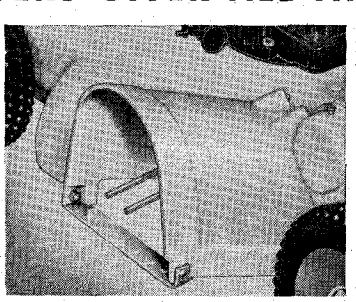

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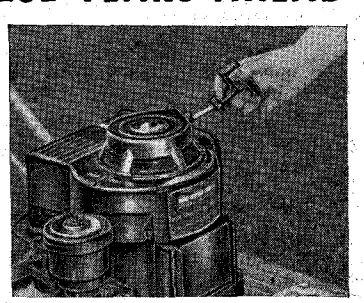

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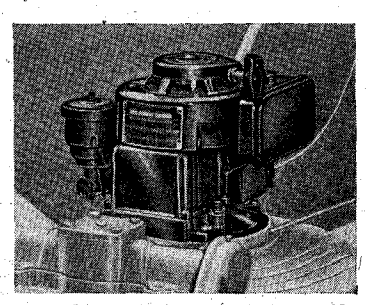

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(*Continued from Page 92*) he adds, as it speeds up momentarily. "We'll go slowly."

The surgeon is often asked, "Doesn't this motion of the heart bother you when you're operating?"

"Yes, of course it does," he replies. "But I'd be more bothered if it stopped."

On rare occasions a heart does stop during surgery, and then the doctor quickly grasps it in his hand and begins to squeeze it, as you'd squeeze a rubber ball, manually pumping the blood along, stroke after stroke. He may have to continue this for an hour or more before an invisible control center called the "pacemaker" takes over again. An electrical pacemaker devised by Dr. Paul M. Zoll, of Boston, may be employed, although nothing is quite so effective in this particular situation as the human hand.

In many instances the surgeon can widen the constricted valve with his finger alone—finger fracture, the technique is called. Doctor Harken opens it part way with his finger in this case and then calls for his "bread-knife valvulotome" to complete the task. This is a thin, flexible blade, a quarter of an inch wide, with a wavy edge and a flat shaft. He slides the instrument down flat along the surface of his finger, without removing the finger from the heart, rotates the blade ninety degrees to bring the cutting edge into position, and then moves finger and knife as one unit to slit the corners of the valve.

"I think I've given it about a four-square-centimeter opening now," he says. "This should be a good result. . . . How's her pressure?"

"It dropped to eighty," the anesthetist replies. "But it's going up again. . . . Ninety now."

"Fine. We'll come out. . . . Get ready with the clamps." He withdraws his finger enough for the assistants to clamp the lower part of the appendage shut, then pulls it out the rest of the way as they close up the slit with the purse-string sutures. The pouchlike appendage, now considered excess tissue, is snipped off just above the clamp and the opening at the base is sewed up permanently.

Not all operations go off as smoothly as the one just described. In many instances the edges of the valve leaflets are encrusted with calcium deposits. Extreme care must then be taken lest fragments become dislodged and sweep out of the heart into vessels leading to the brain. Here they could cause an embolism and temporary or permanent paralysis. Therefore, when the surgeon's finger warns him of calcifications he immediately orders an assistant to "hold the head vessels." Pinching these arteries shut for a few seconds will usually deflect any fragments into less critical parts of the circulation.

To make sure no paralyzing embolism has occurred, the patient, as she comes out of the anesthesia, is asked to say something and to move each arm and leg. The depth of anesthesia, by the way, is so managed that the patient is just rousing to consciousness as the surgeons finish with the sutures. At that strategic moment between sleeping and waking, Doctor Harken leans over the table and says, "You're doing fine. It's all over. Your heart's fixed. You're going to be all right." She opens her eyes drowsily, smiles and drops back to sleep. The nurses, specially trained in the care of heart-surgery patients, keep up this reassurance. The patient is thus given a good start on the road to psychological as well as physical recovery.

Reassurance, before and after surgery, is also supplied by members of the Mended Hearts, Inc., organized at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital and now numbering more than 1000 recovered heart-surgery patients scattered throughout the country. Wearing the club pin, a red heart with a neat seam stitched across the front, they call on patients only with the approval of the physician in charge, keep their visits short and cheerful, resisting the temptation to talk about their own operation in ether-drenched detail.

Addressing a group of fellow Mended Hearts recently on the fine art of hospital visiting, Mrs. M. Stanley Livingston, of Belmont, Massachusetts, said, "It is sufficient to point out that you can now walk around the block without huffing and puffing, whereas, before, you had to stop twice en route."

One Mended Heart went out and won a golf tournament after his operation. A New Hampshire housewife took a holiday trip to Pennsylvania with her husband—on a motorcycle.

To some of those who ask whether they can drive a car after the operation, Doctor Harken replies, "If you drove a car before, you can drive again. If you didn't, you'll have to take driving lessons."

Walter Abernathy, of Lynn, Massachusetts, a past president of Mended Hearts, Inc., was directing a traffic survey for the Massachusetts Department of Public Works the night we looked him up to ask about his operation. He had become a candidate for surgery, he said, not because his mitral valve was too tight, but because it had developed a bad leak. This incomplete closing of the valve is termed mitral insufficiency. So much blood flows backward into the auricle with each heartbeat that the patient suffers from extreme weakness, as well as lung symptoms. For nine months preceding the operation Mr. Abernathy was a semi-invalid, unable to walk across the room without leaning on his wife's arm or holding onto the walls and furniture.

Doctor Harken repaired Mr. Abernathy's leaky valve in December, 1952, by suspending horizontally across the opening a plastic plug two inches long and shaped like a soft-drink bottle. This "bottle baffle," as it is called, gave the otherwise gaping lips of the valve something to close on and prevented the hazardous regurgitation of blood.

A similar technique for plugging leaky valves was devised by Doctor Bailey in Philadelphia. Instead of using plastics, he carved the plug out of a piece of rib cartilage and covered it with a strip of pericardium. He applied this method not only to mitral valves but to the tricuspid—the corresponding valve in the right side of the heart—and to the aortic valve.

Neither Doctor Harken nor Doctor Bailey, however, has been satisfied with his score on these plugging maneuvers. They and other surgeons have been striving for more physiological approaches. Studying the anatomy of the valves, they found that a certain proportion of them fail to close properly because the fibrous ring or base of the valve, from which the flaplike leaflets grow out, has become stretched and dilated. In other words, the space is so large that the leaflets can't possibly meet at the middle to close it. Doctor Glover and Dr. Julio C. Davila, at the Presbyterian Hospital, Philadelphia, found they could reduce the size of the dilated mitral ring by encircling it with a heavy purse-string suture. The drawstring was then pulled together until the valve leaflets met properly.

The newest method of diminishing the size of a mitral-valve ring is that devised by Dr. Henry. T. Nichols, an associate of Doctor Bailey's at Hahnemann Hospital and Medical College. Rather than attempting to encircle the entire ring, he pinches it together at two opposite points and holds these tucks with heavy eighty-two-pound-test fishline. The procedure is similar to reducing a worn and stretched buttonhole to normal size by taking stitches across either end.

As we stated at the outset of this article, no cardiac defect is beyond the reach of the modern heart surgeon. Some give him more trouble than others, of course, and one of the toughest is the aortic valve. It is the exit gate through which the powerful left ventricle discharges its full load of blood to start the journey around the body. Blood flows here at higher speed and pressure than anywhere else, and the surgeon cannot plunge his finger through a simple slit in the aorta without risk of uncontrollable and fatal bleeding. Nor is there any convenient appendage here to serve as an operating vestibule.

The surgeons are so sold on the "vestibule" principle, however, that they fashion an artificial appendage or cuff and sew it onto the side of the aorta. This provides a safe entrance for a finger or instrument during the aortic-stenosis operation. Some of the doctors get their wives to make the cuff out of a scrap of nylon or rayon slip. Doctor Bailey now prefers to use a piece of pericardium, obtained at post mortem and kept in a refrigerator. It is a thin, rubbery tissue and sewing it to a slit in the aorta, while a fold of the latter is pinched off with a clamp, is a slow, painstaking bit of needlework. But if properly attached it holds firm, without leaking, while the surgeon manipulates an instrument to cut open the fused valve leaflets.

The aortic valve that doesn't close properly is still a challenging problem. The plastic-ball valve developed by Dr. Charles A. Hufnagel, of Washington, has been one solution. But there are certain objections to it, and other methods are being tried.

Since this discussion has dealt only with surgery inside the heart we have said nothing about the various operations performed on the outer surface of the organ, aimed at increasing the blood supply to cardiac muscle impoverished by coronary-artery disease. A great many methods have been developed over the past twenty years, notably by Dr. Claude S. Beck, of Cleveland. Among them are the grafting of a chest muscle to the heart, the attachment of a chest artery to the coronary system, and the sprinkling of powdered bone or asbestos inside the pericardial sac to stimulate richly vascularized adhesions. The powdering procedure was suggested for President Eisenhower, but was voted down by his physicians, including Dr. Paul White, on the ground that his heart muscle was not so blood starved as to justify such an operation. Advances are steadily being made in this field, however, and the day may come when this commonest of all forms of heart disease, coronary thrombosis, may be relieved, in its more serious forms, by surgery.

The heart surgeons are also looking forward to the time when they will no longer have to do so many of their intracardiac operations by the sense of touch. "These are hidden-ball plays," one of them quipped, "and we would much rather see what we are doing." Help in this direction is coming fast from the developers of artificial heart-lung machines. According to a newly organized American Society for Artificial Internal Organs, four heart-lung machines were in use at the time of its first meeting last June. Others have come into operation since then. With the patient's circulation bypassed through an apparatus that will pump and oxygenate the blood, the surgeon can work in an open and dry heart for an hour or so at a time. Given this advantage, the possibilities for reconstructing damaged hearts are almost limitless.

THE END

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A Thief by Choice (Continued from Page 30)

all appearance was just another cowboy laid off after fall roundup. Steady travel put him through Trinchera Pass; all the state of Colorado was behind him, his horse was leg-weary, and he began looking for a place to stop.

A ways below the pass a crew built a railroad grade, and skirting wide around, McFarland came to an old road that dropped off in a big canyon. There was scrub oak and cedar; red walls towered on either hand, a second canyon entered, and McFarland's horse watered at a little stream. Then, as dusk came on, he came to a hay meadow and then to a rock house. A man was working at the house, building a fireplace and a wall.

McFarland watched awhile before he spoke. "It won't draw if you fix it that way. You got to build a kind of shelf before you start the chimney."

The laborer turned deliberately. Young, dark-haired, dark-eyed, he sized up Bill McFarland. Then, "Put your horse in the corral and throw him down some hay," he ordered. "I'm looking for a man that can build chimneys."

McFarland went on to the corral. When he returned, the other had built a fire and was heating a Dutch oven. He was, he said, Harvey Miller, and they would eat as soon as the bread was baked. Just as casually, McFarland said his name was Johnson—Slim Johnson—and that if he had the coffee mill he'd grind the coffee.

When the meal was ready they ate in companionable silence, and afterward they smoked a final cigarette and went to bed. It seemed to Bill McFarland he'd found the place he had been looking for.

Morning came mighty early. Just at daybreak Harvey's horses came in to be fed, and after breakfast McFarland laid rock. Harvey carried supplies, mixed the adobe mud they used for mortar and gave out information. This was an old Spur line camp; the Spur was out of business and Harvey was homesteading the place. Amadeo Casaus had cut and stacked the hay on shares; Amadeo lived over east, out on the flats. Favora was the closest town, thirty miles by wagon road, but nearer across country. Stone by stone, the wall went up, and when night came McFarland was weary; he had not worked so hard in years.

When wall, fireplace and chimney were finished, they patched the sagging roof, and with that done they mended the corral. Time slid by until a week was gone; then company arrived. Returning down-canyon with a load of poles, they found three callers, Linc Boston, Dolf Neverseek, Tom Neverseek—Harvey named them. All three watched Bill McFarland as warily as he watched them. They placed no trust in strangers, and having made this estimate, McFarland let down a little. These three were not the kind that went running to the law; rather they stayed as far from it as possible. Harvey asked the callers in and McFarland took the empty water bucket to the spring. When he returned, Dolf Neverseek was talking about the Guardcastle bank robbery.

"It was a Wild Bunch job," he said. "The word is that Bill McFarland and two others done it. One held the horses and the other two walked into the bank and out again with thirty thousand dollars. The whole thing was slick as a

The Perfect Squelch

The young comedian, who was almost as good as he thought he was, had ordered his five writers to meet him in a midtown restaurant to plan his next TV show. As usual, he ignored all their suggestions, complained at length that his genius was being wasted on poor lines, and hinted that there were plenty of other writers around to be hired.

While the writers silently simmered, a friend of the comedian's stopped at the table. The comedian greeted him effusively, but instead of introducing the others by name, he just waved toward them and said, "These are my writers."

Soon afterward, a friend of one of the writers paused at the table. "Sit down, Hal, old man," the writer said warmly. "I'm sure you know all the writers here." He paused and waved toward the comedian. "But I'd like you to meet our actor."

Andy Andrews

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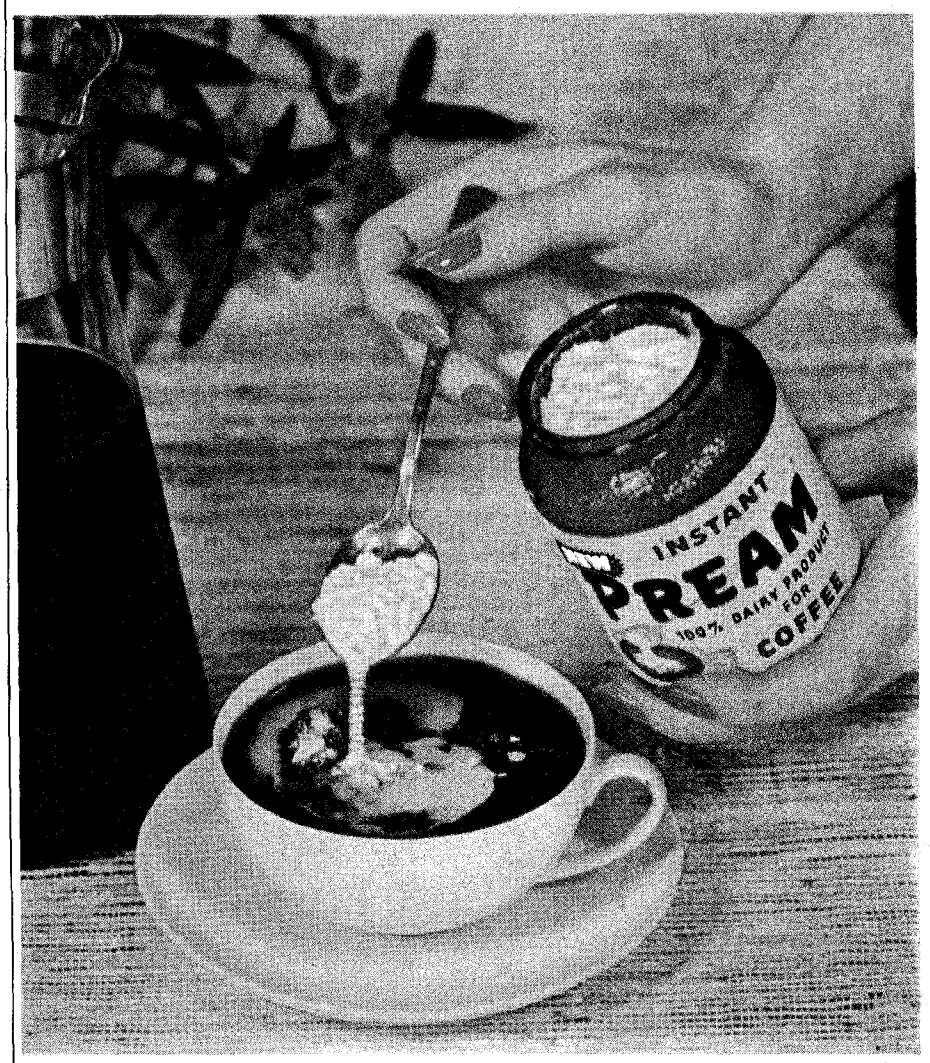

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Recipe for Creamy Butter Frosting

Cream 5 tablespoons butter or margarine. Gradually blend in 3 cups confectioners' sugar sifted together with 1 tablespoon Pream. Add 3 tablespoons hot water, a little at a time. Flavor with ½ teaspoon vanilla. Will frost and fill two 8- or 9-inch cake layers.

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PREAM

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greased gut, only they had to shoot the cashier making their getaway.

"Then it wasn't McFarland." Harvey was positive. "McFarland never shot anybody; he's got that reputation."

"Maybe one of the others done the shooting," Neverseek admitted, "but anyhow the cashier's died and there's hell to pay about it. The whole of Colorado's on the warpath; Wyoming too. We heard in town the Pinkertons had been called in and there's posses riding every place."

Harvey had built a fire and put the coffee on. McFarland, watching the blaze, noted how well his chimney drew. Thirty thousand dollars! There had been less than seven in the Guardcastle bank. And the cashier was dead. A man was crazy, trying to defend money that was not his and Alec, the fool, was too quick on the trigger. Now Pinkerton detectives were at work and that bunch never quit, and Colorado and Wyoming were upset. Doubtless the territory of New Mexico was upset too.

"It's a wonder the Wild Bunch ain't been down here," Linc Boston drawled. "There's eighteen, twenty thousand dollars in old man Puryear's bank whenever they make up the graders' payroll. That bank would be a cinch if I ever seen one!"

"They've got guards," Harvey reminded.

"Guards!" Boston scoffed. "Two old soaks that stand around wearing guns, telling how big they are. If three or four men made up their minds to take that payroll, there's nothing in Favora that would stop them."

Tom, the younger Neverseek, had taken no part in the talk. Now, "There won't be no payrolls for a while," he said. "The ground's froze on the mesa and the contractor's laying off his men. They can't work till it thaws. . . . Your coffee's ready, Harvey."

They drank coffee, then Linc Boston and the Neverseeks left. When they were gone, Harvey answered McFarland's questions. Boston and the Neverseeks lived in the Yegua, the big canyon that entered the Alesnado from the north, and each had a little bunch of cattle. After that, Harvey was uncommunicative for a while; he had been pondering something all day long.

Presently he broke silence and came at McFarland with a proposition. There was a lot to do around the place, for he had just moved in the month before. He couldn't pay much, but if Slim Johnson could help him out awhile ——

McFarland's horse was rested and there was money in his saddlebags—his part of the loot from the Guardcastle bank. Fleshpots beckoned, he was due for a drunk and a good time, but Pinkerton detectives and the sheriffs of two states were looking for the bank robbers, and any stranger moving through the country was sure to be suspect.

"I guess I can accommodate you," McFarland answered, "only I've been traveling pretty light. If I stay, I'll need some clothes and bedding."

"Sure," Harvey agreed. "We could go to town tomorrow. You buy what you want and, if you're a little short, I can let you have ——"

"I'd better not go in," McFarland interrupted. "I'll give you a list and you can get the stuff. I'd better stay and work on the corral."

So Bill McFarland worked on the corral and Harvey Miller took the wagon to Favora, a two-day trip. When he returned, late in the evening of the second day, he led a tall gray horse beside the wagon. McFarland, carrying supplies into the house, was eager to have the news from town, but all Harvey talked of was the horse—nothing about bank robbers, nothing about sheriffs. They were short on horses, Harvey said, and there was a trader in Favora with a bunch of them. He'd got the gray horse cheap, and when he said what he had paid, McFarland grunted.

"Horses ain't worth much," McFarland said, "but that's too cheap. There can't help but be something wrong with him."

In the morning they found out what was wrong with the gray horse. They had to tie up a foot to get the saddle on, and when Harvey mounted, the gray bucked wickedly across the corral, whirled, kicked at the fence, then reared and fell over backward. Harvey jumped clear and caught the reins as the horse scrambled up.

"Let's try that over," Harvey said. "Maybe you didn't mean it."

But the gray horse did mean it. Three times Harvey mounted, and each time the horse fell backward with him. That was enough, and Harvey lost patience.

"Get to the gate," he told McFarland, "and open it when I'm ready. I'll try to keep this baby right side up long enough to put him through it."

"He'll stampede when you do," McFarland warned. "Wait till I get a horse."

When McFarland had saddled and assumed position by the gate, Harvey tried once more. This time he did not mount, but caught the cheekpiece of the hackamore, pulled the gray's head to him and, holding cheekpiece and saddle horn, left foot in the stirrup, hung monkeylike beside the horse. Now, when the gray reared, Harvey's booted foot and leg thudded against side and belly. Methodically, remorselessly, he kicked the gray, and each kick brought a grunt.

No horse can take that sort of punishment for long. The gray quit trying to fall back, Harvey forked the saddle, McFarland opened the gate, and the horse stampeded. Out through the gate he went, bawling as he ran, across the little flat, through rocks and brush on the slope behind the house. Then, as suddenly as he had bolted, the horse quit.

"You've got yourself an outlaw," McFarland said as he reined in by Harvey. "What that horse needs is a good trading off."

Harvey's nose was bleeding, for the gray had thrown his head and hit Harvey in the face. Harvey's jaw was squared and his eyes sparkled.

"What he needs is riding," Harvey said, "and that's what he'll get!"

November had nearly ended when Bill McFarland came to the Alesnado and now, in mid-December, the days were short. In the brief daylight, Harvey and McFarland shaped things up for winter. They rode the flats east of the canyon, called on Amadeo Casaus, and threw back a few strays. They worked the Yegua, visited Linc Boston and picked up four old cows. They gathered thirty-two heifer calves, brought them to the meadow, and fed a little hay to keep them there.

Those little heifers were Harvey's pride. He had bought them that fall and had high hopes for them. They were foundation stock and would add the quality he wanted in his cattle. Harvey talked about the heifers, and he spoke, too, of other things; of his Uncle Otto and the camp by Palo Grande; of the ranch he meant to build in the Alesnado. And he talked about the gray horse, for, true to his promise, Harvey rode the gray.

"That horse has been abused," Harvey told McFarland. "Somebody sure mistreated him. His mouth is so scarred I can't use a bit on him, but he works good with a hackamore. You know, if the right man had got hold of that horse he would of made a dandy."

McFarland was skeptical. The gray horse was big and stout, and there were days when he behaved. But mostly he was purely vicious. He had not forgotten that first lesson and no longer tried to fall back, but Harvey had to watch him constantly. The gray never bucked on a flat place or in the open, but always downhill, through rocks and brush, where he had advantage of his rider. When he stampeded, it was along a rimrock or through timber. That big gray horse had murder on his mind. McFarland said as much to Harvey, but Harvey just laughed.

For Christmas dinner they had wild turkey, cooked in a Dutch oven, and on New Year's Day Harvey hung a calendar on the wall by way of celebration. They were caught up on the riding, and McFarland believed that it was time to go. Surely by now the first excitement of the Guardcastle bank robbery had died and the necessity to hide out was over. But he dreaded telling Harvey, and kept postponing the day.

So far, the weather had been clear and cold; now came a morning when low clouds banked in the north, presaged a storm. Harvey, surveying the cloud bank, commented that the hay supply at the corral was low; they'd better haul a load or two up from the meadow. Accordingly McFarland caught the work team. While he harnessed and hooked to the wagon, Harvey roped the gray. The gray had been bitten in a fight—a deep gash on the withers. Harvey doctored the wound, rubbing in gall cure, and dropped the box top. He bent to retrieve it.

For an instant, as he stooped, Harvey was off guard and the gray horse, always watchful, whirled and kicked him. Harvey struck the fence, rebounding from it, and the gray kicked again, then moved away. McFarland saw it all. Harvey fell, tried to get up and then dropped back, grimacing with pain as McFarland reached him.

"My side!" Harvey gasped. "Every time I breathe a knife sticks in me!"

"Lie still!" McFarland ordered. "Let's see how bad you're hurt."

McFarland knelt and his big hands were deft and gentle. His face was grave as he stood up, looked at the waiting wagon, then back to Harvey.

"I think he broke your ribs," McFarland said. "The best thing is to get you to a doctor."

Blankets, a tarpaulin, and hay under them padded the wagon box. McFarland helped Harvey in, covered him, and started, the wagon jolting on the rough road. The wagon would not do; McFarland knew it, and headed for Amadeo Casaus'. Six miles down-canyon, six more across the flats—it took three hours to make that meager distance. Amadeo had a spring buggy and a good fast team. He sent his oldest son to get them ready and helped McFarland carry Harvey in. In spite of the coverings, Harvey had chilled through. His face was gray with pain, but his first concern was for his cattle.

"You've got to go back!" he told McFarland. "There's a storm coming; if somebody ain't there, those heifers will scatter and we'll lose them. Amadeo will take me to town. You get on back!"

McFarland wanted none of that—his idea was to see Harvey safe in a doctor's care—but Amadeo sided Harvey. He would, Amadeo said, have Harvey in Favora in two hours; three men would crowd the buggy and there was no need to slow the team with extra weight. McFarland gave in reluctantly, and Harvey, warm and well bundled, was loaded on the buggy seat and hot flatirons tucked in at his feet. Amadeo buttoned the storm apron and had the team trotting before they left the yard. When the buggy was out of sight, McFarland climbed back into the wagon.

It was about two o'clock when he reached the house in Alesnado Canyon and stopped to unload tarp and blankets. From there McFarland drove on to the meadow, fed the waiting heifers, piled the wagon high with hay and hauled to the corral. All the time he worried about Harvey Miller. Surely by now Amadeo had Harvey in Favora, under a doctor's care, but still McFarland was uneasy, believing he should have gone along. He looked up at the leaden sky, and the first big snowflakes struck his face and melted.

At first the snow was scanty, by dark the ground was hardly covered, but in the night the blizzard struck its pace, and when daylight came McFarland realized the value of the canyon. Outside the rock house the snow sifted down or whirled in little eddies, but above the canyon walls was a blurred white fury and he could hear the high, harsh keening of the wind. McFarland fed the horses at the corral, went to the meadow and pitched down hay; beyond that he could do nothing.

For three days, that was his routine, but on the fourth the weather broke, turned still and bitter cold, and with a lead horse, bucking the drifts he could not circle, changing (*Continued on Page 98*)

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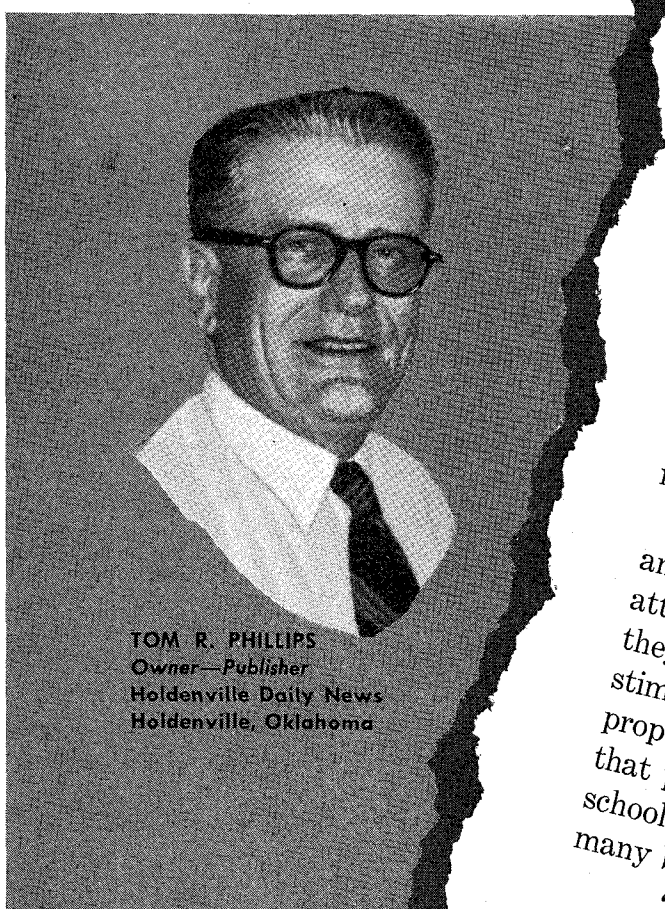
"No Thanks, I Don't Want Any"

Says Oklahoma Editor



TOM R. PHILLIPS
Owner—Publisher
Holdenville Daily News
Holdenville, Oklahoma

No Thanks, I Don't Want Any

A circular letter received by the editor and we presume by many others, advertises a big "saving" on fire and automobile insurance to which we have the following reply:

"No, thanks! We shall be obliged to reject the offer . . . We get reasonable insurance rates by purchasing our insurance protection from established, reputable local agents who are here on the ground and whose services will be available should we have a loss against which we are protected in the standard insurance policies in our safe. We would not be obliged to indulge in lengthy correspondence with some stranger in Kalamazoo, or Timbuktu. The local boys would be on the job, would check and report the loss, and settlement would be made without difficulty or quibbling.

"Moreover, the established insurance agents are our friends and neighbors. They help support our schools which two of my kids attended for about 10 years, and from which they were graduated; they help support the churches that provide me and mine spiritual stimulation; they help support the police agencies that protect my property against plunder; they help support the fire department that protects my property against fire; they help support the city, school district, district, county and state governments that bestow many blessings upon me.

"Why should I take my insurance business from these bene-factors, these friends, these fellow citizens and give it to some foreign concern that doesn't care a tinker's dam about our town, except for what profit they can extract from it?

"The few cents I would save on every hundred dollars of insurance protection I now have wouldn't begin to compensate me for the trouble and inconvenience in event of a loss. It isn't worth the difference.

"Cheap insurance is like any other cheap commodity; it's very apt to be more expensive in the long run."

Editorial—Daily News, Holdenville, Oklahoma

Yes, Mr. Phillips, there's only one kind of insurance—
THE BEST YOU CAN BUY!

That's the kind you get when you insure through your local agent or broker. He is your neighbor — on the spot to tell you what protection you need, and on the spot to help you should you have a loss!

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(*Continued from Page 96*) mounts as needed, McFarland went to Amadeo Casaus'. Amadeo was cheerful. He had returned home before the snow set in and he had good word of Harvey. Harvey had three broken ribs and was bruised from leg to shoulder from striking the corral fence, but the doctor had strapped him up and taken care of him.

"How long will Harvey be in town?" McFarland queried. "Or did the doctor say?"

"Who can tell?" Amadeo shrugged. "A month, maybe. Maybe longer. Until he gets well, anyhow."

McFarland had planned on leaving the Alesnado. He'd figured to ride south, perhaps to San Antonio, where he was not known and where there was warmth and pleasure, but in all his life, Bill McFarland had never quit a partner in a tight.

"I'd better get back home," McFarland said. "I've got cattle to look after. Thanks for everything, Amadeo."

The cow business is always a gamble, and in winter the game gets tough; no one knew that better than Bill McFarland. In Alesnado Canyon he had hay stacked on the meadow and long, grassy slopes and ridges that the wind kept clear of snow. He had, too, the shelter of the canyon, good saddle horses, horse feed in the shed and a sure wisdom concerning cattle. These were chips to shove into the pot, the cards he held. He played them carefully.

Following his return from Amadeo Casaus', McFarland rode the canyon every day, checking on the cattle. When he discovered a weak cow or one with a calf sucking, he surveyed her with calculating judgment, and if her condition warranted, brought her to the meadow to be fed. He could not bring too many—he had to stretch the hay—but he was prodigal of himself and of the horses. No ride was too long for him to take, no weather too cold to venture out in. Day followed day and McFarland lost all track of time.

There were a few breaks in the monotony. Linc Boston and the Neverseeks came down and were surprised to learn of Harvey's hurt. Amadeo Casaus rode over and spent the night. Amadeo had been to town and brought news of Harvey. Harvey had had pneumonia, but was recovered from it; the sickness had set back his return. McFarland looked blankly at Amadeo. Pneumonia? Harvey? He turned to the calendar and was amazed at the time elapsed since Harvey had been hurt.

Save for these visits, McFarland was alone. He worked and slept and ate and worked again in never-ending round. The tall walls of the canyon hemmed him in; at night the rock house trapped him. He was caught, and an angry resentment grew in him. It centered on Harvey Miller. If Harvey had listened, if Harvey had not been hardheaded and a fool, if Harvey had let the gray horse be, all this had never happened. McFarland asked himself what business he had here, and answered, savagely, that he had none. These weren't his cattle, he had no stake in them, and yet ——

Returning up canyon in late afternoon, McFarland found a cow with a newborn calf. He'd missed that cow someplace in his riding; she was old and weak and pitifully thin. The cow turned slowly to look at McFarland and offered no objection when he got down, caught the struggling calf and loaded it across his saddle. Mounted again, McFarland nursed the cow along, and each step she took was a victory. She fell twice, and twice he tailed her up, reloaded the calf and humored the cow along. When it grew dark, McFarland left his charges in the shelter of a cedar clump, rode home, filled two sacks with hay and brought them back.

"You'll die anyhow," he told the cow as he threw down the hay. "I'm wasting time on you."

But in the morning the cow was still alive, and with the calf across McFarland's saddle, they resumed their halting progress. It was near noon before they reached the meadow, and when McFarland put down the calf it butted vigorously against its mother's flank. A good warmth filled McFarland as he watched.

The little heifers, strong and thrifty, had not moved when he arrived. They

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Spring on the Desert

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

This isn't a spring
Of lilacs and bees,
Dense, clustery bushes
Or flowing green trees.

It clings to the ground,
Is guarded by swords;
Its flowers have daggers
Its blossoms have gourds.

It's scented and candle-like,
Prickly and fair.
Adore it! Adore it!
But leave it right there!

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watched McFarland with mild, inquiring eyes as he looked them over. They had the quality, all right; they'd bring good calves when they were old enough to breed. Looking at the heifers, watching the calf and the old cow, a vague dissatisfaction stirred in Bill McFarland; a faint desire that had no definition and that bothered him because he could not name it. He scowled at the placid heifers.

"To hell with you!" he said. "I won't be here to see what kind of calves you bring!"

At the end of February, Harvey Miller came back to the Alesnado and Bill McFarland changed his mind. In the long weeks, he had planned just what he'd do when Harvey came; he'd give Harvey a start, then go about his business, but one look changed all that. This thin, pale fellow who had come back from Favora could never stand the gaff; he might fold up and die if left alone. Amadeo Casaus had brought Harvey over in his buggy, and McFarland got Amadeo aside.

"He sure looks awful peaked," McFarland said. "Do you think he's all right?"

"He'll be all right," Amadeo assured. "Pneumonia's tough; it takes a long time to get your strength back after it. Harvey will be O.K. if you look after him."

When Amadeo was gone, McFarland fussed around fixing things for Harvey. He kept at it until Harvey stopped him and asked about the cattle.

"You've done good," Harvey said, when McFarland had made his brief report. "Real good, but you must of worked yourself to death. It's a good thing I'm back to help you."

That worried Bill McFarland. He knew Harvey, knew that Harvey would try to take his share of the load, and that he couldn't swing it. Still, there was no use in arguing—not now—but in the morning McFarland took a stand. Harvey's intentions were plain when they went to the corral, and McFarland had to tell him.

"Harvey," he said earnestly, "I've got all I can handle. There's calves all over and more coming every day. The bunch grass is sprouting and these old cows are wearing themselves out hunting it. You've got to take it easy. If you get down I'll have to let the cattle go."

Mixed emotions raced across Harvey's face, and then he laughed. "All right," he agreed. "I'll take it easy for a while. Doc said for me to. But you're a hell of a looking boss to be giving orders."

McFarland joined the laughter because what Harvey said was so. McFarland's hair was long and shaggy, he hadn't shaved and his clothes were about worn out. But mainly he laughed because he was relieved. He made his ride, and when he came in a meal was ready, and after it Harvey dug up a pair of shears—the curved kind brand inspectors use—and trimmed McFarland's hair and beard.

"You're kind of scalloped," Harvey said, when he surveyed the job, "but you look blamed near human."

For a while then they rubbed along. Harvey grew stronger every day, and presently began to ride a little; short trips at first, that got gradually longer. As he bettered, a change came over him. At first Harvey had been so glad to be back that nothing else mattered, but now he would lapse into spells of moody silence, and there were times when he snapped at Bill McFarland. Something was aching Harvey, and McFarland wondered what it was. Then, a full four weeks after his return, Harvey dumped his load. He was, by that time, riding every day, fully recovered from his sickness and injury. They had gone down to the meadow, and when McFarland bragged on the little heifers, Harvey stated that he meant to sell them.

"I have to," Harvey said. "I've got a note due at the bank the tenth of April. The heifers are all I've got to sell."

Worry and rancor were pent up in Harvey; he had to talk, and went on from that start. He'd borrowed from the Favora bank to buy the heifers, giving a six-month note with assurance that he could renew it. Now Puryear, who ran the bank, had backed out on the promise.

"I went to see him before I came home," Harvey said, "and he sure put it to me. There was a lot of stealing last year, and now that the graders are working, it's started up again. All the big outfits have lost cattle and they all do business at the bank. Puryear thinks Linc and the Neverseeks are doing it, and he asked me to spy on them."

"So?" McFarland prompted.

"So I told him I wouldn't do it, and he got sore," Harvey continued. "He said if that was how I felt, I could pay my note when it came due. He tried to crowd me, and I told him to go to hell. I won't spy on Linc Boston. He worked for the L Cross when I caught on with them, and he was good to me. Besides, like I told Puryear, I live right against those fellows and I've got to get along."

Again Harvey paused, and then, his voice bitter, "There's no use trying to be honest! It doesn't pay! A man no sooner gets his head up than somebody kicks him in the face. I'm going to the Yegua!"

Harvey left and McFarland began his own ride down the canyon. He could understand the thieving. Graders were hearty men who ate a lot, and the camp commissaries would make a tempting market for stolen beef. And he could understand the banker. Linc Boston and the two Neverseeks were just the kind to do a little rustling; from his talk, Harvey had that same idea. But Boston had befriended Harvey when he was just a kid, and Harvey was no man to forget a favor. McFarland scowled. Harvey had seen a lot of that bunch lately; they came down frequently, and most of Harvey's rides were to the Yegua.

A cow had got into the creek bottom and McFarland stopped to look at her. Deciding that she was all right, he started

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Your new furniture certainly is beautiful, Alice."

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on; then stopped again. Harvey was right about his cattle; nobody would buy cows and calves at this time of year—a man could hardly move them—but did Harvey need to sell the heifers? McFarland's saddlebags, back at the rock house, contained two thousand dollars, and surely Harvey didn't owe the bank that much. Why not take the money and buy in with Harvey?

McFarland dismounted, rolled a cigarette and debated the idea. There had been Wild Bunch riders who dropped clear out of sight, just quit and disappeared. Bill McFarland could do that, too, and the Alesnado was a fine place for it. The canyon was isolated, few came there, and nobody asked questions. That part was good, but what about Harvey Miller? Harvey would know the money wasn't honest and would be curious. The banker might be curious, too, but there were ways around the banker. It all came down to Harvey. McFarland had ridden back trails a long time and distrust was ingrained in him. Bill McFarland wanted to trust Harvey Miller, but could he?

That night McFarland hardly spoke, but his preoccupation went unnoticed, for Harvey had troubles of his own. So for two days, then coming in on the third day, McFarland stopped on the meadow. There were cattle all around him—the cows he had brought in; the little, sturdy heifers; the old cow he had saved. He knew them all, and knew, too, that he did not want to leave the Alesnado. There on the meadow he made up his mind. He would trust Harvey. He'd go in and lay it on the line. After supper, when they were loafing, he'd say, "Look, Harvey. I've got a little money, enough to pay the bank. How would it suit you if we threw in together?" He had no doubt of Harvey's answer.

McFarland's horse threaded through the cattle and splashed across the creek. From the south bank McFarland could see Linc Boston and the Neverseeks riding up the canyon. They waved, but did not stop, and he went on to the corral, unsaddled and turned his horse loose. At the house, Harvey sat beside the rickety table, figuring on a piece of paper. He glanced up as McFarland entered.

"Sit down, Slim," Harvey said. "I want to talk to you."

There was an excitement about Harvey; he was wound up tight as a clock spring. McFarland sat on the old packing box that served him for a chair, wondering what came next.

"I hate to do it," Harvey said, still looking at the paper, "but I've got to let you go. I can't afford to keep you any longer. Tomorrow's the thirty-first of March and you've been here four months, but I bought some stuff for you when you first came. I figure I owe you fifty dollars." He pushed the paper forward. "Here it is, if you want to look."

Anger, so hot and bitter he could hardly speak, welled up in Bill McFarland. "I'll take your word for it," he grated.

"All right, then." Harvey stood, pulled out a thin roll and peeled five bills from it. He put the money on the table. "There's your pay. I saved some grub for you. I've already eaten." He moved from the table, pausing by the door. "I'm going to feed the horses," Harvey said, and went on out.

For a while McFarland sat stock-still, staring at the money on the table. Harvey was broke; he must have borrowed from Linc Boston. Picking up the bills, he pocketed them; they were his wages. He had fought snow and cold and ridden every day, saving Harvey's cattle, and this was what he got; no thanks, no nothing. And he had decided to trust Harvey, to bail Harvey out, to save his worthless neck. How wrong could a man be, McFarland wondered.

It was dark when Harvey came back in, and McFarland was lying on his bed. Neither spoke. Harvey took his rifle—he had no other gun—to the fireplace and put wood on the fire. The fat pine blazed and by its light Harvey cleaned the weapon and loaded it. When that was done, he laid the rifle on his bed, sat down and pulled off a boot.

At daylight they were up and stirring, but there was no talk and Harvey would not meet McFarland's eyes. He dressed and, taking the rifle, hurried out. Presently McFarland heard him ride away. Evidently Harvey had kept a night horse up and was after the *remuda*. McFarland built a fire and put on coffee. He ate a good breakfast, for he meant to travel and wanted something in his belly.

Afterward, when he was making a slim blanket roll, he heard Harvey pound by with the *remuda*. McFarland latched on his gun belt, the heavy holster sagging at his hip, picked up the blankets and his saddlebags, and went to the corral. Harvey had roped the gray and put on a hackamore.

The gray was an easy keeper. For six weeks he had gone without a mouthful of grain, but he was strong and sleek. His ears were cocked and he blew softly as Harvey led him over to be saddled.

"You going to ride that horse?" McFarland asked.

"Why not?" Harvey brushed dirt from the gray and did not look around. "He's my horse and I ain't going to argue about riding him. I've got to meet some men."

Harvey's rifle, in a saddle scabbard, leaned against a rock. McFarland took two steps and was between man and weapon. "Harvey," he said. His voice was low, but Harvey turned to stare, wide-eyed, at the big gun in Bill McFarland's hand. Things had all fallen into place for Bill McFarland: Linc Boston's big talk about the graders' payroll. Harvey's tension, the rifle he had cleaned. Harvey was sore at the Favora banker, and he struck back when he was mad.

"You're figuring to hold up the Favora bank," McFarland said. "You and Linc Boston and the Neverseeks."

Harvey's face was proof of McFarland's statement. "What's it to you?" he demanded. "Who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm Bill McFarland," Bill McFarland said, "and I don't give a damn about the bank. But you ain't going to ride that horse. Now get on over by the fence and sit down!"

Six-shooter and hard eyes enforced the order. Harvey sat beside the fence and Bill McFarland watched him and watched the canyon. Harvey had said he was to meet some men, so likely Linc Boston and the Neverseeks weren't coming for him. But then again, they might.

Harvey stirred restlessly. "How long do I have to sit here?" he asked.

"Until I tell you to get up," McFarland said.

Time drawled by, unbroken. The horses stood, hipshot, and dozed. Harvey sat by the fence and Bill McFarland waited. Once Harvey asked if he could get a drink; McFarland told him no. An hour went by, and then another. Harvey wanted a cigarette. That was allowed; McFarland rolled one too. The sun had climbed and it was hot in the corral. Linc Boston and the Neverseeks weren't coming and it was time to leave.

"How much do you owe the bank?" McFarland asked. "I've wondered about that. You never told me."

"Nine hundred dollars." Harvey's voice was sullen. "The calves cost six hundred and I borrowed a little more to run on. What do you care? You ——"

"Shut up!" McFarland bent, opened a saddlebag, and, lifting out a sheaf of bills, began to count them. When he had finished, he folded the money and stuck it in a crack between two poles. "That's a thousand dollars," he announced. "I'll buy into your outfit. I'll be your silent partner." His laugh held no mirth. "Damned silent; and you be quiet too. Get up now and put my saddle on that gray."

"Are you going to take him?" Harvey got to his feet.

"I've got to. If I leave him here, you'll ride him and he'll kill you. Now put my saddle on him."

McFarland's saddle was in the shed. McFarland took the rifle and watched while Harvey brought the saddle out and laced it on. He added blanket roll and saddlebags himself. Then, still holding the rifle, he looked at Harvey.

"Don't get no fool ideas," he warned; then cheeked the gray and, still holding the rifle, mounted slowly. The gray horse stood for it. The gray had had one lesson in that pen; he did not want another, and he sensed that this rider was prepared for trouble. Firm in the saddle, McFarland spoke again. "So long, kid. I'll leave your rifle on that big white rock around the bend. Now open the gate and turn me loose!"

Harvey opened the gate and McFarland circled the pen, driving the other horses out before him. A man who rides the back trails takes such precautions automatically. He drove the horses on across the little flat, left them and went on. At the turn he looked back. Smoke eddied from the chimney he had built and Harvey still stood at the corral. Beyond the turn, McFarland placed the rifle on the white rock, then he pushed along.

At the mouth of Alesnado Canyon, he turned a little north, aiming to miss Amadeo Casaus' and then swing east again. The sun, noon-high when he left Harvey, had slipped toward the west. Six miles passed underfoot and then McFarland saw a rider on the Favora road. It looked like Amadeo, and it was. They reined in, side by side.

"Leaving?" Amadeo asked, eying the blanket roll.

"Just going to town," McFarland lied. "What's new?"

"Plenty!" Amadeo's grin was white in his brown face. "Lots of excitement in Favora. Linc Boston and the two Neverseek boys tried to hold up the bank this morning and got caught doing it. A guard shot Linc through the leg and Dolf Neverseek had his horse killed under him. They got all three of them in jail. You'd better come home and eat with me. I'll tell you all about it. I was there."

McFarland glanced at the sun, then shook his head. "No, thanks, Amadeo," "I'd better get along."

Amadeo did not insist. He said, "So long," and went on down the road. McFarland turned the gray horse east, thinking as he traveled. Linc Boston and the Neverseeks had tried it without Harvey. Linc had a bullet through the leg and all three were in jail, but that did not mean the bank could not be robbed. McFarland had a thousand dollars left. When that was gone, he'd get Jack Kusch and Alec Perry. They'd look Favora over and if the sign was right they'd take that payroll. Eighteen or twenty thousand, Linc had said, and ——

The gray horse topped a rise and, seeing the brushy, rock-filled slope below, bogged his head and bucked down it with wicked, twisting jumps. McFarland rode him. At the bottom of the slope, the gray horse ran away, crashing through the cedars. It was a favorite trick, one he had played on Harvey, but McFarland had ridden more bad horses than Harvey had ever seen. At the first clearing, McFarland reached down the right rein, wrapping it around his hand, taking a short hold. He stuck his right leg out and used his weight and pulled. The gray horse, turned halfway inside out, forgot about stampeding. He almost fell before he stopped.

Bill McFarland laughed, his shoulders squaring as regret slid from them. He'd been a fool back there in Alesnado Canyon; crazy to think he could stay there, contented, punching cows. Now he was free again. He sent the gray horse on, riding alert and watchful, knowing the gray was watchful, too, waiting for the next opportunity that came his way. Regretfully, Bill McFarland shook his head. The gray horse was big and stout and he could surely travel, but McFarland couldn't use him. Someplace along the line he'd lose the gray; sell him, trade him, get rid of him someway. For outlaws need horses they can trust; not horses that are outlaws. THE END

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Roadhouse Woman (Continued from Page 37)

huts. There was a smudge of smoke in the sky; then a couple of shabby filling stations and a sign proclaiming the existence of a town and naming it. It was PATATA.

"Reckon this is your town," the truck driver said. "I'm hauling to a wildcat up beyond. Ain't nothin' between here and there."

"Good enough. Thanks."

Jerry swung down from the truck on the main drag. It was about three blocks long, with a motley collection of stores, bars and eating places. All the buildings were old, weather-beaten; mostly frame. There was a church steeple off the drag to the right, with the foothills crowding close behind it, shelves of rock angling upward with the hint of space behind them. There was no motion-picture theater and there were no TV aerials in sight. Jerry approved that. There had to be entertainment of some kind, probably his brand. At the edge of town he found what he was seeking.

There was a low, rectangular building with a sign that identified it as GARCIA'S PLACE, proclaiming in Spanish that it was a place of refreshment and of entertainment, with music, dancing and three kinds of beer. Jerry Lawlor read and spoke Spanish, after a fashion, as he played the guitar. He had learned from men who, like himself, followed the rodeo trail. There was much time in which to learn skills, and few skills to learn, along that route. A man concentrated on the few that he had a chance to learn and, if he was interested, he became pretty good.

The light was dim in Garcia's. A big, barnlike room extended back from the bar. In the afternoon it was merely a resting place for shadows; at night it would be a dance hall. There were tables ringing the open space, and an upright piano on a raised platform midway between the bar and the rear wall. Jerry photographed it all in a glance; then faced the only two people in the place—a slender, dark-haired girl behind the bar, and a big man who sat on a bar stool with one elbow resting on the bar. They were looking at him, silent, curious. Jerry was not interested in girls at the moment. He addressed himself to the man.

"You the boss?" he said.

The girl's scornful laugh cut across the inquiry. "He is not the boss," she said. "He is the lazy man who drinks when other men work." Her eyes rested on the guitar case, then lifted to Jerry's face. "You are the musician? You want a job?"

"You guessed it, sister."

The man laughed, and there was scorn in his laughter for an Anglo who sought a job in a place that was Spanish. The girl glanced at him and her chin lifted.

"This is not the place for the man with many dollars in his head," she said. "It is the place for poor men with money in their pockets, poor men who earn the money by digging the potatoes and baling the alfalfa and doing the things that a man must do."

She spoke to Jerry, but he knew that the words were intended for the man at the bar. Jerry waited. The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"To play music is to work too," she said. "We need the musician. The boss plays the guitar, but he is too busy to do it. You will show me what you do."

She moved lazily out from behind the bar and strolled toward the piano platform. She was small and she moved with arrogant grace. Her blouse was red and she wore a wide-swinging skirt of green and yellow. Her black hair was straight, uncurled. She jumped lightly to the platform and seated herself on the stool. There were two chairs, and she waved Jerry to one of them. The piano was incredibly scarred and scuffed, but her fingers called square-dance music out of it. Jerry drew the guitar from its case. He tuned it, watching her; when she nodded to him, he came in. He could play square-dance music in his sleep. She let him carry it, abandoning the piano to dance around the platform. She snapped her fingers.

"*Bueno*. Now you play Spanish, yes."

"*Sí*."

He smiled at her. For no particular reason he was beginning to like her. He warmed up on Carmen music, a little La Paloma, some Cuban rumba; not caring much what he played, so long as it had a Spanish beat. The girl undulated her body, scarcely moving her feet. Her dark eyes glowed and there was a dazzling whiteness in her smile. She went through a pantomime of snapping her fingers for a while without snapping them; then she snapped them once.

"I think yes," she said. "You sing?"

"Some."

He trailed his fingers over the strings, reaching for something. She leaned toward him. "Spanish," she said.

He gave her *Adiós, Mariquita Linda*. It was something he had learned from experts, from homesick vaqueros who put heartbreak into it. He did not think of it as a love song until the girl went back to the piano. She leaned toward him, commanding his song for herself, playing her own accompaniment to a soft, velvet-smooth voice. It was easy to sing with her, and to her.

He had forgotten the man at the bar. He was aware of him suddenly, with no time to prepare for him. The girl's fingers crashed the keys and her singing broke on a frightened cry of "Pedro!" The big man vaulted to the platform and there was blind, blazing anger in his broad face. Jerry pushed his chair back, but he had no chance of gaining his feet. The man wrenched the guitar from his hands and the heavy arms swung it like a club.

Jerry went down under it with the dark depths opening before him, bright lights swinging high. The girl's voice was a sound in Spanish, indistinct and far away, a thin sound on the edge of silence.

There was daylight behind a cracked and dirty shade when Jerry awakened the first time. The light hurt his eyes and he closed them again. The next time he opened them, the girl was in the room. He stared at her for several moments before she was aware of his regard. She looked startled then, her eyes widening.

"Ah, you have decide to live. I was thinking maybe you are a corpse that breathes." She crossed the room swiftly. "What can I do for you?"

He blinked, struggling with a confused memory. He had vague pictures in his mind of the girl bending over him, doing things for him; many pictures, all of them blurred.

"How long have I been here?" he said.

"Days. You are very sick. You have the doctor one time."

He struggled to sit up, but the effort was too much. In that brief struggle, however, he had a view of the room—a narrow room with one window. It was night and there was a small lamp lighted on a dresser. There was an iron bed and a chair and the cot on which he lay. He was suddenly embarrassed, as only a youth of nineteen who lived in a man's world could be embarrassed.

"You—you took care of me," he said.

"But of course. Certainly! There was no one else. It was my fault that you are hurt."

He had to close his eyes again. "How?"

"I was very stupid. The big buffalo was angry with me, so he beat you. It is the way of a man, and I should know it."

He did not want to talk about "the big buffalo." He did not want to talk at all. The girl understood. "I have the kitchen," she said. "I will get the soup for you. It is good to have when you are sick."

He was not certain that soup, or anything else, was good to have. He had disordered memories of nausea and vomiting and racking pain. He was embarrassed again. He tried to find a sequence of events in his memory, but there was nothing but the one vivid picture of a big, snarling man and a lot of scattered dream, or nightmare, sequences. His fists clenched, but it was an effort to clench them. He could not have killed a fly with them.

The girl came back with the soup, and he could see her clearly now. She was prettier than he remembered; round-faced, with large dark eyes and full, beautifully shaped lips. Her skin was dark ivory with rose tints in it.

"How did I get here?" he said.

"The man who brings the beer came. He is big, strong. He carry you to my place. It is not far."

Jerry wondered, as he ate the soup, what would have happened to him if the girl had not taken him in. As far as this town was concerned, he was just a tramp without money. Disaster had fallen on him before he got a job. The girl sat on the chair, her hands clasped around one knee. She seemed delighted that he was able to eat.

"I have prayed for you," she said simply, "and now I know you will be all right."

She took the soup bowl away and he heard her washing it in the kitchen. When she returned to the room, she asked him if there was anything else he wanted. He shook his head.

"Only your name. You didn't tell me," he said.

She smiled, pleased with him. "Maria," she said; "Maria Gonzalez."

There were, probably, a million girls named Maria Gonzalez, but she gave her name pride and dignity and a certain beauty in the way she spoke it.

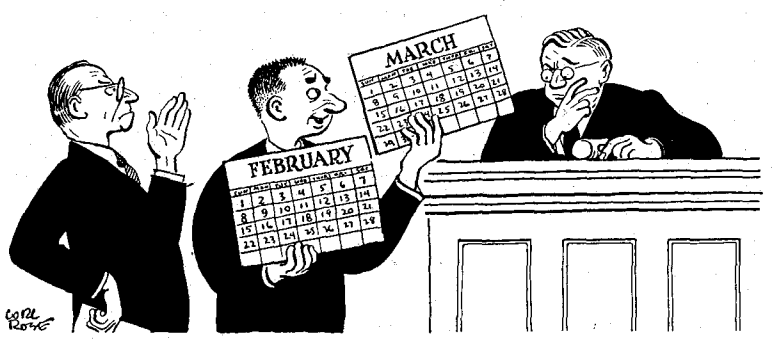
"I am Jerry Lawlor," he said.

"Jerry!" She weighed the name on her tongue and rejected it, frowning slightly. She found the name again in Spanish and her eyes lighted. "I will call you Geromo," she said. "I like that. But it is very late. Good night, Geromo."

She turned out the little light and he heard her undressing in the darkness. He did not look toward her, wanting to do so, yet respecting something that he could not put in words; the fact, perhaps, that this was the only privacy Maria Gonzalez had and that she had shared it with him because he was helpless.

He lay staring at the ceiling for a long time after her regular breathing told him that she was asleep. He was remembering the big man now as a human creature, divorced from the nightmare, a fat lounger at a bar, loafing while other men worked. Before the last horse, Jerry might still have gone down before a man that big, but the man would be hurt first; he wouldn't just hit, he would be hit. Remembering how it actually was, Jerry's jaw tightened. In the nightmare, man and horse had been confused in his mind, but there was no confusion now. He did not hate the horse.

The girl slept late, long after the light grew strong behind the cracked shade. When he heard her stirring, Jerry rolled over and faced the wall. He did not turn around until she spoke to him. She served him a breakfast of ham and eggs. It surprised him (*Continued on Page 105*)



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

When Joe received thirty days in jail for drunken driving, he knew it would cost him his job and leave his family hungry. So he begged the judge to sentence him to sixty half-days, to be served from seven P.M. to seven A.M.

"That way," Joe pleaded in court, "I can serve my sentence and at the same time support my family in the daytime."

But the prosecutor objected.

"Thirty days means thirty full days," he argued. "What does Joe think our jail is—a hotel where he can check in at night and out in the morning?"

If you were the judge, would you let Joe serve half-days?

• •

Joe lost. A higher court rejected his plan as "absurd," pointing out that such a scheme, if tolerated, might lead to longer sentences being served "only during the months of the year that would be most convenient to the defendant."

Based upon a 1953 Arizona case.

(Note: State decisions are not always applicable in other states. In Wisconsin, for example, a state law permits county-jail prisoners to go out and work days, and return to jail at night.)

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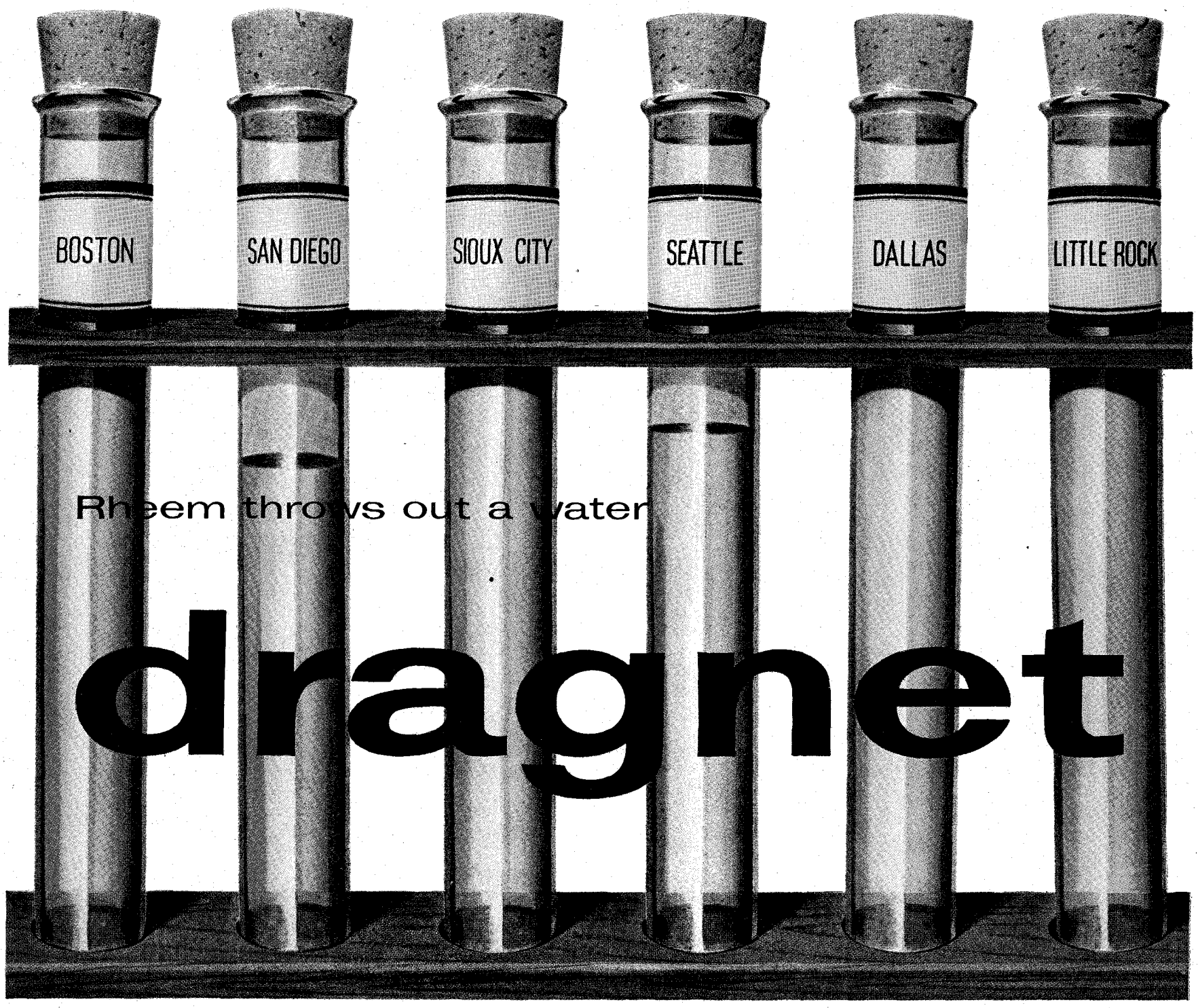

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We call several of our engineers "water detectives." Their beat covers 17 areas of the United States chosen for hard, soft, acid or alkaline water conditions—conditions typical of water supplies in all parts of the country. Assignment: keeping tabs on how well Rheemglas and conventional water heater linings resist the corrosive, wearing effects of these varied waters. These men use delicate, scientific scales that can weigh even pencil marks on paper to check the before-and-after weights of lining samples exposed to extra-hot water in test heaters. And they report that *everywhere* Rheemglas, made from the famous Rheem Frit* stands up better and resists the chemical action of hot water. It's only one of many steps Rheem takes to build long life into its water heaters . . . to give you all the hot water you want, and need, all the time.

*Frit—a mixture of silicates and other chemicals which, when applied to inside of water heater tanks and fired, forms a porcelain-like coating.

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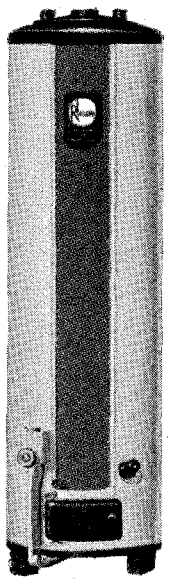

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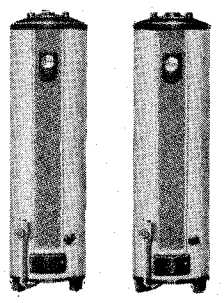

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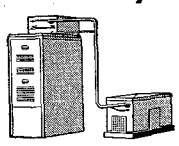

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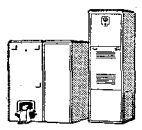

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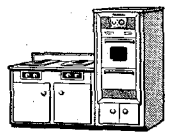
—new, dramatically styled ranges with 3-way Select-A-Broiler. Enjoy true "custom" cooking in a broiling compartment that quickly becomes a rotisserie with two spits, a regular grill broiler, or a deep pan broiler for barbecuing.



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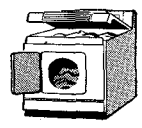

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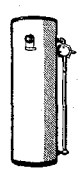
(gas or electric), with the exclusive Clothes Saver Compartment for the most delicate fabrics—even nylons, orlons. The Wedgewood drys up to 20 lbs. of regular clothes *at the same time* it is drying your delicate fabrics.



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(*Continued from Page 102*) to discover that he was hungry and that food tasted good.

"There is not much to do in daytime at Garcia's," she said, "and I work most at night. I play the music. I sing. I dance a little when I feel like it. There are other girls to dance. This week the wife of the boss, Dolores, is sick, and I go there in the afternoon too."

He did not ask what she did before she came to Garcia's. It didn't matter. Somewhere she had learned to play the piano, and the accomplishment gave her rank and station. She could wait on tables when she was needed or serve drinks from the bar, but she was a musician, an entertainer. In a Spanish town all distinctions were important.

After the girl left, Jerry tested his legs. He walked up and down the room, rested a while, then walked again. His shirt had been laundered and was on a hanger behind the door. There were bloodstains on his trousers, but they were faint. Maria had tried to remove them. He dressed slowly, painfully, when the girl left again after supper, and he walked up and down in the darkness outside. Maria's two rooms were in a lean-to addition to a shabby frame house west of Garcia's. There was a family with children in the main part of the structure. He considered that fact thoughtfully. A sick and helpless man in Maria's rooms was one thing; a convalescent was something else.

Maria was cheerful when she came in late that night. She sensed his depression and she made conversation. She told him the legend that was older than the town; the legend of the Indian maiden who jumped from the high point of rock beyond where the Catholic church now stood because her lover was of another tribe and she could not marry him.

"It is beautiful," she said; "more beautiful than sad, no? But it is not funny. Love is never funny."

She tried to tell him something funny. From the beginning of the town, this country was a place of potatoes. Men sought oil and uranium without finding what they sought, but a man, if he worked hard, could make his living from the potato.

"Because this is true," Maria said, "the name of this town is Patata, which is the potato that is Spanish. But it was not so in the beginning, no!"

In the beginning, she explained, men called the town San Patata, which, in Spanish, is Saint Potato; but that was changed when the first priest came.

"The priest said to them that this is a sin, that the potato does not go to heaven. And the men ask him, very serious, how they make a living in heaven if the potato does not go there."

She laughed softly, delighted with her own story. "It is a joke," she said, "but nobody laughs. With the good Spanish joke, everybody laughs tomorrow, not now. With this, even the priest laughs tomorrow, but the name of the town is changed. That is funny, no?"

Jerry admitted that it was funny, and he laughed with her, sharing her enjoyment, but the things that he wanted to say to her had to wait till tomorrow, if their laughter did not. She was already reaching for the light. Her eyes were soft for a moment, looking at him.

"It is good that you are happy, Geromo," she said. "And now, *buenas noches.*"

He turned his face to the wall, and there was warmth in him, and nameless longings. He was an orphan, raised by an uncle and an aunt to whom he was a Christian obligation and a duty, but never an object of affection. He had known few girls, and those few shyly, inarticulately, self-consciously. He lay awake long in the darkness, conscious of every creak and rattle of the iron bed when Maria moved. He wondered if what he felt for her was love, and how a man could know. He was feeling something—something that ached inside of him and kept sleep away.

In the morning after Maria was gone, he walked in the yard. He sat on a dusty crate when he tired and he looked at the sloping rock that rose behind the town.

It was not so difficult as he thought that it would be to climb that rock. There was a street with an easy grade that passed the Catholic church, and a curving path beyond it. He rested often, but in less than three quarters of an hour he had climbed it. He stood on the edge of a cliff that dropped sheer to a dry creek bed a hundred and fifty feet below. Jerry turned away. He did not think about the Indian girl who was supposed to have jumped down there. He didn't believe any part of the story. He had known many Indians and he just couldn't imagine it.

He lay with his hands behind his head for an hour after he returned to Maria's, staring at the ceiling. She was all around him, in the things she owned and wore. There was a small crucifix on the wall and there were two highly colored lithographs of the Holy Family and of the Virgin of Guadalupe. There was a pink garment not long enough to reach her knees. It was lying across the bed that she did not have time to make before she left, so he knew that it was her nightgown, or whatever it was called, the something in which she slept. Her powder was spilled on the dresser top, and it had a strong scent. There was a green ribbon on the floor.

Jerry knew all of those things, and where they were, without looking at them. There was something else; a fountain-pen gift box on the dresser top near the spilled powder. He rose suddenly and picked it up. The pen inside was cheap, like the box, a ball point that, obviously, had never been used. He went on a quiet search for paper. Everything that she owned was in the two rooms. She did not own much. There was no paper. The calendar on the kitchen wall advertised a filling station. None of the months had been torn off. He tore off the month of January and wrote slowly, laboriously, on the back of it.

"Dear Maria," he wrote, "thanks. I won't forget. Someday I'll do something for you."

He hesitated; then signed the note, "Geromo."

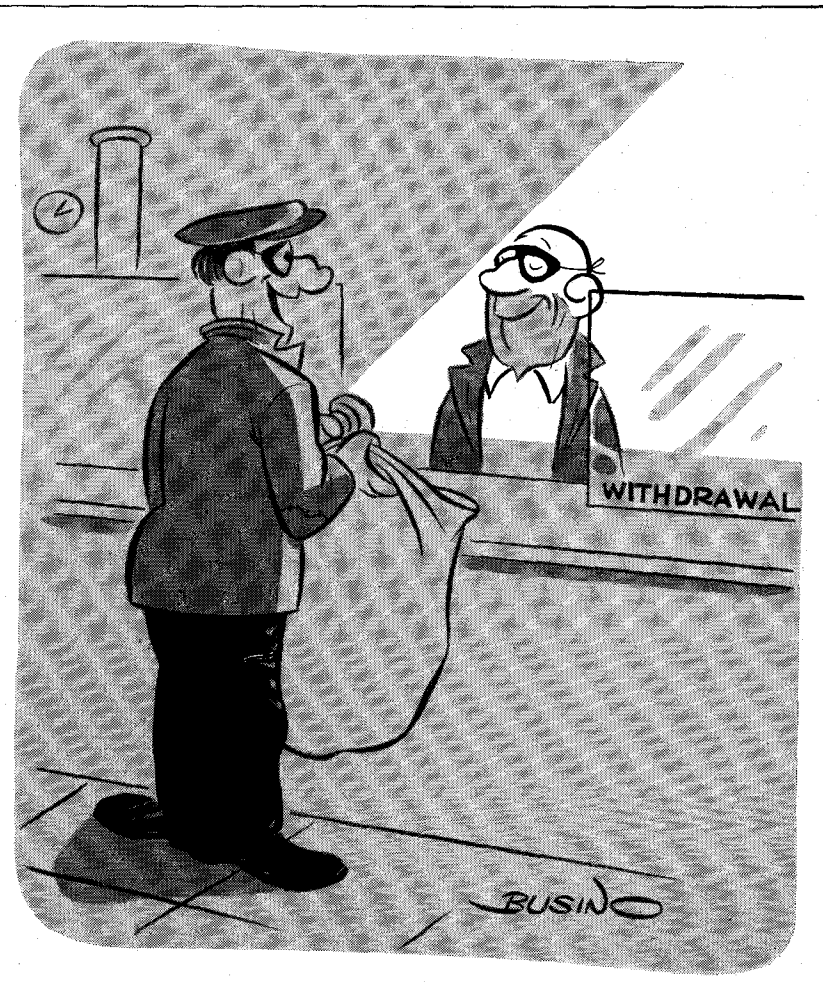
There were two crumpled dollar bills that he had not owned in the right-hand pocket of his trousers. He did not discover them until he reached the highway. He stood for a moment, weighing pride against his necessity; then he walked back and placed one of the bills on the table under his note. He kept the other one because he was unsure of himself now in strange territory without the guitar.

A truck that was hauling pipe picked him up and he didn't ask where it was going. It was going somewhere.

Jerry Lawlor lived. He washed dishes and he swept floors and he did odd jobs where he found the jobs, sleeping wherever he was permitted to sleep, eating whatever was given him to eat. When the winter closed down on the western slope, he was working for a man named Lindstrom in a town of six hundred people. Carl Lindstrom operated a hotel of fifteen rooms, which was never filled to capacity even in the summertime. He had beds and warmth and food. He could afford to offer a handy man his necessities for whatever the man could do.

At first, there was not too much that Jerry could offer him. As the weeks went by, however, Jerry's body came slowly back to life. He shoveled snow then, and he cut kindling, and he did odd jobs of carpentry.

When he had developed new muscles, Jerry fought grimly with a big man named Pedro down snow-covered walks, and lashed into him with the ax that split the piled lengths of wood. At night sometimes he thought of Maria, but not often;



"I'd like to close out everybody's account."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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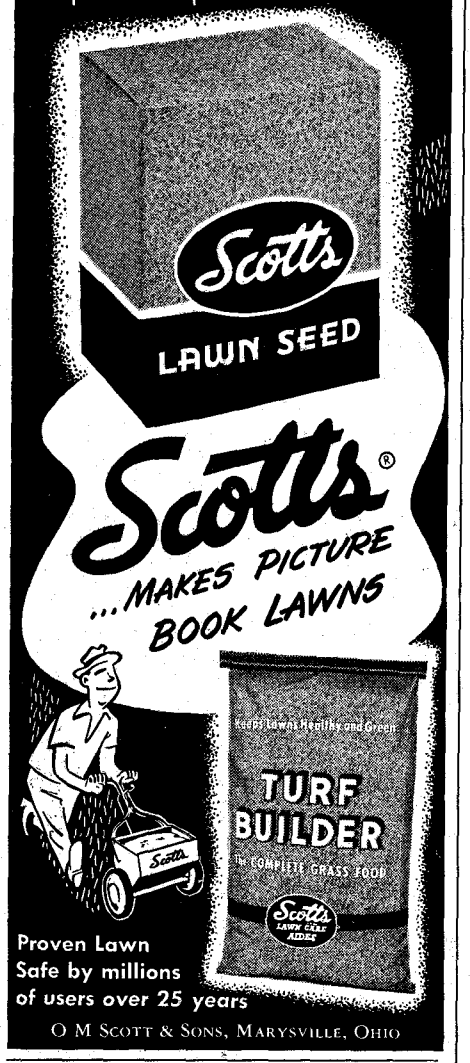

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JOLLY TIME POP CORN
BEST FOR HOME POPPING!

when night came, he was too tired for thought. The big man was a job that he had to do, a score that he had to even, a fight that he had to fight. He could think of him through the day, and the thinking gave his muscles a goal, a reason for being, an objective needing strength. He ate well and he slept well; he worked hard and he grew.

The winter was long and with the spring he went out with a highway crew that repaired the ravages of winter. He was the lowly member who kept track of tools and hauled water, ran errands and did innocuous things such as restoring fallen highway markers to their proper places. By June he was driving a truck for a highway contractor, and in July he went into the woods, with all other available manpower, to fight a forest fire. The fire lasted for ten days and he stood up to the work, the smoke, the loss of sleep, the irregular meals, the fatigue of forced marches, the danger. He knew, when the fire was out, that he was whole again.

In early August, after the fire, he went to Denver with one of the trucks. He had money in his pockets and sound working clothes. He went down on Larimer Street where the pawnshops are and he priced guitars. He found one with a deep, mellow tone, a black one that felt right under his calloused hands. It was better than the one he had had when he went to Patata. He held it, savoring the moment, proud in the knowledge that he could afford it. Then he saw the wrist watch.

It gleamed brightly from a box lined in velvet, small, bright, feminine. He thought of Maria, seeing her, seeing the watch on her slender arm. She did not have a watch. There wasn't a clock in her two rooms. She never knew what time it was, save by a certain instinct that told her to go to work, to eat, to go to sleep. Jerry pointed to the case.

"How much is that?" he said.

It cost more than the guitar. Jerry looked at it. He could buy it. He laid the guitar on the counter, turning his back on it. He lifted the tiny box containing the watch. There was hardly any weight to it.

"Wrap it up," he said.

He went back to the highways and a man's work. The summer sun stained his skin and the labor swelled his muscles. He had a sure feeling about Pedro now, and he did not have to think about him. He could take him when the time came, and he would. He thought more often of Maria. He had a present for her and he was patient.

It was the fall once more when Jerry Lawlor came back to Patata. The aspens were gold in the passes and the chili peppers were scarlet strings on the small houses and the huts. His job had come to an end with September, and he rode the back trail as he had ridden out, hitching a ride with a trucker. He stood on the main drag and he looked at Garcia's sign in the distance. It was late afternoon, too early for her to be going on the night trick yet. It wasn't reasonable that the wife of the boss would still be sick. Maria would not be working in the afternoon.

He strode out swiftly, slowed with the sudden thought that she might be gone from Patata; then speeded up again, impatient to know. The house and the yard were as he remembered them. No one had moved the crate on which he used to sit. Everything, like the Spanish joke she told him, was tomorrow; nothing ever got done today. He knocked on the door.

She was no longer young. The year had taken some of the rose tint from the ivory of her skin. Her eyes were not so bright and her mouth not so full. She was thinner and no electricity flowed from her. She opened the door and stood there, her clothes hanging limply on her. She did not know him.

"Don't you remember me, Maria?" he said.

"No." She stared at him impassively; then she leaned suddenly forward, her eyes widening in recognition. "Geromo! It is not possible!" Her hands darted out, her fingers digging into the hard ridges of his forearms. "I am so glad for you," she said. "I am afraid that you are dead."

"I could have been once."

There was swift fright in her eyes. "Why you come back?"

"Many reasons. To see you."

"No. Sit down, Geromo." She did not invite him in. Nothing was as he had planned. Jerry sat beside her on the crate. "You are strong," she said. "You have come back to look for Pedro. You must not. It was not his fault. He is a good man. I made him jealous and I knew it. It is the way of women."

Jerry knew then. He frowned, not looking at her. "He is a bum," he said curtly.

"No! You do not understand. One man digs the potato, makes a little money, gives it to a girl. It is all he has, very little. Another man says the little money of the potato is not enough for his girl. He has a big dream. He wants her to have many pretty things."

Jerry's fists tightened. "So he's a bum, without even potato money. He doesn't give her anything."

Maria's hand rested on his. "A woman does not care, my Geromo. It is good for her that he wants her to have many things. That is very good for a woman."

"It makes it easier for him too."

She shook her head. "No! It is harder for him, harder than to dig the potato."

There was patience in her voice, pleading in her eyes. She wanted him to understand, but Jerry Lawlor couldn't understand. He made a slashing, impatient gesture with his right hand.

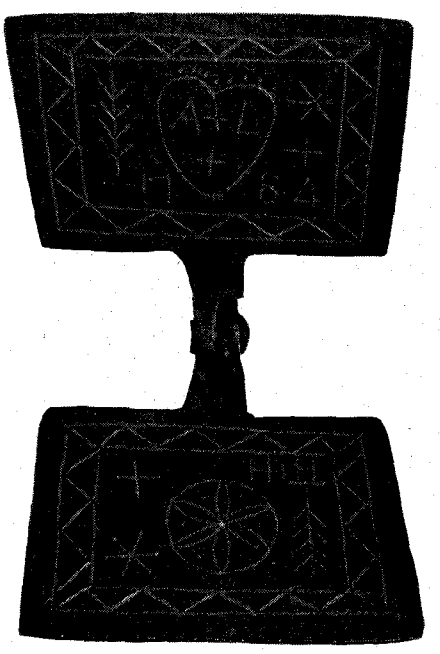
"O.K.," he said harshly. "That's a Spanish joke. I'll laugh tomorrow maybe." He plunged his hand into his pocket. "I wanted you to have something pretty too. I brought you a present."

"A present?"

She turned to him, startled, and her voice was a child's voice, surprised, excited. He placed the tiny wrapped box in her hand. She stared at it for long seconds; then her hand closed on it possessively.

"I must have light to see it," she said. "It is getting dark here." She rose swiftly, hesitated a moment. "You come in with me, Geromo," she said.

He entered the room behind her, the room that he remembered so well. She turned on the small lamp on the dresser. The crucifix and the two lithographs were still on the walls. His cot was gone. So was her narrow iron bedstead. The room had a double bed now. The precious *Certificado de Matrimonio*, in a dime-store frame, hung below the lithograph of the Holy Family. Maria was tearing the wrapping from the box.



How's Your Pioneer Instinct?

This hinged device, consisting of two iron plates about five by seven inches, is preserved in Old Sturbridge Village, Massachusetts, as a relic of living during the American Revolutionary period. Can you name it and its use?

It was called a	It was used to
BIBLE RACK	Hold personal Bibles in church.
LEATHER PRESS	Emboss book covers.
WAFER IRON	Cook thin pastry wafers.
VALENTINE PRINTER	Print early Valentines.

Barlow Bridges

CORRECT ANSWER:
A wafer iron, made in 1784. Batter was poured in, the two griddles closed, and the wafer cooked over an open fireplace.

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The wrist watch was gleaming glory against the dark velvet, a thing of flashing reflection, of daintiness, of femininity. Maria looked at it, hypnotized. Her eyes lifted slowly to Jerry's.

"I have never seen one so beautiful," she said. She thrust her left arm out. "Show me how it works, Geromo."

He wound the watch, and his fingers trembled when he fastened the strap clasp on her wrist. She held the watch away from her, looking at it, turning it one way and then another. She held it against her ear and listened to it tick. The clasp fascinated her and she played with it, opening it and snapping it shut.

"Geromo," she said, "I cannot talk."

He could not talk, either. The thought came back to him that he had known a year ago—that to enjoy the enjoyment of Maria was better than anything that he could have for himself. She took the watch off and put it on again, frowning slightly as she struggled with the clasp, smiling when she mastered it. She sighed at length, removed the watch from her wrist and replaced it carefully in the box. She held it, looking at it, then extended the box to Jerry.

"Geromo," she said, "you have made me very happy. All my life I will remember."

He stared at her, not comprehending. When he did not take the box, she tried to force it into his hand. "Someday," she said, "you will have a girl and you will give her this."

"I gave it to you."

She raised her face to him. Her eyes were wet. "It was very sweet. I will think of it and it will always be my present, Geromo. It will always be mine and I will think of it."

"You've got to keep it."

"No. I cannot." She shook her head slowly. "Never in all of his life can Pedro give me this. It is what he wants to do, Geromo, and he cannot do it."

There was finality in her voice. A fact was a fact and it could not be altered. When she looked at him there was mystery in her eyes, and the excitement was gone. She was no longer a child; she was a woman who knew that she was a woman, and that he was a boy. Jerry accepted the box reluctantly, respecting something that he could not understand.

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" he said.

She smiled at him. "But no, Geromo. You have done more for me than you know. I will always love you a little."

She kissed him, holding his face between her warm palms for a moment; then she walked with him to the door.

He stood on the highway, waiting for a truck, and the lights were on in the town. He thought briefly of Pedro, no longer hating him, no longer caring. Yesterday was over and everything was tomorrow. This Pedro, whatever he was, had found the love of a woman. It was something that Jerry had yet to know.

It was a long wait for the truck, and he thought about Maria, understanding for the first time the gentle sadness of *Adiós, Mariquíta Linda* which he had learned from the vaqueros. His hand closed around the small package in his pocket.

The yellow lights of a truck gleamed on the highway then, and he raised his hand to them.

THE END

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Two Birds

By R. H. GRENVILLE

Night Bird

There is a little bird that comes and cries
Over the fields at dusk—a kind of plover,
I think you said. All day long it lies
Low somewhere, secure in cunning cover,
But darkness brings it out on furtive wing,
With plaintive pipings, flying to and fro.
A sorrow, too, is a nocturnal thing
That calls and cries, not knowing where to go.

Dawn Bird

Into a blue, swift, upward rush of air
He loosed the joyous arrow of his flight
And song burst in upon us everywhere—
No more intrigued the ear than charmed the sight.
Then the vast hollow darkness of despair,
The gloom within a gloom, sprang leaks of light
And morning trickled in. Too late aware,
Trapped valley shadows fled without a fight.

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Treasure at Tandem Key (Continued from Page 49)

one. Tide began ebbing before dawn. But we ought to keep looking on the flood, too, for awhile, anyhow. Might not show up right away."

Pete was already getting into his clothes. . . .

The Poseidon made one hurried circuit of South Tandem from her berth at the dock, over the reefs to the southern tip and around the eastern side, where she had to slow somewhat, as the water over the Bahamas Banks was shallow. She came back more slowly. By then, the flotilla of newspaper-inspired treasure seekers was on duty. The assorted boats watched every move of the Poseidon, but, since she was cruising continuously, and apparently without any plan, few essayed to follow.

On the second trip around, Crunch noted with approval that a skiff containing Pete Shade was patiently moving along the shore in search of a good drop for bonefish. A little later he caught sight of George Shade—identifiable in the distance by his sombrero—putting out with the same intent. When the Poseidon rounded the south end of the Key and came up along the banks side, he also saw two women—Wonder and her mother—strolling along the beach below the isthmus, shell hunting, apparently. That meant they, too, had been told what to watch for.

Crunch made his sweep back slowly, taking over an hour and extending it to the change of tide. From the canopy, where he steered, he could see every square yard of the blue, choppy water offshore. Des, with glasses, could see even better. The water near the beaches was pale blue. Over the reef it was dazzling ultramarine. Out where the Gulf Stream flowed—beyond feasible depths for diving—it looked purple cobalt; and all of it seemed incandescent in the light of the hot sun. But there was no green or greenish water anywhere.

"It had to go through and come out," Crunch said repeatedly to Des.

The mate always nodded. "Sure. We'll sight it."

But they didn't.

"Maybe," Crunch said dubiously, "we should have swung around the North Island too? Lord knows where an underground cave goes!"

"You said it headed due west."

"Yeah. The first ten feet of that hole did. Beyond that, how could I tell?"

At one o'clock, when the tide was running in strongly and there was no more likelihood that dilute dye might be oozing into the sea, they came back into the harbor, leaving behind at various points around the key a fleet of puzzled and disgusted observers. Pete and George abandoned their bonefishing at the same time—hardly logical, since an incoming tide is ideally suited to angling for that species. Wonder and her mother gave up shell hunting.

They ate lunch at the Inne. Afterward, walking out to a stretch of deserted beach, they held a council of war.

"Maybe," Pete suggested, "you didn't put in enough to show. Maybe we ought to go back tonight and put in the whole carton of cans."

Crunch shook his head. "One should do it. We'll try two, or maybe three, tonight. Fifty would stain half the sea around the whole key."

"What you ought to have done," George Shade said, "was to have dreamed up this bright scheme before you had an armada of sight-seers out there."

"It only occurred to Crunch later," Pete said defensively.

"That's what I mean," George grunted. "If you'd had a man around who was accustomed to getting action ——"

"You mean," Wonder said hotly, "you'd have thought of it right away?"

"It was obvious, after all!" The big Texan laughed.

Wonder looked at Pete. *Here*, her look said, *is one more chance to tell your conceited brother where to head in.* But Pete was merely nodding to himself, as if he agreed that he and Crunch should have thought faster.

The afternoon passed, not very amicably. Mrs. West began to talk again about getting back to Palm Beach as soon as the wind dropped. George chafed about the delay in obtaining the parts his engines needed. Crunch, along with Des, having nothing to contribute, went down to the dock—which was quieter than the crowded Inne during the day—and took long naps aboard their boat.

Crunch was awake when Towsy Martin came in and headed for the dock. Towsy was jubilant, and Crunch was as close to envy as he could get, which was not much closer than pleased sharing. For Towsy's cruiser was flying a marlin flag. The sun had set and the sky was an improbable painting in reds and yellows. The blue pennant flickered proudly on Towsy's port outrigger and the fish was a beauty—five hundred and twenty-eight pounds. Crunch helped with the weighing.

Afterward—after Towsy's elated customers had started up to the Inne to celebrate, Towsy took Crunch aside.

"Tell you what, Crunch," Towsy said, casting his eyes about the dock to make sure he was not being overheard, "I found a real nifty place to fish! On account of the steer you gave me—to fish not to treasure hunt—I'll tell you where it is."

"Mighty decent of you, Towsy, but I'm kind of afraid my party is going to break up tomorrow."

"You might be back one of these days. Look! Ever notice on the chart how the bottom comes up—offshore about a mile—south and a little west of South Tandem? Come up to within, I'd say, thirty feet of the surface? Like an island that never quite did emerge?"

"Can't say I have."

"It isn't exactly a reef," Towsy answered. "Just a big sand pile with some rocks in the middle. And a funny thing—water around there is greenish, not blue, like you'd expect offshore. At least it was greenish in the morning light, though it looked normal blue in the middle afternoon."

"Odd," Crunch said idly. "Ever get a chance, I'll troll around there."

They started in darkness. The wind had dropped, as Crunch had predicted two nights before. And they started without engines, Crunch and Des walking the Poseidon along the dock to its end and letting her drift out to sea on the tide. Wonder and her mother were on board; George and Pete were in the water alongside. They managed to guide the slowly moving vessel through the anchored boats and yachts until she drifted gradually out toward the spit that protected the harbor. There, touching bottom, the men in the water kept pushing the hull away from the shallows and out toward sea. It took a long time to cover a mile in that fashion.

The east became a paler darkness before they rounded the spit. But once there, in the open sea, with a swell running from the south, they started the engines.

When the sun rose they were nearing the undersea sand pile Towsy had described. Des was up forward with the anchor, Crunch at the top controls. Beneath the smooth, clear sea, Crunch could soon observe the sandy rise of ground, so far offshore that they had previously ignored it. The water in the area was, he suddenly saw, faintly greenish—as Towsy had stated. Crunch grinned. Not all the dye had run through the long tunnel on a single tide. More of it was emerging.

Where the sand rose up Crunch saw the darker bottom—rocks in the center of the big mound. He nudged the Poseidon into the two or three acres of darker water and beyond.

"O.K., Des."

The anchor splashed, upcurrent of the rocks. From below, Wonder called, "Somebody's coming!"

Crunch picked up the glasses. Some boat—unidentifiable at that distance—was indeed throwing white water as it poured down toward them from the harbor.

"Maybe we better up-anchor and move on," Pete said worriedly.

Crunch thought a moment. "If they're watching us—which they doubtless are—

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they've already seen the hook splash. So they know we're interested. Might as well go ahead. If it's what we think, we'll know pretty soon, anyhow. Maybe before they get here."

Pete, Des and Crunch hurried into diving gear and splashed, one by one, from the ship's small ladder into the warm sea. Their flippers showed on the smooth surface for a second or two and, one by one, they dived. The women and the man on board could follow them as they swam away astern, toward the green-blue rocks. Presently only their bubbles on the surface showed where they were searching.

George Shade had not volunteered to dive with them, and nobody had urged him. "I'll keep the gals company," he had said. "If you find the loot, I'll come down and help you gather it up."

Now, as he sat looking at the place where the divers were working, he stiffened suddenly and pointed. "Hey!"

Wonder came to his side. She, too, saw what had startled George—a long, blue shape that moved toward the boat, halted; then wheeled and hurried away. A great fish with a long, black bill.

"Shark!" George said anxiously. "Monster shark! We better let those guys know to come out!"

"It was a marlin," Wonder answered. "I saw the bill. I don't believe marlin attack people."

George sat back in the fighting chair and wiped his face with a bandanna. "Looked like a shark to me," he said.

Mrs. West spoke acidly, "I thought you were an old skin diver too?"

"Well, I am, actually. Out of practice a bit. And I never dived in these waters. Dangerous, I'd say, offhand."

"Certainly it's dangerous," said Mrs. West. Either the tension of this morning or the pill Crunch had given her had eliminated every symptom of her usual *mal-de-mer*. "Here comes that boat!" she added firmly.

The Buddyboy narrowed the distance between the two cruisers. Her engines were cut presently, and she drifted closer. Wonder, who had not remembered to take her movie camera from the Marytay on the day Pete had hung the marlin, had subsequently made up for the lapse—though there had been nothing to shoot save what she called "island color." She now photographed the Buddyboy as it approached.

Her mother muttered, "They sure have a crowd!" She gasped. If she had known him by sight, she could have recognized Mr. Z. Z. Bentley in that crowd.

The Buddyboy was by then anchoring fairly close. Men were preparing to dive. "Do something!" Mrs. West said urgently to George. "It's possible they might somehow, by luck, be the first!"

George cupped his hands and bellowed, "Pull off, you boys! We're fishing this area!"

"I bet!" Alcott Drammel yelled that and laughed.

"I think," Mrs. West said anxiously, "we ought to get help. After all, what we want is probably right here. We have the legal right to be first to look!"

"Go ahead," George agreed. "Call the island. I think you can do it by way of Miami."

"I haven't the slightest idea how to use that gadget, George," Mrs. West answered. "You'll have to."

George got up, but when he went below he examined the equipment uncertainly; it was not like the radiophone on his plane. Meanwhile, men began to drop from the Buddyboy and stream down through the clean sea toward the rocks.

Crunch, Des and Pete had swum side by side to the center of the coral boulders. They had fanned out from there, swimming rapidly, looking eagerly. For twenty minutes it had been an unrewarded search—a search exactly like that which they had conducted among the reefs along shore. Crunch had put a great jewfish to flight and scared two small sharks from their sundrenched resting places on patches of sand. He had examined the sides and bases of many formations and picked his way through gardens of sea fans and corals.

He heard the Buddyboy come up, but had the impression that she had continued on, after drifting for a few minutes. She had merely restarted her engines to place her anchor more favorably.

Now, rounding a big rock in the sun-dappled wilderness, he saw Pete holding to a branch of coral. Pete beckoned. Crunch spurted ahead. They "stood," all but floating, in front of a cave that opened

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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between two great rocks which met above the mouth of the cavern. Pete pointed. Crunch nodded. Water, visibly yellow-green, was eddying from the huge hole. The hole itself was almost round and its diameter great enough for a man to enter, standing.

Both swimmers nodded. Both reached and patted backs under the sea. Then Crunch gripped Pete and touched the slippery, fouled rock wall. There, deep-cut, was the lightning flash and the big initial *E.* Crunch wondered why all the prior treasure hunters had never seen it. Surely some must have conned even this area with glass-bottomed buckets. He looked up and perceived that the rocks which met above the cavern also sloped forward, so that only a man in the sea, level with the ancient carving, could observe the markings. Endibbie had had no intention of leaving his cache where chance might reveal it.

His upward glance prevented disaster. Crunch sensed more than saw, above and behind them, swift motion. He whirled in time to see a descending diver, flippers blurring, harpoon gun aimed. Crunch shoved Pete with all his might, using his arms and legs. The tremendous push moved Crunch a distance aside, equal to the distance Pete was moved. And the harpoon—a three-foot steel rod attached to a heavy cord, its head sharp and deeply barbed—drove against the rock between them with an audible, metallic thud.

The man who had shot at them deliberately—who would have pretended he thought them fish—turned when he saw he had missed. But Crunch grabbed the harpoon. At the same instant Pete locked his flippered feet around a coral knob and grabbed Crunch. Their attacker had taken several turns of his line around his wrist, foolishly. The two men on bottom pulled him down.

It was Drammel. For a moment, as the big, black-haired man struggled to get free from the hampering line, Crunch wondered how to get rid of him. To knock him out under water would be difficult because of resistance. Even to fight with him would be hazardous. But, as the man came floundering and tumbling closer, Crunch knew what to do.

He reached out swiftly and caught Drammel's air hose, yanking it from his mouth. The man straightened in a spasm of panic. Pete reached, too, and together they yanked off the air cylinders strapped to Drammel's back. Then they boosted him toward the surface, thirty feet up. Drammel wouldn't drown, but he wouldn't be back in a hurry.

At that instant, Crunch felt his own artificial windpipe pulled from his mouth. He rolled hard, reached back, twisted a brawny hand and recovered the breathing tube, putting it in place, gasping for air. A second harpoon glittered past his face mask. He could see sand churning where two men had attacked Pete. The man who had grabbed at him, and then shot at him, swam toward him again. Crunch came in close. It was the man from Tampa—the bald-headed one. He wasn't any match for the skipper. Crunch grappled with him, rolled round and round in the sea, tore his air hose away, and kicked him as he raced for the surface and air.

He saw Pete, similarly stripped, being shot up through the sea. Crunch now engaged the attention of the two men who had attacked Pete. They swam toward him cautiously. Crunch swam away several feet. They halted, obviously trying to decide whether to follow Crunch or to go back to the cave. One of them drew a long knife from his belt and flashed it menacingly at Crunch. Then both turned toward the opening. Crunch followed.

He let them swim in, part way. Then, shooting from behind a man-tall, purple sea fan, he ripped the flippers from the feet of the nearer man. Without them, the man lost some of his power to maneuver and much of his underwater confidence. He grabbed his companion, hauled him out into the light, pointed at his bare feet and started to the surface. The other man, however, had the knife. He swam at Crunch warily. But he did not get very near. A form swept along the bottom, turned on its back, reached up, and Des yanked out the man's breathing tube. Des then braced his legs against the man's belly and pulled the hose loose from its air tank. The man at the same time slashed down with his knife, and the water where Desperate's legs pushed became red. . . .

When Drammel surfaced, gagging, coughing, striking out heavily for his boat, Mrs. West shouted, "George! They're having a fight down there!"

The Texan was staring into the sea. "Yeah! I can see 'em, now and again!"

Mrs. West tugged air cylinders and a plastic lung across the deck. "They need help!"

Wonder, meantime, hefted a marlin billy and held it out. "Take this!"

"They'll be O.K.," George said nervously. "After all, I taught Pete to swim and dive! And fight!"

"There must be half a dozen of those men!" Mrs. West was shouting now as if George Shade were deaf. "And only three of our boys!"

George Shade had begun sweating. His face was like the pale marl on the bottom of the sea. His eyes probed the clear green water where shadows turned and tumbled around the rocks.

"Odds won't worry old Pete," he mumbled.

"I can swim," Wonder said tautly. "I could at least dive down with this club."

"Don't be insane!" Mrs. West cried. "Here! Here's a knife! Maybe they need that! How can you tell? The treasure's right here! Perhaps they've found it! Men get desperate! . . . Wonder!"

Wonder had stripped off her pale gold linen dress and stood in underclothing appropriate to a hot climate. She would have dived. George Shade's powerful arm encircled her, lifted her back on deck.

"No use everybody getting killed," he said in a glassy tone.

Another man broke the surface, treading water, sobbing for air.

Then Pete appeared. "Get me another lung ready!" he bellowed. "Get me a club! There's mayhem down below!" He swam a powerful crawl, surged up on the ladder, seemed not to notice that Wonder was immodestly clad, or, rather, unclad. What he saw was his brother. His eyes dilated.

"Fellow," he panted, "we need you!"

"You're doin' fine," George muttered.

"Found the cove!" Pete panted. "They're trying to get in first—and stop us! Come on!"

Wonder and Mrs. West helped Pete into the plastic lung. He eschewed the knife, accepted the marlin billy, glanced once more, incredulously, at his brother and dropped under the surface.

Two more men had appeared above the cave entrance. Crunch knew he was using up his air. When he saw them slanting down, he shifted into the cave with Des and changed over to a new tank of air. He was frightened now. He had no idea how many men were on the Buddyboy or how soon Drammel and the Tampa man would come back. He knew that when they did come back, they would be well armed. And he had another reason for fear: Des was cut pretty badly. A long, deep rake on the muscle beside his right shin. It bled heavily, staining the water. Blood in such water was —— Crunch didn't have more time to think about it.

The pair from the Buddyboy were probing into the cave, using long steel rods, pointed and bright. But now, Crunch and Des were in semidarkness and their attackers had to enter from the blue-green region outside the cave mouth. They did it cautiously and when they were several feet inside the cave, Crunch and Des grabbed the spears, pulled them up hand over hand, reached out and again ripped loose the air hoses of the two divers, yanking and hauling until the hoses broke. The men kicked free and swam upward.

Crunch and Des finned into the light again and watched them go up. Crunch motioned toward the Poseidon and Des nodded. They streaked in that direction, breaking the surface near the ladder. Crunch pushed Des up first and followed. He ripped off his own mask. He bent over Des and ascertained that the cut on his mate's leg would need stitches, but wasn't going to damage the leg permanently. Then he saw George—and so did Des.

George was wearing a plastic lung now—the last they had. He was standing on the stern, looking down. His face was wet with the sweat of fear, leaden with its color. The women had put the rig on him but he hadn't dived.

"Where's Pete?" Crunch snapped.

Wonder pointed. "Down there, looking for you."

Des stared over the stern. "Here he comes!"

The young Texan made for the ladder and came aboard.

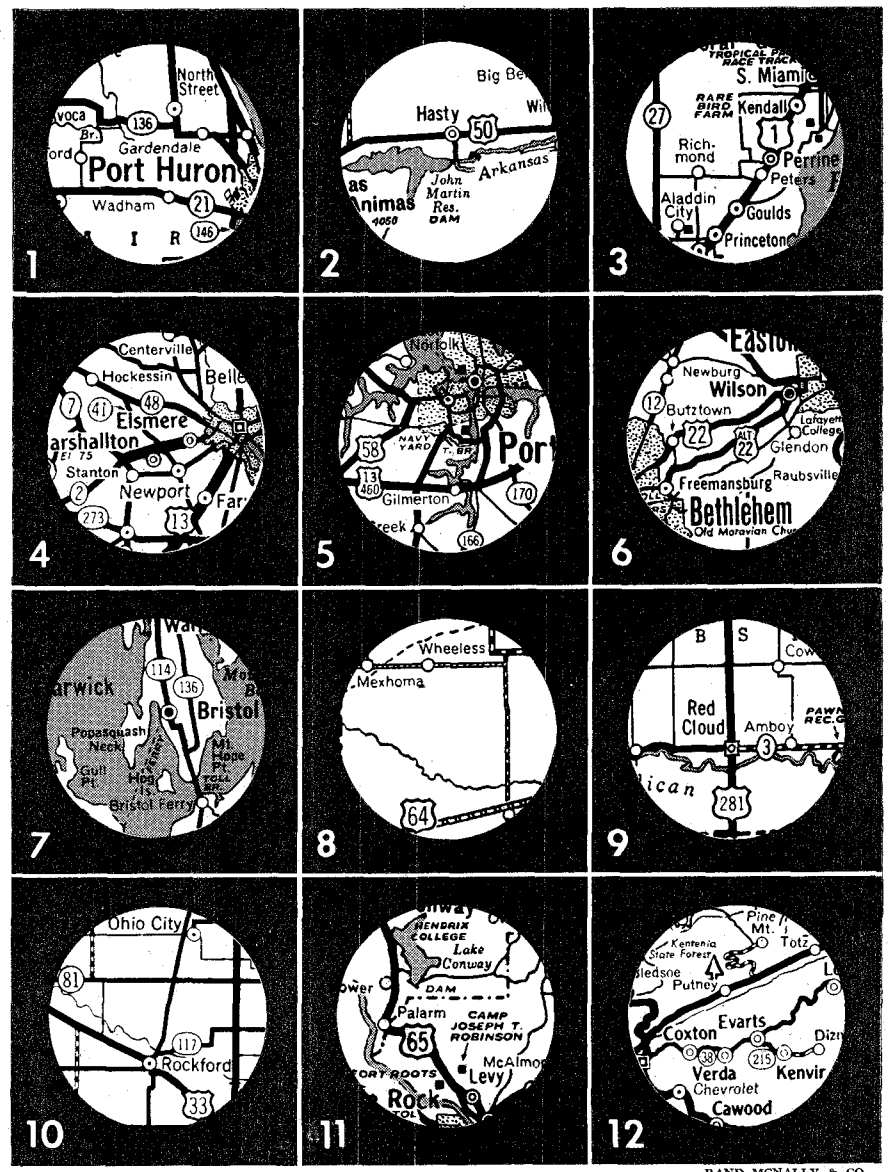
Crunch stared across the water at the Buddyboy. Her stern cockpit swarmed with men and the noise of their angered voices came to the skipper's ears. There were possibly no more volunteers ready and willing to go down to the cave. Or perhaps, the Buddyboy's diving gear was largely out of commission. Certainly, they were sore and arguing. Crunch recognized Bentley, grinning faintly at the infuriated pandemonium, and heard a shrill, weird cry from George. The Texan had lost his balance. He fell into the sea astern, with a great splash, and floated away slowly.

Wonder, aware that everybody else was aboard, thought to take a picture of the Texan's dilemma as he commenced swimming and yelling for somebody to give him a hand. Then George screamed. Wonder screamed at the same instant.

Crunch, having unshipped his air tanks, rushed astern. Des, who had gone below trailing blood, reappeared—a single surge brought him up on deck.

"It is a shark!" Wonder said. She was pointing.

Alongside George, a mako moved slowly, as if (*Continued on Page 112*



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on page 113*)

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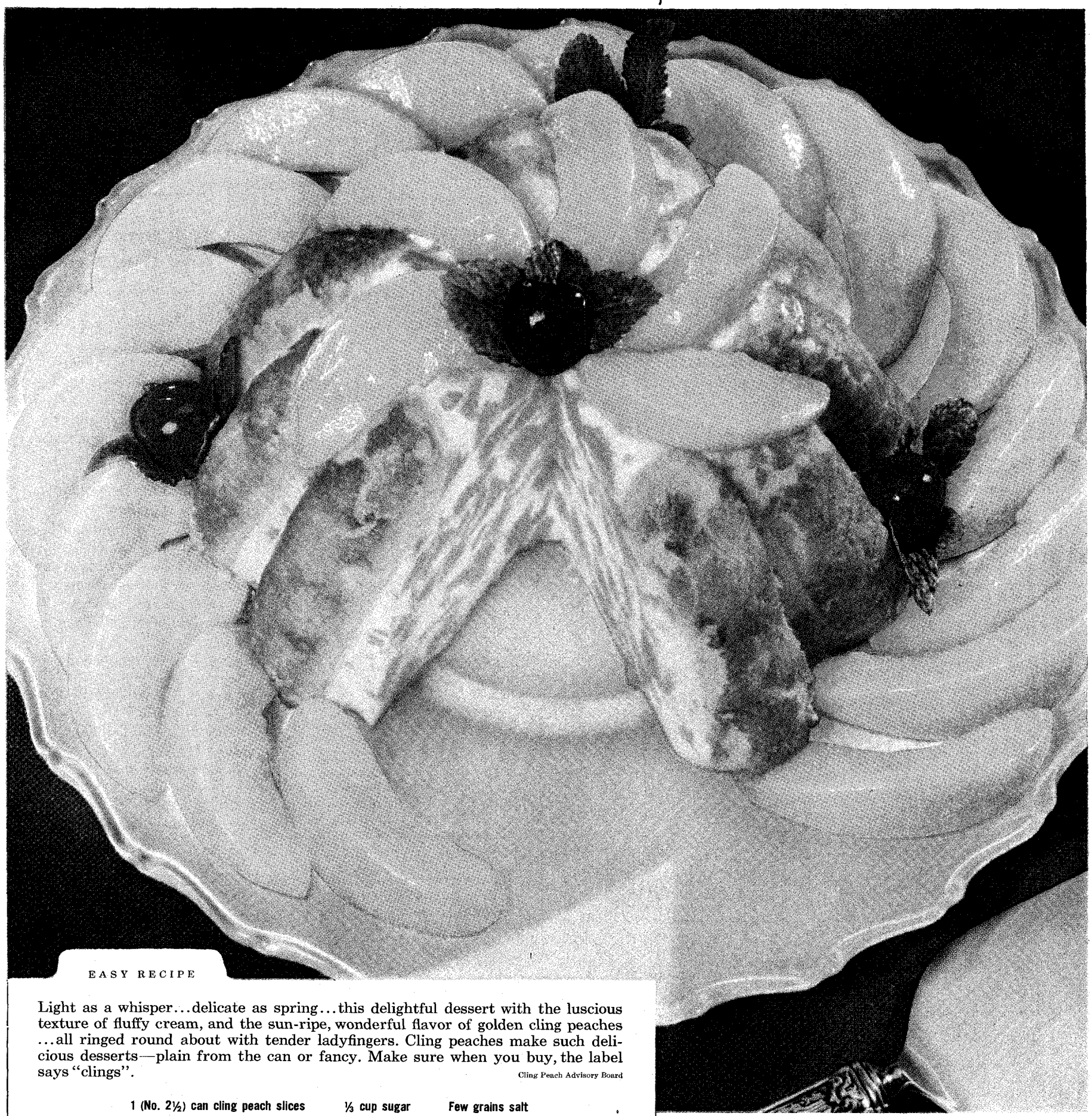
COOL 'N LOVELY PEACHES 'N CREAM

Cling Peach Lady Bavarian



EASY RECIPE

Light as a whisper...delicate as spring...this delightful dessert with the luscious texture of fluffy cream, and the sun-ripe, wonderful flavor of golden cling peaches ...all ringed round about with tender ladyfingers. Cling peaches make such delicious desserts—plain from the can or fancy. Make sure when you buy, the label says "clings".

Cling Peach Advisory Board

1 (No. 2½) can cling peach slices **⅓ cup sugar** **Few grains salt**
1 envelope (1 tablespoon) plain gelatin **¼ cup lemon juice** **½ cup whipping cream**
6 ladyfingers **Maraschino cherries** **Mint sprigs**

Drain peaches, reserving syrup. Crush 1½ cups peaches and combine with ½ cup syrup, sugar and salt. Heat. Soften gelatin in lemon juice, and dissolve in hot peach mixture. Cool until slightly thickened. Fold in whipped cream. Split ladyfingers and line sides of buttered 1-quart mold with them. Spoon peach-cream mixture into mold, and chill until firm. Unmold, and garnish with remaining peach slices, cherries and mint sprigs. Makes 5 to 6 servings of a new dessert that's a joy to serve...a pleasure to eat!

CANNED **Cling Peaches** FROM CALIFORNIA

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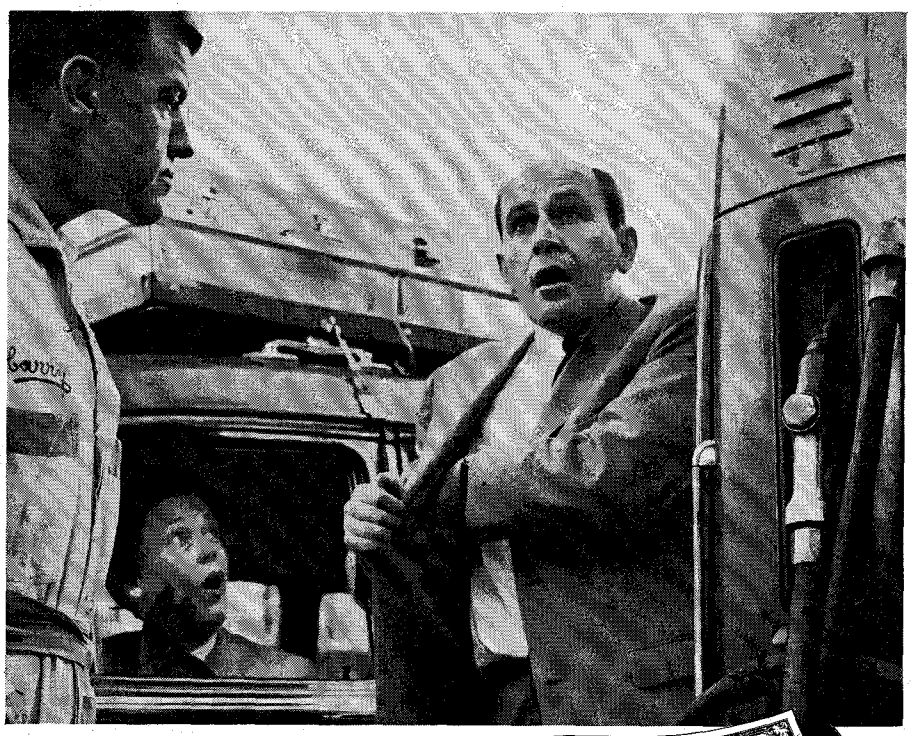
Never carry more cash than you can afford to lose



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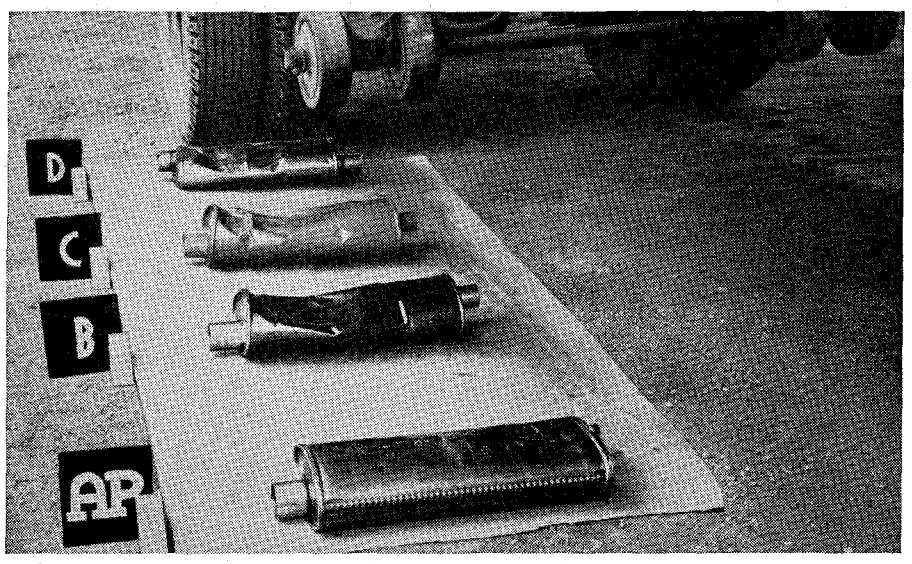

IN RECENT COMPARATIVE TESTS MADE BY MOTOR VEHICLE RESEARCH, the AP passenger car muffler (foreground) withstood this crushing 4720 lb. wheel load far better than other leading makes.

AP MUFFLERS GIVE CARS MORE POWER MORE GAS MILEAGE...LAST ⅓ LONGER

Dual exhaust systems are being featured this year by the big majority of car manufacturers on their new models. Without them they couldn't deliver their increased power, because powerful engines put tremendous demands on mufflers. This points up the vital need of having the best muffler on the market—especially if your car has only one muffler.

An ordinary muffler builds up excessive back pressure—puts a strain on an engine—and robs you of horsepower, gas mileage, pick-up and acceleration. It will even cancel out the effects of a motor tune-up and all the high-test gasoline you buy.

At no extra cost, an AP muffler will give you the power and silence you want—plus greater protection against carbon monoxide. Its up to 40% heavier steels give it extraordinary life. Its superb inner construction makes it practically clogproof. And its patented double "Air Liner" shell creates sound-deadening chambers that insulate against both heat and noise.

See your AP muffler Specialist. He will TAP, LOOK and LISTEN for power loss and leaking carbon monoxide.

AP MUFFLER Specialist — REGISTERED — EXPERT EXHAUST SYSTEM SERVICE

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Mufflers and Pipes • Miracle Power • dgf 123

(*Continued from Page 110*) savoring the scent Des had left in the water, and marking down the swimming man. George was only a few feet from the stern, but he had seen the mako's fin—near enough to touch. He now lay paralyzed in the water.

What happened, happened in seconds. The mako turned and approached George, its mouth opening. Wonder stood transfixed, the camera in her hand whirring unnoticed. Pete grabbed the knife he had rejected, leaped to the gunwale and dived straight at the shark. Crunch, remembering, thrust the horrified Mrs. West aside and charged under the canopy. His still wet fingers found the engine buttons and pressed. As the motors caught, he thrust up the throttles to full speed and cut the switches.

"It went away!" Mrs. West said feebly.

Crunch raced astern where Des was already bending over the ladder. In the water, Pete—fully possessed, sure that he had driven away the mako by his plunge—was helping his unconscious brother toward the mate's reaching arms. Crunch bent down to bear a hand. Even for the three of them, it was not easy to heave the inert Texan aboard.

There was not a mark on him. Mrs. West burst into hysterical tears.

Wonder said, idiotically, "I forgot to shut off this camera."

Crunch began shouting. "Get that leg bandaged!" he ordered Des. "I'll phone the commissioner! We need help here!"

Pete stared down at George. "He didn't go in," he said, over and over. "Not when we needed him. He didn't ever go in. He fell in!"

Mrs. West heard the last. She murmured, "Now, you know."

"Know what?" Pete asked numbly.

"Why he had to beat everybody. You. Other men. As long as he did, nobody would ever find out."

"Find out what?" Pete said, still confusedly.

"You brother's a coward." Wonder answered for her mother. "All bullies are. Didn't you know?" Her eyes shone strangely. "But you aren't. That's for sure! Pete!"

He still wouldn't understand—wouldn't let himself understand, even though her expression, her tone, was transparently plain. "I did it before," he said. "You dive on a mako; it scares him away." He had not even noticed the raced engines.

"Pete!" Wonder reiterated softly.

Mrs. West took sudden cognizance, "Heavens, Wonder! Put your clothes back on, first!"

The commissioner had come and gone. He had come in a fast motorboat and gone away taking aboard the barely conscious, quaking George Shade. He had ordered the Buddyboy back to the harbor and threatened her company with a trial and jail. He had taken back Doctor Sayliss, who had stitched up Desperate's cut leg, and given thoughtful, envious notice to the shallow water over which the Poseidon lay.

"I will notify Nassau," the commissioner had said, standing in the stern of his boat before it had shot back to the North Key. "They'll send officials. You better come back too. After all, you have staked the claim."

"We'll take a quick look, to make sure," Crunch had said, "later on. When things quiet down."

"Can't blame you. Be careful."

Then the commissioner had gone, holding hard to his sun helmet, which the fast boat threatened to blow away. Pete and Wonder went up on the forward deck, where they could have privacy. Their laughter could be heard, occasionally.

Crunch made lunch from stores on board—corned-beef sandwiches, canned fruit salad cold from the icebox, and coffee. Afterward, he took a short rest. Then he went astern and studied the tide, the sea itself, the rocks below.

"Looks O.K.," he said quietly.

Pete left Wonder's side. "Let's go!"

Des got up from a bunk.

Crunch shook his head. "Not you, Des. That cut."

The two men put on their diving gear again. Des straddled the stern, on duty; his eyes probing the water. If he saw anything like a mako, he would warn them by hammering the hull. And he would start the engines, which Crunch had privately advised.

They went down into the clear depths, brighter and lighter, now that the sun was almost directly overhead. When they reached the cave mouth, they swam in, using their flashlights. Crunch went first. Pete followed.

The cavern ran for perhaps fifteen feet straight in. The temperature of the water changed slightly. Crunch took the tube from his mouth and tasted. Brackish. He put back the tube and swam ahead. The tunnel opened.

On its smooth sand floor there were objects now. Broken glass. Pieces of old iron, rusted and worn thin by the tide and current. There were a few pale fish in the chamber, a few small squid, some shrimp that moved in hasty, red-eyed anxiety. There was little else. The room was not very large—perhaps twenty feet long and fiteen feet wide, and at its far end the tunnel continued; its opening too narrow to permit a man to enter.

In any case, Crunch realized, a man who came this far, swimming free, carrying booty, would have to leave it in order to regain the surface in time to get another breath. They went round and round and back and forth, but the only signs of what might have been caskets were the

The Rooster and the Sun

By Herbert Merrill

I lose myself in wonder at
the cock
Who blows his feathery
trumpet every dawn
Merely to call a
sleep-besodden flock
Of bleary hens to breakfast
on the lawn.

Indignantly he shrills a blast
of warning
To let the harem know how
chicken hawks
Can plunge in seconds down
the cliffs of morning
From heaven to where the
plumpest pullet walks.

Then loudly does he hail the
golden sun,
As if it were a great egg he
had laid,
And bids his family cackle,
peck and run
Beneath another day that he
has made.

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odd bits of corroded and rusted metal which possibly had once been locks and hinges. The truth had been apparent almost from their entry: This had undoubtedly been Endibbie's hiding place. It satisfied everything—the rhyme, the legends, history itself. But it was empty.

Crunch saw Pete approach and felt himself pulled by the hand. He joined the Texan and watched him scratch in the sand. Presently Pete handed him something—something heavy, covered with sea growth and corrosion—something the size of a dinner plate. Pete found two or three objects like it. And then, as further search produced little more, they swam out of the cave. After a careful scrutiny of the water overhead, they went back to the Poseidon.

They dropped their few trophies on deck, thumpingly, and took off their gear.

"You were gone forever!" Mrs. West said then. "What did you find?"

Pete grinned at Wonder. "Treasure," he said.

Mrs. West gasped. "You actually found it!"

The Texan looked at the skipper. "How'd you make it out, Crunch? I'd say we found the place, all right. And somebody had been there ahead of us. Long ago. I didn't see a chipped rock or a disturbed spot that looked as if anything but the flow of fresh water and tide had been in there for ages! A couple of souvenirs they overlooked"—he pointed with his flipper at the objects on the deck. "Nothing else. Crunch?"

The captain nodded. "Right. I picked up"—he fished in the pocket of his shorts—"these." He held out four flat, roundish objects, coated with sea growth and sea deposit. "Could be coins, but I bet you wouldn't find much more than this, if you sifted the sand."

"It's going to be a disappointment to all those snoopers and free loaders who hoped to rob you of it!" Mrs. West smiled at the sunny sea. "I've met half a dozen people I'm going to enjoy telling: 'No treasure. Gone long ago. Just a cave.'"

Crunch grinned bleakly. He asked Pete to pull up the anchor so Des would not reopen his cut leg. He started the Poseidon and steered toward the harbor.

For a little while—two nights and a day—he had permitted himself to revel in the fantasy of all treasure hunters. He had seen chests of gold, jewels, plate, bullion, lying in a cave in the sea, and himself swimming in and discovering it. He found it painful to give up the picture, even though his long-held, earlier attitude had been scornful.

There had been a treasure once. Somebody else had found it or claimed it. Somebody, no doubt, who had helped to amass it, who possessed a copy of Endibbie's verse and knew what it meant, exactly, a long time ago.

The Poseidon was close to the protective cape on North Tandem when Des' voice made Crunch turn from his moody reflections.

"Look!" Des said. He had cleaned some of the coating from two of the objects they had retrieved. One was a coin, badly minted, with a decipherable date: 1702. It was gold—a scratch Des had made on the dull surface glittered brightly. The other was a rude image of a round face, from which streamers stood out like sun rays and below which was a crudely shaped body.

Peter came down from the canopy where he had been sitting with Wonder. They showed him the trophies. "I think," he said of the coin, "that's a ducat. Polish." He merely shook his head over the gold idol. "Inca, Mayan, Aztec. Something the Spaniards stole from somebody's temple long ago, and Endibbie's pals stole from the Spaniards. No time to melt it up. Probably came in that last cargo that Captain Louis Scanlemet was supposed to have rowed ashore before the English caught him and hanged him."

"At least," Crunch said, as he slowed for the run over the bar into the harbor, "it shows we weren't crazy."

Peter Shade's green-brown eyes were very alive. "Certainly not! From the minute I heard that verse till this very afternoon, we were on the beam!"

A delegation was waiting for them on the dock. Many people were disappointed at the news of the discovery, but many more seemed to find a sort of satisfaction in the fact that they had participated, however slightly, in a treasure hunt. While it had not produced a mass of booty, the hunt had been founded on a set of literal facts, and a genuine clue. The realists were dashed, but the romanticists felt confirmed.

Crunch and Des washed down the Poseidon and cleaned and stowed the diving gear. Afterward, they went to the Inne and changed for dinner. When they came down they heard George Shade in the crowded bar, his huge hat on the back of his head, his manner as debonair as ever.

"Have a drink!" he called. And he turned to his awed companions. "As I was saying, I waited until I saw they needed me down there. The mako—which I'd seen first and the others hadn't sighted—was right off the stern, drifting back with the tide. I made my dive squarely on it, and the big beast tore off like a shot tiger!"

Crunch and Des stared at each other. That was the way, evidently, it was to be told in Texas. Pete—and the Poseidon's crew—would have got themselves in a jam. Then George to the rescue.

"Just a minute there, Georgie." It was Pete's voice—with something very quiet, very menacing in its tone. The murmurs of awe and amazement died down. Crunch and Des, like everybody else, turned to the fish-net-draped entrance. Behind Pete were Mrs. West and Wonder.

George Shade was grinning at his brother. He had turned his back to the bar and hooked an elbow over it. "I was just telling these folks how I went in to help, after staying on the boat, in case the surface end of the shindy needed attention. Incidentally I got the plane fixed, Pete. Going back first thing in the morning." There was assurance, command, in his words. That was George's story, and Pete was being ordered to back it up. Crunch and Des were being told to affirm it. The subject had been changed too.

Pete looked at his brother, and beyond him, to the barman, saying mildly, "We'll have Martinis, Angelo. Dry." Then he faced his brother. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I can't let you get away with that one, George. Or any more like it. You didn't help when we needed help. You turned chicken. You didn't dive on that mako; you fell overboard and the big shark came along afterward. It took off because I dived in. And that's how it's going to be told, here, and in Multiply County, forever! Because that's true."

George had turned a deep red. His baby-smooth face was still unwrinkled, but his eyes were raging. "You were hysterical at the time, Pete! All you boys were! Only a man with a clear head, like me, could keep track of the real score!"

Pete said, "I was not hysterical, George. You were."

A grinding sound came from the bigger man's throat. "You want to make anything of it? By golly, I ought to take you out and tan you—way I did when you were an uppity youngster!"

"Yes," said Pete, walking in a relaxed way toward his brother, "I want to make something of it. Come on along, George, outdoors. It's your turn for a trip to the woodshed."

George's face collapsed. A sickly grin replaced its flat look of fury. "Man—Pete! For the Lord's sake, I was kidding! I wouldn't fight you for all the gold on the

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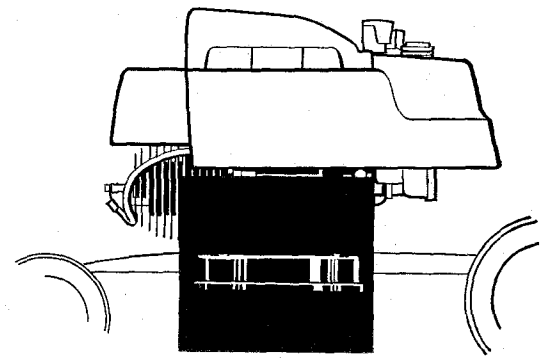
Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 110

1. Mich.	2. Colo.	3. Fla.
4. Del.	5. Va.	6. Pa.
7. R.I.	8. Okla.	9. Neb.
10. Ohio	11. Ark.	12. Ky.



An exclusive new mower convenience feature! The Power Products Hush-Tone Muffler specially designed to eliminate annoying neighborhood noise.

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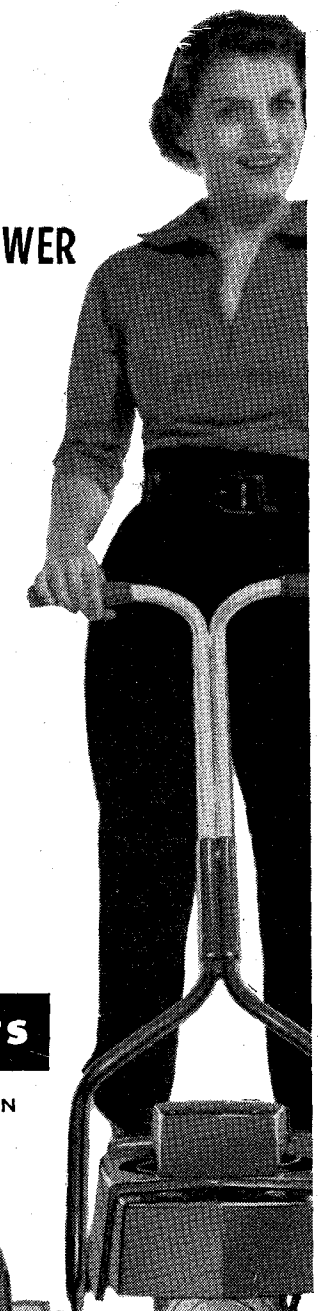
To get the most for your dollar in '56 insist your new mower have a modern engine. When you buy, you can demand these new convenient features to make your grass cutting job easier. ■ The exclusive new Hush-Tone Muffler (see above) is an exciting new feature on 1956 mowers. ■ The latest in operating convenience is the modern Power Products Instrument Panel Control. One 4 position fingertip control to start, run, idle, and stop the engine. ■ The modern Power Products engine has Double Power Action to assure fast, easy starting, instant pick-up and dependable cutting. ■ A real work and time saver is the use of clean, modern pre-mixed fuel. In short, your really modern mower will have the new Power Products engine.



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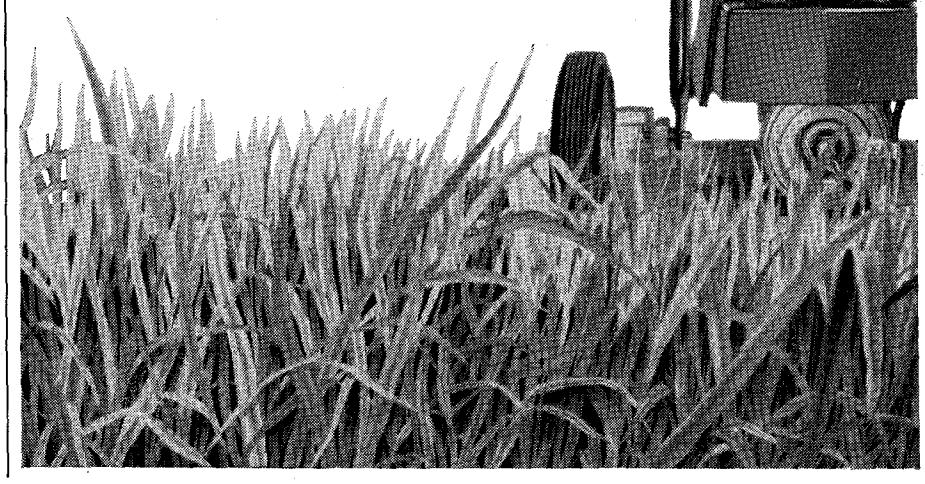

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Spanish Main! You must of lost your head kind of! I know you think I was acting kind of—reluctant out there this morning! But I was actually just waitin', like I said, to come in when you really needed me!"

"George." It was Wonder who spoke, softly. The big Texan whipped his head toward her. His look was frightened now, and guilty. She went on, "You aren't going to get any alibi at all, George." She reached out, took the cocktail Angelo served, handed it to her mother and took her own. She sipped. "You see, I kept my camera going all the time. I have a picture of the whole thing."

"Besides which," Mrs. West added, "I got on the phone before I dressed, and called your office in Tambourine. Told the story to your people, and they had me tell it again, to the Multiply County Banner."

George Shade looked from face to face. Somebody in the crowd tittered. The big man's eyes shot angrily about in search of the person, gave up, lifted appealingly to his brother, and dropped again. Pete was standing there, his cocktail held steadily, his eyes—ashamed, sad, steady—fixed on his big brother. George Shade went out into the night alone. He didn't show up for dinner.

After the meal, Pete took Crunch and Des aside. "I'm going back to Palm Beach tomorrow on the Marytay," he said. "It was a great trip and we'll have another some other year. I've turned over the junk we found to the commissioner. It belongs to the crown, legally, anyhow."

Crunch said, "I don't get that! You mean, if we'd found a pile of really valuable stuff, it would all belong to England?"

Pete chuckled. "Sure! Didn't you know?" He looked across the veranda of the Inne, where they stood, to the lights in the harbor. Looking, Crunch thought, for the Marytay, thinking about Wonder. "The crown usually takes what it wants from all treasure trove, and pays for it in money. Returns the rest to the finders. But, legally, the queen could keep it all, if she wanted to. That's British law."

Crunch was too stunned to say anything.

Pete went on, "The commissioner will see to it that nobody noses around the cave till the company I hired from Nassau sifts through the sand on the floor. There might be some more stuff."

"We could sift it," Crunch said. "After all, your charter has quite a while to run."

Pete shook his head. "You took enough chances. Keep your month's dough. Let professionals with real diving gear finish the job. I'm spending the night on the Marytay, with Wonder and her mother, so we can start back early. Wonder and I are getting married in the afternoon tomorrow. George will be there." Pete smiled in the dark. "I told him to be there."

"That's swell," Crunch said.

Des added enthusiastically, "Congratulations."

"Been some trip," Pete said happily. "I learned—well, you know what I learned. And I have Wonder." His voice almost broke. "Never be able to thank you fellows enough."

The trip home was marred by mishap. Fifty miles from Tandem Key one motor conked out and the other began to heat up. Crunch turned east and made for Cat Key. They were there for four days—days when they might otherwise have been working, if they could have found work without access to the Gulf Stream Dock. Finally, repaired and seaworthy, they crossed to Miami.

On the last leg of that voyage both men were silent and depressed. When they raised the sky line of Miami, they looked at it grimly. A cold, cloudy February afternoon, a sunless city, and two men, a cruiser they might lose, going to a home they might soon no longer possess.

"At least," Des said, trying to raise their spirits, "old Pete came out on top! He got his girl—and she's really something. And he unhexed himself about his brother."

"I've been thinking that," Crunch nodded. "Our own luck's still running sour. There were half a dozen times I thought it had turned up. And always an extra time came when it didn't. But Pete made it, and that's fair enough!" The skipper almost smiled. "Hope he never tries to scare any more makos diving on them, though."

"Why?"

Crunch's deep blue eyes were momentarily amused. "Both times he did it the mako shied because somebody started engines, not on account of Pete. He didn't ever realize that fact. And he'd have dived anyhow—which is the point!"

"I wouldn't worry about it," Des said, after some thought. "How many mako sharks does a man feel the need to dive at in a lifetime?"

"How many brothers does a guy have like that George? What a phony! I think he'd still be trying to bull his way to bragging, if Wonder hadn't taken movies of his panic! What a windbag! What brass!"

"Wonder," Des answered, still ruminatively, "didn't take any pictures."

"She did! Said so! I even heard the camera running when I raced for the engine starters."

Des shrugged. "I got to thinking that little scene over afterward. It sort of stayed clear in my mind—George falling over, Wonder paralyzed, old lady West hollering, you bursting for the starters and me with my bleeding leg. Wonder's camera was running, all right, but it was pointing at the deck the whole time."

"No fooling!"

"I mentioned it to her privately," Des said. "She knew it. Said she didn't think it was necessary to tell anybody. Said she'd thrown the film overboard."

"Be doggoned! Makes no difference now."

"Not any," Des chuckled.

The ship's radiophone had been murmuring in the background. Now, it uttered the Poseidon's name.

"That'll be Sari," Crunch said. "I told her to find us parking space somewhere and let us know."

It was not the captain's wife, however. Mr. Williams, master at the Gulf Stream Dock, came loudly on the air as Crunch turned up the speaker volume, "Hello, Poseidon? Crunch? You coming in soon? Over."

"Yeah. Sari's supposed to have a berth ready for us. Over."

"Well you boys pile right in here at Gulf Stream. Sari called me, two–three weeks ago. I been working on the problem. No luck till just now. Seems the Nassau authorities want to do a little questioning of Alcott Drammel and a guy named Bentley and a few other people. So the Buddyboy is en route to Nassau, with cops aboard. When and if and as she gets home, she won't be welcome here. We don't want felons at our dock. I've been itching to bust Drammel's contract for years—ever since he tried to rob your boat and you boys beat him up. So come on in."

Crunch hung up, grinning. "Luck's up again, after all."

"That," Des breathed, "is the sweetest news I've heard in many a moon! At the Dock we can live!" He hesitated. "Not wishing Drammel any hard luck ——"

"Why?" Crunch answered, jigging a little on the deck. "He wished us plenty. Anyhow, Nassau will just warn him and tell him to stay away from the Bahamas. He may even have to find different work. But he never was a real fishing man."

The first thing Crunch noticed upon his return home was the TV set.

"I borrowed it from Kate Evers," Sari smiled. "There's a show you're supposed to see this afternoon at five-thirty."

Crunch was puzzled. He had entered the house with his arm around his lovely wife. He let go of her. "Golly! Good to be home! Even if we didn't do so well! Good to be on the Dock! . . . What show?"

"You'll see."

He did. At five-thirty Sari tuned in a news program.

To the utter astonishment of the boatman, the scene was suddenly the main street in Tambourine, Texas. A parade was in progress between rows of stores on a wide, dusty thoroughfare. Some of the watching crowd was on horseback and many of the paraders were cowboys in their Sunday best, riding spruced-up ponies with fancy saddles. In the middle of this colorful procession was an open car. The TV cameras moved close to the car.

"Here are the Shade brothers," the announcer was saying, "famed oilmen of Texas. Peter Shade, the one standing, is the man who risked his life to rescue his brother from a man-eating shark. He's the one you've read about in the papers, lately, who found all that's left of the treasure of John Endibbie, a buccaneer in the Bahamas. Beside him is his lovely bride of just three days, the New York debutante of a year ago, Wonder West."

Peter was indeed standing. He was grinning and waving a sombrero. He made Wonder stand up, too, and kissed her. The crowd yelled. Pete was yelling too. He was yelling, plainly, "Yip-pe-e-e-e-e-e!" Beside him, grinning with pride, was George—for once, playing second fiddle.

"Pete's come home," Crunch said, when the picture ended. "He's rediscovered Texas. Seems to like it. Swell!"

An hour later, as they were eating dinner—and still interrupting Sari to tell details of the trip that had made newspaper headlines and a network television show—the phone rang. The skipper excused himself.

"Crunch Adams speaking."

"Hi, Crunch! This is Pete. See the show?"

"Sure did!" Crunch glanced over his shoulder. "You told Sari to get the set?"

"Yep! Look, Crunch. Got a big barbecue to go to, in a minute. Out at our ranch. George has resigned the presidency and made the firm a partnership! We're celebrating so many things at once, out home here." His voice was pure joy.

"Great!"

"And Wonder sends love! And her mother! I just thought you two guys would like to know something. I had that junk we collected in the cave appraised in Nassau. Some more they got later—a few things—haven't reached Nassau yet. But it has already turned out—as I hoped—that some of the coins are practically priceless and the Aztec stuff will be fought for by half the museums in the world! When the crown sells it—even after taxes—your share ought to be at least five, six thousand bucks. Thought you'd like to know."

"Brother! Can Des and I use ——"

"I mean five or six thousand apiece! We went thirds, you recall! Well, so long. And Yip-pe-e-e!"

"Yip-pe-e-e-e!" Crunch blasted into the phone.

"What in the world ——" Sari asked, when Crunch returned to the table.

"You know that code you worked out?" Crunch was laughing a little, to hide more moving sentiments. "The dye you sent us? Bread cast on the waters, Sari! It's coming back, like it says, a thousandfold!"

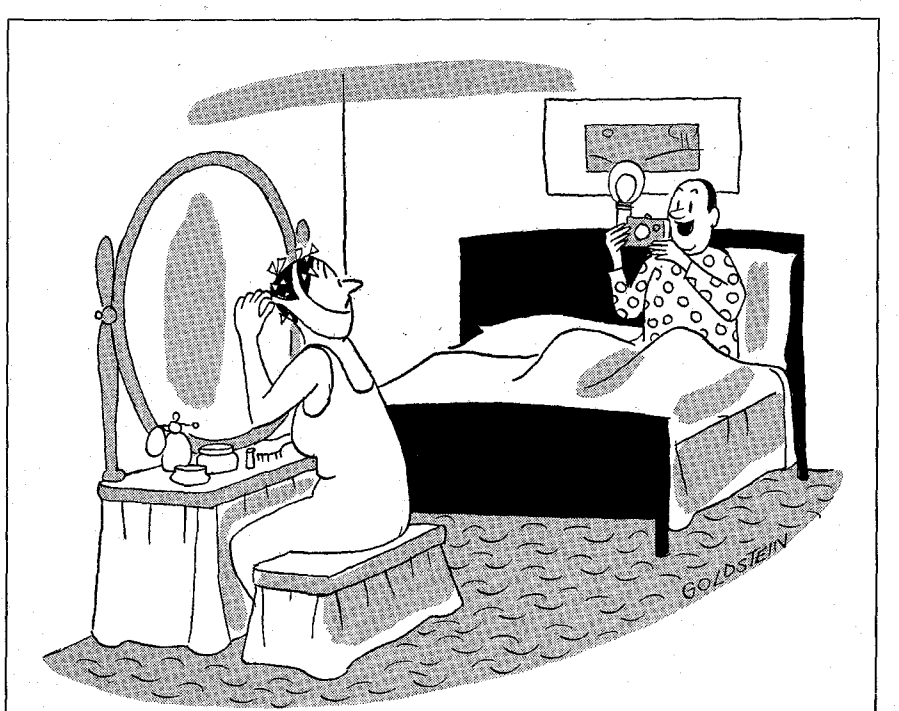
The next day, early, the Poseidon lay at her berth, or rather, the Buddyboy's recent berth, at Gulf Stream Dock. Fishing parties were already appearing, boarding adjacent boats and starting happily out to sea. The sun was warming and the sky had cleared, save for the standard cumulus clouds pushed slowly over it, from horizon to horizon, by the southeast breeze.

On the Poseidon's canopy hung a sign: FOR CHARTER.

Two men in new, gaudy sports shirts, untanned, wearing sandals that still squeaked—evidently two tourists—noticed the sign and made for the charter boat. Des stepped into the stern cockpit, limping a little still. "Look like customers," he said cheerfully.

"I hope," Crunch chuckled, "they merely want to fish. Be a nice change."

THE END



"Hold it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Young Miss Maass bet her life

Even at 6:00 A.M., it is warm in Havana. But young Miss Clara Louise Maass felt chilly. Her head ached. Worse, she knew nothing would help.

The illness starts like any other febrile attack. But soon the face is flushed. There is high fever. After two or three days, the pulse becomes feeble, the skin cold and of a lemon-yellow tint. Chances of recovery hardly approximate 50%.

In seven pain-wracked days, yellow fever killed Clara Louise. And it was her own doing.

At Las Animas Hospital, Cuba, in 1901, volunteers were needed for the famous U. S. Army yellow fever experiments.

And she, who had fearlessly nursed the worst fever cases, thought undergoing the disease herself would make her a better nurse. She asked to be bitten by an infected mosquito. "I tried to dissuade her," said the medical director. "But she insisted."

So, in what would soon be America's victorious battle against yellow fever, Clara Louise Maass bravely died as she had lived—for others.

Yet the steel of her quiet, devoted courage still gleams in the strength of today's Americans. For it is still American courage and character that make our country secure—and that actually back our nation's Savings Bonds.

That's why U.S. Savings Bonds are among the world's finest investments. That's why you're wise to buy them regularly, and hold on to them. Start today!

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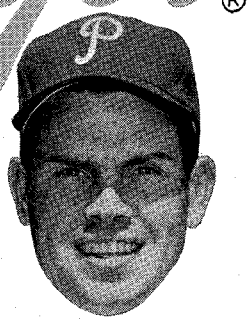

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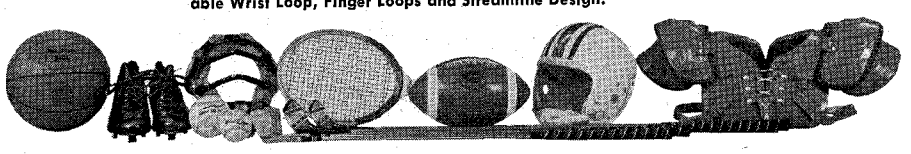

THE MACGREGOR CO., Cincinnati 32, Ohio "*The Choice of Those Who Play The Game*"

The Girl Who Traded Boys

(Continued from Page 26)

"What's she doing? Opening an outlet store or something?"

"Don't be funny." Her voice was getting edgy. "I didn't buy her all that stuff. You did."

"I did?"

"Well, didn't you?"

"Certainly not. Do you think I'm out of my mind? Why should I buy her three radios?"

"Four!"

"All that stuff. Where'd she get it?"

Realizing that she'd been barking up the wrong tree, her voice softened. "If she didn't get it from you, I wouldn't have the faintest notion."

At this moment Tom began to get a little worried. Parents will usually go to great lengths to avoid thinking that their darling offspring might possibly have done something wrong, but confronted with physical evidence which is hard to explain, they will be the first to accuse.

"Looks like I'm going to have to have a heart-to-heart talk with our daughter," he said grimly. "Come to think of it, isn't it about time for her to be home?" He looked at his watch. "School's been out for hours."

Just then the front door slammed with a great bang and the clatter of Peg's feet was drowned out by her shouting from downstairs, "Mom! Dad! I'm home! Where are you?"

"Up here, dear." The sudden change in Tom's voice had Ann worried, and she hoped that he wouldn't pounce on Peg right away.

Peg came running up the stairs, taking two steps at a time, and slung over her shoulders she carried a pair of ice skates.

Ann saw the skates and burst out, "What on earth have you got there? Ice skates?"

"Sure, mom." Peg said it as if it were the most obvious thing to run around with ice skates in the middle of May. She kissed her mother on the cheek and then went into the room.

"You've been out skating?" Tom knew instinctively that she hadn't, but he was hoping against hope.

"Don't be silly, dad," Peg said matter-of-factly. "It's May. There's been no ice in ages." Suddenly she became aware of the fact that her room had been invaded, and trying to make a joke of it, she hoped to reaffirm her right to privacy. "How come? This is supposed to be off limits for parents!"

Ann opened her mouth to give some sort of temporary explanation, but Tom spoke first. "I was planning on getting your mother a new refrigerator and I was thinking you might have one stashed away at a bargain price."

"Now, dad ——" Peg knew that something was up, but as long as her father was willing to keep this on a lighter plane, she was certainly going to go along. "What would I be doing with a refrigerator?"

"Same thing as you do with four radios or ice skates in May."

At this point Ann decided that it would be much simpler to leave father and daughter alone, and with a last reminder that Tom would still have to change, she left to finish dressing.

Suddenly alone with Peg, Tom seemed uncomfortably aware of the fact that his little girl was growing up, and somehow he just didn't know how to start.

Peg watched him squirm for a moment, and then she felt sorry for him. "Come on, go ahead, dad. I won't bite."

"I'm just—well, I'm curious. All that stuff. Where'd you get it? That allowance I pay you certainly isn't enough for all this."

"It's simple." Peg didn't hesitate even a moment. "I trade things."

"What do you mean?" Tom was under the impression that in order to trade you have both to give and to receive. He said as much. "Looks to me like all you've been doing is getting."

"Oh, I give things too." There was some pride in her voice.

"What things?"

"Things." Peg suddenly realized that she didn't want to talk about it. "Just things."

"Now, Peg, baby, what do you say we stop beating around the bush? Don't you realize that when I come in here and suddenly see all that stuff, I just can't help but begin to wonder?"

"Wonder about what, dad?"

"Wonder where you got it. I mean, to whom it belongs. You know ——"

"It belongs to me."

"All this?"

"Sure."

"I'm sorry, Peg, but I must insist on being told how you got all that stuff. This place looks like a hangout of a receiver of stolen goods."

Peg couldn't help herself. She giggled. "You think I'm a fence, dad? You're silly."

"Then where did you get all this junk?"

"I told you, I traded."

"I want to know, what did you trade?"

"Boy friends."

"What did you say?"

"I said boy friends, dad. What's so strange about that?"

For a moment he didn't know what to say. "Nothing, I guess—except I've never heard of anyone trading boy friends before."

"Oh, we do it all the time. It's a big thing at school."

"You mean to say that you trade a boy friend for a radio?"

"Sure. That's how I got the skates tonight."

"I may be a little old-fashioned, but this seems to me to be a new phase of commerce."

"It's all very simple, dad. Like tonight. I had a date with Al."

Tom was glad to hear something that sounded familiar, even if it was only a name. "Al Parry," he cut in.

"Uh-uh. I traded him twice already. You don't know this Al. His father runs a locomotive or something."

Tom seemed to detect an accusation of snobbery in this explanation, and being a snob at heart, he hated to have people think that he really was. "And why shouldn't I know a boy whose father runs locomotives?"

"No reason." Peg hadn't meant anything special by what she had said. "You just wouldn't know him, that's all. Anyway, dad," she went on, "you're changing the subject."

"All right, what about this Al?"

"I had a date with him, and Chris—that's Chris Bunting—you know, the one whose mother runs a sporting-goods store on Fifth ——"

"Oh," Tom cut in again, "if somebody's mother runs a sporting-goods store, it's all right for me to know them?"

"It's got nothing to do with all right, dad. You just know them and you don't know Al. Anyway, about Chris, she thinks Al is real cool."

"I take it that means she likes him."

"Yes, she thinks he's just dreamy."

"And you don't."

Peg was getting exasperated. Her father just didn't seem to get this at all. "But,

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dad, that's got nothing to do with it. And besides, I can always get him back."

"You can always —— Oh, never mind me; just go on."

"I made a date with Al in front of the movie down at the corner, but I didn't show up."

"But Chris did." Tom was proud of himself because he was beginning to get the idea. "I think I see the light."

"That's right, dad. She told him that I was sorry, but I couldn't get out because my parents were going somewhere and I had to sit with the baby."

Tom suddenly did a double take. "What baby?" he asked.

"Ogden. My baby brother."

"Ogden?"

"Isn't that name cute?" Peg sounded triumphant.

"Adorable. But ——"

"I traded that too."

"You what?"

"I traded it. I wrote to Ogden Nash and told him that if he'd send me his autograph I'd call my baby brother Ogden."

"And he fell for it?"

"Took three weeks, but I got it. I haven't got it any more, though. I traded it for a date with Al."

"The one whose father runs the locomotives."

"No, not that one. Al Parry."

"Well, never mind. Now would you kindly explain, who is Ogden?"

"Ogden Nash? He's ——"

"No, no. What I want to know is, what's this about you have a baby brother without your mother or me knowing anything about it?"

"Oh, that."

"Well?"

"I invented him when I needed an excuse to break so many dates."

"Then this auction gallery in here is the result of an untold number of broken dates?"

"Sure, dad. You see, it's all quite honest."

"Except Ogden."

"Well, yes, except Ogden."

Tom looked around the room in a helpless sort of way. "Judging by all this loot, you must have more boy friends than Georgia has peanuts."

"I do."

There comes a time when a parent likes to refer to the time when he was young. To Tom, this seemed to be the logical moment.

"Things must be different these days," he mused, trying to sound settled and wise. "Seems when I was a boy, I didn't want to date a girl who went out with just everybody."

"But I've got a gimmick, dad." Peg was pleased with herself.

Tom got worried again. "A gimmick? What kind of a gimmick?"

"Well, when you were a boy, dad, didn't you have girls in school, who—well ——" Peg hesitated a moment. She suddenly realized that this might sound funny, and she tried to rephrase her words: "I mean, didn't you rather date girls the other boys said were fun than real drips?"

Thinking of himself as the youthful wolf he had never been, Tom drawled with thinly veiled embarrassment, "Well, now—I don't know—yes, I guess so."

"And you know about rumors, dad. How they get around?"

Suddenly Tom was thunderstruck. "But, Peg, you didn't ——" He couldn't say it.

"Sure, dad, I started the rumor myself." She sounded so gaily innocent that Tom just couldn't believe his ears.

"I just don't know what to say," he finally managed, his mind racing, thinking about what kind of a reputation his daughter might have around town by now. His daughter, the one who'd been just a baby what seemed like only weeks ago.

"Oh, dad!" Suddenly realizing what was going on in her father's mind, Peg was a little shocked. She knew about the birds and the bees, but somehow she had never been able to make up her mind if it was worth all the fuss people made. Anyway, her father should really know better than to think such things of her, and as she continued, the annoyance was in her voice. "Nothing like what you're thinking, dad. Just, you know, that I like to kiss the boys—stuff like that." And then a touch of stubbornness crept in. "It works like a charm. I've got more dates than I know what to do with."

Tom was shocked. Even with Peg's last explanation, he couldn't help himself. He was horrified.

"But why, dad?" Peg finally said. "You know about advertising. If you don't get people talking, how can you expect to sell anything?"

His reply didn't come off because they heard Ann's voice calling from downstairs, "Tom, it's after seven and you still haven't changed your clothes!"

"I'm coming, dear." He was glad to be able to get away gracefully. He'd have to have time to think about this. "I've got to go now," he said, "but tomorrow we'll have another talk."

"O.K., dad." She hoped that by then he'd realized that he'd done her an injustice. "What time will you be home?" she asked as an afterthought, as Tom started to leave.

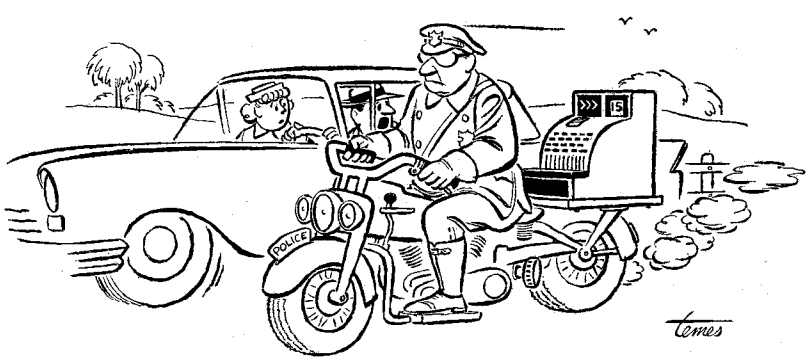
"Oh, I don't know. Around midnight, I guess."

"Don't worry if I'm not back." Peg was pulling her sweater over her head while talking. "There's no school tomorrow and Jeff's picking me up for a soda at nine."

"Jeff?"

"Yes; I got him for that awful table lighter I got in trade for ——"

Her mother's voice cut in again from downstairs, "Tom!"



"I guess they don't fool around in this state."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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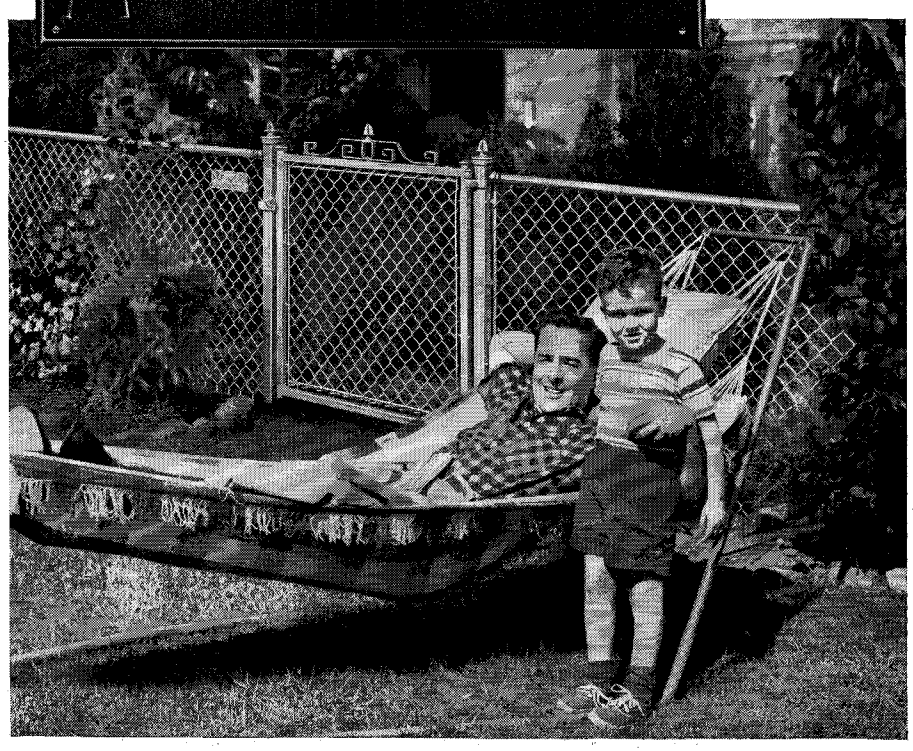

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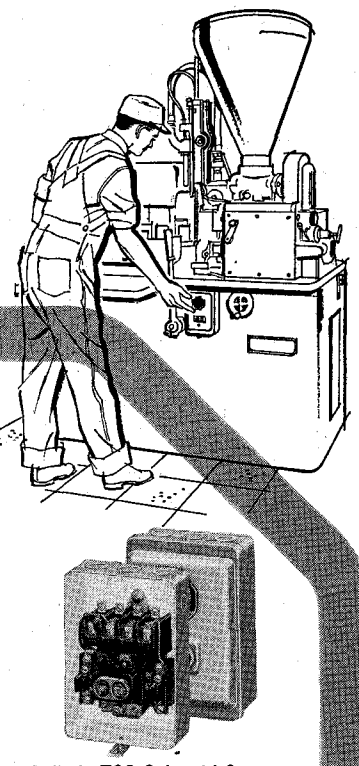

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"You better go, dad," she said, knowing her mother.

"Night, baby."

"Night, dad," she said. "Have fun."

If there was anything Tom really hated, it was to have to rush through dinner to get to the theater. The theater was something he could have lived without anyway, and when it interfered with the enjoyment of his food, he was even more than usually in favor of the movies, where it didn't matter if you came late, because you could always see the beginning of the picture at the end.

By nine o'clock Peg had taken her shower, looked at a quiz program on television and was in the process of getting dressed, remaining utterly unperturbed by the impatient honking of a vintage jalopy below her window, which she knew contained Jeff.

He had been planning to drive straight out to a lonely road, which he knew from experience was an ideal place if your mind was on necking. And Jeff's mind was on necking. But he had figured without Peg. She wanted a soda in the local high-school hangout, and though he had a sneaking suspicion that her reason was the chance that Johnny O'Brien might be there, he gave in. Johnny O'Brien was the kind of guy most of the girls went "oh-h" and "ah-h" over, and Jeff didn't like him, but he knew that Peg wasn't one with whom to argue.

After two rounds of sodas, Johnny did show up, but he was with Milly, another girl of Peg's age, and Jeff felt a lot better about the whole thing. Milly wasn't the kind of girl to let go of a boy like Johnny without a fight.

Soon afterward Peg agreed to let Jeff take her for a drive, and, full of anticipation, he headed for the lonely road, and there he parked.

Around that same time, the play having come to its inevitable conclusion, Tom and Ann sat in a little supper club, which they both had liked for many years, and silently sipped their drinks.

Finally Ann said, "I thought the play was pretty dumb. I noticed you didn't laugh much either."

"Huh?" Tom was in a fog, and he had heard only part of what Ann had said. "I was thinking about Peg," he mumbled, and then his voice rose. "It's the most preposterous thing I've ever heard. You know what those kids are doing? They're trading radios and ice skates for boy friends."

It took Ann a moment to understand what he was talking about. He was going into considerable detail and she was beginning to think it very funny, when Tom mentioned the baby brother.

"What baby brother?" she asked.

"Ogden."

"Ogden? Who's Ogden?"

"Peg's baby brother."

Ann wished Tom would stop being obtuse. "That's the first I've heard of Peg having a baby brother—and Ogden! Really, Tom, if you must have children with other women, the least you could do is consult me before giving them a name like Ogden."

"Don't be silly, Ann." Tom wasn't sure if she was kidding or not. "Peg invented him."

Ann had refused another drink before, but now she ordered one. She looked sideways at Tom's serious face and she couldn't help herself. She giggled.

"I wish you'd stop giggling." Sometimes Ann could be very annoying. "You haven't heard the half of it." In a most serious voice, he told her of Peg's method of advertising about liking to kiss boys, and so on. He was therefore thrown somewhat off balance when he found that she took it quite lightly.

"What's so serious about a girl admitting she likes to kiss boys? I'd be worried if she didn't like it."

"At her age?"

"What's the matter with her age? I assure you I kissed plenty of boys when I was her age, and I liked it too."

Tom looked at her, surprised, and started to figure. "When I first met you, you were ——"

"Never mind the arithmetic."

He swallowed the rest of his drink. "The very idea, trading a boy friend for a saxophone!" Tom still couldn't get over it.

There was a pixylike gleam in Ann's eyes. "Darling, do you remember that dreadful red tie you wore the night you took me for a ride? You know, when you proposed to me the first time?"

"You mean the one that got lost?" He had a vague recollection.

"That's the one. Remember, it was a warm night, and I made you take it off, and then, later in the evening, you couldn't find it?"

Tom remembered, all right, and he wondered why Ann should suddenly bring up such old potatoes.

"That's the price I had to pay to get you."

He looked at her, confused. "What do you mean?"

"Remember you had a date with Joan Bradbury that night, and she stood you up, and I just happened to walk by instead?"

"Y-yes."

"Well, I didn't just happen to walk by. Joan knew that I thought you were kind of cute, and she called me up and told me that if I'd get her that tie, I could have her date with you."

"What'd she want that tie for?"

"For Jack Moloney."

"Jack Moloney? That big, ugly ——"

"Now, now."

"He was ugly."

"I know; he still is. But Joan liked him and he liked your tie. And you know, you didn't lose that tie. I stole it out of your pocket while you kissed me."

For a moment there Tom looked so silly that Ann couldn't help herself. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him; though normally neither of them approved of this kind of thing in public.

Meanwhile out on that lonely road Jeff had a frustrating experience. Time and again he tried to get Peg into a necking mood, but to no avail.

"Don't, Jeff." She must have said that at least a half dozen times.

"But, Peg ——"

"I'm not in the mood. I wish you had a radio in this crate. I hate those crickets."

Jeff was hurt. "This is not a crate, and if I had a radio, we couldn't play it anyway. It'd run down the battery."

"O.K., never mind. I'm thinking."

Jeff was looking for someone to blame for his dilemma. "It's all the fault of that dumbhead O'Brien. If he hadn't come in just then ——"

"Don't call him a dumbhead," Peg cut in sharply. "And I wasn't thinking of Johnny anyway."

"Then what were you thinking about?"

"If you must know"—Peg hoped that her ulterior motives weren't showing—"I was thinking of French poodles."

"French poodles? I didn't know you liked French poodles."

Peg tried to sound excited. "Oh, but I do! Miniature ones!"

"We've got a miniature French poodle! She's real smart."

"You do? I didn't know that." Peg was proud of herself. Not everyone could have played it so convincingly.

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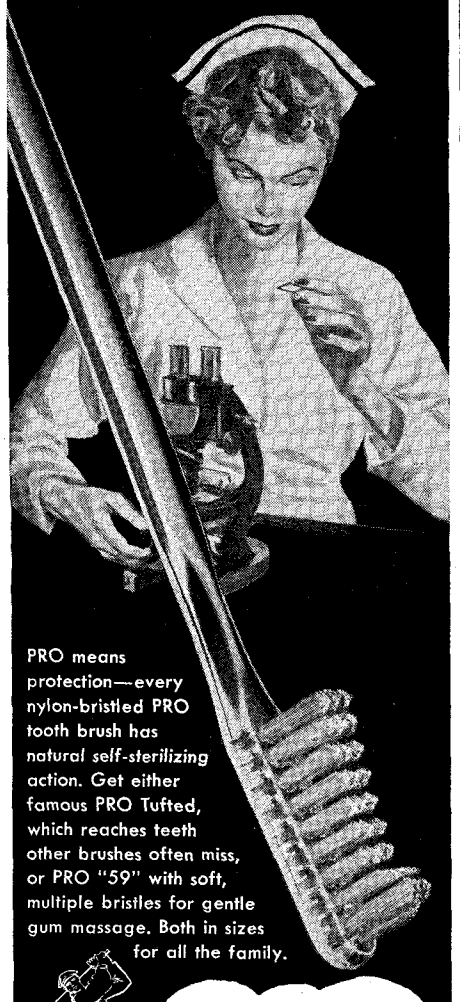

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"Sure, I do. That is, my parents do. Her name's Koko and she's going to have puppies."

"When?" This had slipped out sounding much too eager, but Jeff was so busy with his own importance that he didn't notice.

"Oh, I don't know exactly. Couple of weeks, I think."

"You're lucky." Peg sounded quite dreamy. "I'd sure like to have one."

Jeff figured this to be the logical point at which to press his advantage, and he moved closer to her. "Well, maybe I could give you one of the puppies."

"You could?" Peg moved imperceptibly closer.

"Well, you see, one of them is supposed to be mine. I was going to sell it to get myself a television set. You know, Koko is a champion, and you can get a lot of money for her puppies."

"I've got a TV set I never use. Maybe ——"

"What size screen?" Underneath it all he had a lot of good business sense.

"Sixteen-inch, I think."

"That's pretty small."

But when it came to business, Peg was no slouch herself. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll throw in a radio and a pair of skates. How's that?"

He was suddenly conscious of her sitting so close. "And a kiss?" he asked tentatively.

"O.K." She hesitated only a moment. "And a kiss."

"It's a deal."

A few days later, Peg was kneeling on the floor in her room, fiddling with the dials on the television set, when there was a knock on the door. "Come in."

"Hi, Peg." It was Tom.

"Oh, hi, dad. Have a good day?"

"All right." He watched her for a while. "What's the matter with it? Won't it work?"

"I've got to get it fixed."

"Why don't you use the one downstairs if there's a show you want to see?"

"It isn't that. I'm trading it."

"What for? Not another boy friend?"

"No; a French poodle. And it's got to be working."

Peg's tone of voice had been so matter-of-fact that it took Tom a moment to get the full impact of what she had said. "Now hold your horses, Peg. I don't mind your trading boys, but when it comes to dogs, your mother and I have a right to be consulted."

"But, dad ——"

"You know your mother is allergic to dogs and cats. They make her sneeze."

Personally Tom had never believed this story of Ann's, but right now he used it with full conviction. "Sorry, Peg, but that's out."

"But, dad, I'm trying to tell you. It's not for me. It's for Johnny."

"I give up. Who's Johnny?"

"He's the captain of the football team and he's—oh, dad, he's real nervous!"

"That's like cool, I take it."

"Yes; dreamy."

"And while he doesn't care for you particularly, he likes French poodles, and so, if you get him one, he'll take you in the bargain."

Tom was disappointed in his daughter's lack of pride, and said so.

"It's not like that at all." Peg was wishing that her father could be more hep to the intricacies of this trading business. "The poodle is for Milly. You see, Milly and Johnny are going steady, and the only way she'll let go of him is for a French poodle." She was about to go on when the doorbell rang downstairs. Her expression was pained. "That'll be Jeff. He's the one who's going to have the puppies. I mean ——"

"I think I know what you mean," Tom interrupted.

Then there was Ann's voice from below, "Peg! It's for you!"

"Come on up, Jeff!" Peg called down. "I'm not ready yet!" She quickly shut the TV set off and turned to her father. "Don't tell him that it still needs some working on."

"I won't."

Peg turned to a mirror to fluff out her hair, and suddenly Tom saw himself faced by a tall, dark-haired boy whom he liked right away, and he wondered why Peg couldn't like a fellow like this instead of fishing around for some football captain.

"Hi, Peg," the boy said, and there was something uncertain in his voice.

Peg whirled around as if she had been stung by a bee. "Johnny!" She said it with ecstasy in her voice.

Johnny looked to the floor, and he hurriedly tried to explain.

"I hope you don't mind, Peg, but—well, you see, I traded Milly off on Jeff for this date with you." He now looked her squarely in the eye, and there was pride in his voice. "It wasn't easy, either. It cost me three boxes of stamps, all U.S. mints."

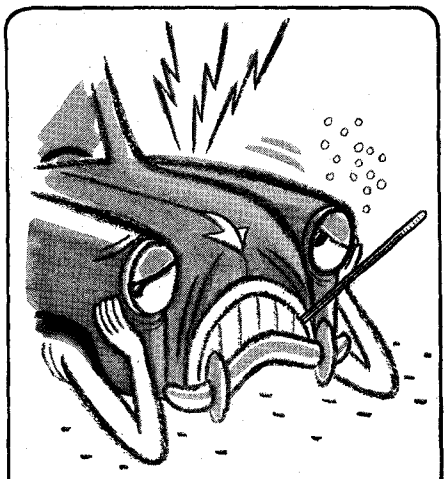
"Oh, Johnny!" Peg didn't know what to say.

It was now that Tom decided that he was about as necessary as a hitching post on Fifth Avenue, and left very quietly.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Don't care for the soup, eh?"



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Well, It Was This Way

(Continued from Page 36)

If an actor is responsible to his public, what is the responsibility of a movie actor who has played many roles? He begins to ask himself, "Who am I?" By way of example, after The Westerner, I was starred in Pride of the Yankees, Northwest Mounted Police, Sergeant York, Ball of Fire, Casanova Brown, For Whom the Bell Tolls, The Story of Dr. Wassell, Along Came Jones, and Saratoga Trunk.

At the end of 1945, this brought to sixty the number of pictures in which I had been starred. A lot of people must have seen these pictures, because I stood for years among the top ten money-making stars. That included the year 1939, when I blew a gasket and became the first movie actor to lead the list of income earners in the United States—score, $482,819. I had been everything from a cowboy to Marco Polo, from a hero like Sergeant York to a river-boat gambler in Saratoga Trunk, and a masked figure in Alice in Wonderland. To the public, I was a composite of all these figures. What did this composite look like? Who was he? And how could I be responsible for him?

If an actor is so inclined, he has a lot of time to mull over questions like these. In a twelve-hour day, with allowance for rehearsals, retakes, make-up repairs and changes of costume the actor still has to hang around about eight hours between takes. He can exhaust himself hurrying up to wait, he can lose himself in reading and thus lose the mood of the character he is playing, or he can relax in sleep or thinking. I sleep or think.

I remember my first big struggle with my responsibility to the movie-going public. Hal Wallis showed me a script called Sergeant York, based on the real-life story of the great hero of World War I. In screen biographies dealing with remote historical characters, some romantic leeway is permissible. But York happened to be very much alive, his exploits were real, and I felt that I couldn't do justice to him. York himself came to tell me I was his own choice for the role, but I still felt I couldn't handle it. Here was a pious, sincere man, a conscientious objector to war, who, when called, became a heroic fighter for his country. He was too big for me, he covered too much territory.

I told Wallis how I felt about it, and went to New York. This was early in 1941, when the war clouds of World War II were drifting in our direction. One day I ran into Jesse Lasky who had lived with this story for a long time and was now associated with Hal Wallis on it, in my hotel lobby. He seemed astonished at the coincidence. "Imagine meeting you here!" he said. "It sure is a small world."

I suggested a small libation to commemorate the event, but he was busy lining up the detail on Sergeant York. "Incidentally," he said casually, "your part is still open."

An hour or so later I bumped into Lasky on Fifth Avenue, and that evening I encountered him on Broadway. After a few more days of coincidental meetings, I suspected that New York was a city of 8,000,000 people, including Hollywood tourists, all named Jesse Lasky.

One morning I reached out at random on the sidewalk, grabbed the nearest man and hauled him up to my room. "All right, Lasky," I said, "what's it all about?"

He admitted he had been keeping track of me in the hope that I would change my mind. Our conference lasted until the small hours of the next morning, and then, knowing how big the job was, I agreed to play the part of Sergeant York.

I'm glad I didn't rush into Sergeant York simply because my screen character had seen it as a good part. One time, while working with director Henry Hathaway in The Real Glory, I complained that I couldn't put into my voice the emotional depth I wanted. He quoted the actor Joseph Jefferson as saying, "A good voice has ruined more actors than whisky," and went on to explain, "I'd rather have an actor with one voice and a hundred emotions than an actor with a hundred voices and one emotion." By the time I got before the cameras on Sergeant York, I was emotionally ready. To prepare myself for the role, I visited Sgt. Alvin C. York in his own Tennessee hills, and absorbed from his faith and philosophy. He didn't smoke, or drink, or swear, and he believed that every man had a right to live in peace. But the more he had prayed for guidance, the clearer it became that peace could not be preserved by meek surrender to an aggressor. Once convinced that it was up to the strong to resist attacks on the weak, he prayed for strength, and became the fightingest soldier in the A.E.F. On October 8, 1918, during the Battle of the Argonne, he went on a one-man rampage against a German machine-gun nest and captured 132 men all by himself. And when a grateful America began showering him with gifts, he organized the York Foundation to see that the mountain schools of Tennessee got the money.

With the clouds of World War II piling up fast, I saw that what had happened to Sergeant York was likely to happen all over again. In that mood, I put all I had into the role. For my interpretation the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences voted me the best actor of 1940–41. I didn't win that award. Sergeant York did, because to the best of my ability I was him.

I think Sergeant York was dad's favorite picture. In the first place, York was his kind of man, and in the second place, there were no dull moments during its filming. We blew up enough land for the battle scenes to make a good-sized farm in Iowa.

Dad was a great movie fan. For a number of years after he "retired" in 1935 at the age of sixty-nine, he kept a small law office going at the corner of Cahuenga and Hollywood boulevards. It was a handy place in which to meet his cronies. Harry Crosby, Bing's dad, was a particular pal, and you could usually count on seeing them around the lot if Bing or I was in action.

In 1939 I helped him realize a lifetime ambition by sending him on a trip around the world. He had a wonderful time, but I gathered that he spent most of his days ashore in Hong Kong, Singapore, Calcutta and points west in selling theater managers on running more Cooper and Crosby pictures. Just after the filming of Sergeant York, he was struck by a car on Hollywood Boulevard. He recovered, but his strength never fully returned. He was eighty, and still going strong, when he caught pneumonia. I doubt that he ever had a day of his life that he ever regretted.

Another picture dad and I were fond of was Pride of the Yankees, in which I played the part of the late Lou Gehrig. I nearly lost the role when the studio discovered to its horror that I had never played baseball in my life. Then, after getting the part, I discovered, to my private horror, that I couldn't throw a ball. The countless falls I had taken as a trick rider had so ruined my right shoulder that I couldn't raise my arm above my head.

Lefty O'Doul, now manager of the Oakland ball club, came down to help me out. "You throw a ball," he told me after studying my unique style, "like an old woman tossing a hot biscuit." But we went to work, and after some painful weeks he got my arm to working in a reasonable duplication of Gehrig's throw. There remained one outstanding difference. Gehrig was a southpaw, and I threw right-handed. To remedy this in close-ups, the letters on my uniform were reversed as in mirror writing, and the film was processed with the back side to the front. My right hand thus appeared to be my left.

My big thrill did not come during the making of the picture, but some months later. By that time I was down in Port Moresby, New Guinea, as an early bird in the flock of wartime entertainers who played for the boys in the South Pacific. With me were Una Merkel, Phyllis Brooks and Andy Arcari, the accordionist. It was October of 1943.

I was the comic relief. To help me along, I had a bale of Jack Benny scripts the boys hadn't heard yet. Me as Jack Benny! I went over great, and that was a real shock to me. Those boys weren't just starved for entertainment; they were plumb out of their minds.

"Please, mother, you promised not to interfere with our quarrels!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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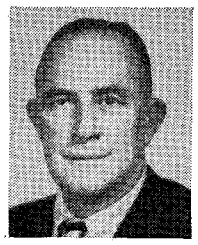

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Our little show was scheduled to last an hour, but usually the boys would keep Miss Merkel and Miss Brooks on stage that long just to look at them. The grand finale had all four of us roaring out choruses of Pistol-Packin' Mamma, while Andy nearly blew the stops out of his accordion.

One night we had a small cloudburst. I thought the show would be called off, and was dozing in my tent, when an officer came in to say that 15,000 kids were sitting in the rain on a muddy slope, waiting for us. We went out. Canvas tarps had been hung over the stage. A few lads stood by with poles, and whenever a tarp sagged with collected rainwater, one of them would give the bulge a poke. No telling whether the water would be dumped offstage or on.

We went through our act once, and were starting over, when some kid hollered, "Hey, Coop, how about Lou Gehrig's farewell speech to the Yankees?" His suggestion caught on. The picture had just played there, and the boys began to chant in unison for the farewell speech.

"Give me a minute to get it straight," I said into the microphone. "I don't want to leave out anything."

Miss Merkel and Miss Brooks took over, and I sat down to one side to write out the words. The rain was thundering down on the tarps, and every now and then a pole would slip and I'd get a gallon of water down my neck. But I finally got the speech written down as I remembered it. It was a silent bunch that listened to the lines:

"I've been walking on ball fields for sixteen years, and I've never received anything but kindness and encouragement from you fans. I've had the great honor to have played with these great veteran ballplayers on my left—Murderers' Row—our championship team of 1927. I've had the further honor of living with and playing with these men on my right—the Bronx Bombers—the Yankees of today.

"I have been given fame and undeserved praise by the boys up there behind the wire in the press box—my friends—the sports writers. I've worked under the two greatest managers of all time—Miller Huggins and Joe McCarthy.

"I have a mother and father who fought to give me health and a solid background in my youth. I have a wife—a companion for life—who has shown me more courage than I ever knew.

"People all say that I've had a bad break, but—today—today I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth."

That was all. They were the words of a brave American who had only a short time to live, and they meant something to those kids in the Pacific. After that, no matter where we went—Dobodura, Milne Bay, Goodenough Island, Hollandia, Lae, Darwin, and a score of other places on our 24,000-mile island-hopping tour—we got requests for the speech.

I was pretty serious during the war—maybe too serious. Bob Hope and Bing Crosby can be serious, too, but they hid their thoughts and clowned it, to the eternal gratitude of millions of soldiers. But I was just a caricature of a clown. I didn't know it then, but what I needed after V-J day was a spell of solitude in which to do some figuring. It's a sort of pattern that runs through my life. The time I broke my hip and spent so many months on the ranch recuperating in solitude is a part of it. The times I have walked off the set to figure out what was wrong with my acting are a part of it. Sooner or later, I have to take a long walk alone.

Instead, after the war, I found myself with roles that were too good to turn down. Saratoga Trunk, Cloak and Dagger, The Unconquered, Good Sam, The Fountainhead, Task Force, Bright Leaf, Dallas, You're in the Navy Now.

There was a lot of solid enjoyment in making those pictures, and some excitement too. The Unconquered had an extra DeMille touch that the public never saw, but which Paulette Goddard and I won't forget. DeMille wanted to show us swept through a rapids in a canoe, headed for an enormous falls. At the last moment I was to grab a vine and save us from going over the brink.

DeMille took over the biggest, highest studio he could find, and built a falls. The boulder-strewn rapids ran along just beneath the ceiling of the studio, and plunged over a twenty-five-foot cliff into a small lake on the studio floor.

Safety devices were provided to prevent our going over the falls, but as Miss Goddard and I careened through the rapids we somehow got past them all. I've heard of "hanging poised on the brink." We didn't. We just shot over and down. I grappled around the bottom of the tank, found Miss Goddard squirming vigorously, and hauled her up. By that time DeMille was standing at the edge of his lake, white and shaken. To ease his mind at once, I carried Miss Goddard over to him.

"Well, where do you want her, C.B.?" I asked. "And don't tell me you didn't have the cameras ready, because we aren't going to do it again."

We had better luck with High Noon. When Stanley Kramer sent me the script, I saw in it a graphic presentation of everything dad had taught me at home. As a trial lawyer and later a judge of the Montana State Supreme Court, dad knew sheriffs all over the West, and he knew what they were up against. Law enforcement, as he taught it to me, was everybody's job; the sheriff was not a lone figure, but the representative of the people's desire for law and order. And unless he had the people behind him, he was in poor shape.

Such a man was the sheriff I was asked to portray. By the time I had worked my way through that picture, and finally tossed my badge down into the dust, I'd had it. I was acted out.

But the general consensus seems to be that I don't act at all. I like the story recently attributed to Akim Tamiroff, with whom I worked in The General Died at Dawn, and For Whom the Bell Tolls. Tamiroff got his early training in the Moscow Art Theatre, and according to the story, he had been warned that in my quiet way I might emerge from a scene looking better than he did. For three days we had worked together without seeing any rushes, but at last they came in.

After seeing them, Akim is quoted as saying, "For three days I've acted rings around him. I've got him stopped. Against my acting he can do nawthing. I have every scene. So I look at the rushes. On the screen I am there. Everybody else is there. But what do I see? Nawthing! Nawthing, that is, but Gary Cooper."

King Vidor, who directed The Fountainhead, explains this by claiming that the camera is like a psychoanalyst, who looks beneath surface expressions and sees hidden meanings. All I know is that if I am not obviously acting, I am pouring out all the emotion I have. In High Noon, as in Sergeant York, I had a part to play that took everything I had, and I gave it. And as with Sergeant York, this won me another Academy Award.

I knew I had done a good job, but for once the knowledge brought me no satisfaction. I didn't feel satisfied with anything at all, and least of all with myself. Rocky and I talked it over. She under-

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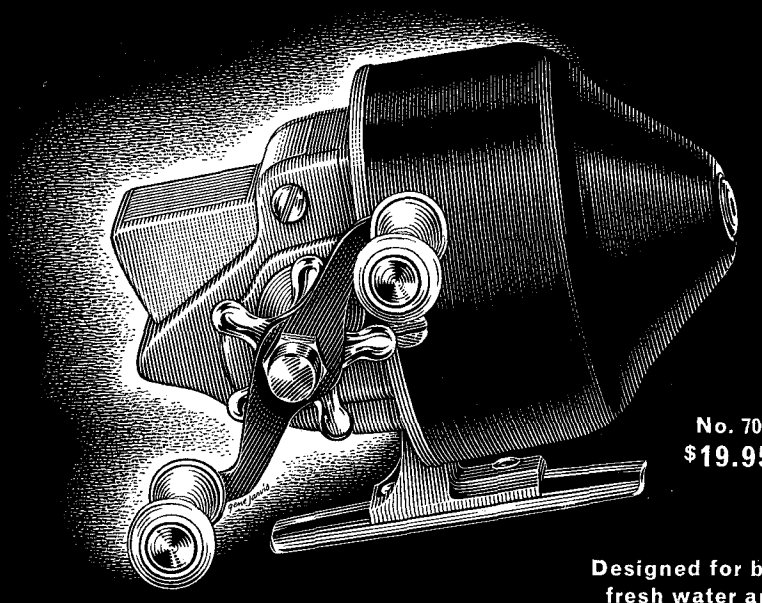

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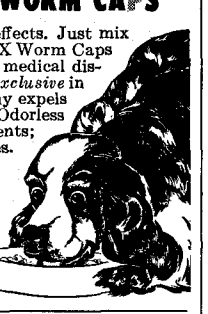

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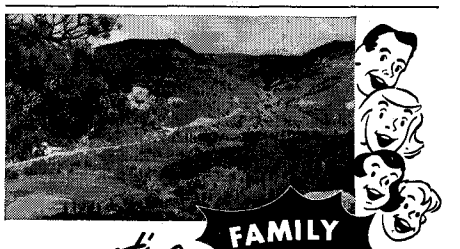

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stands me better than anyone else in the world, and she knew, probably better than I did, that the time had come for me to take another long walk alone.

We agreed that the separation should be legal, and I shoved off. I had no particular destination in mind, but I thought I would try Europe for a while. Well, it didn't work. My take-a-walk formula that had worked so well in the past was a bust from the very start.

For one thing, I could find no real solitude. The newspapers, speculating wildly on our "rift," speculated just as wildly on what I was going to do next. Where, in 1931, I could lie on the beach near Venice in complete anonymity, in this summer of 1951 I could usually count on meeting a half-dozen reporters and photographers waiting to cover something as newsworthy as my taking a swim.

To go to a luncheon with movie people could bring out a whole rash of bulletins that Cooper was that-a-way about one actress or another. To go to Paris was to be overwhelmed with invitations and requests for personal appearances, and Rome was no better. One day I mentioned a yearning for Africa. The next day I learned a dozen reporters were asking their home offices for permission to cover "the Cooper safari."

Normally I can regard all this as a necessary part of a movie star's job, but it was to get away from being a movie star and his responsibilities that I had taken my walk. I had wanted to do some thinking, and all I was doing was stewing. The anticlimax came when I found I couldn't eat. Never before in my life had there been a time when I couldn't eat anything and everything. Now I couldn't even nibble on a salted cracker.

Along about February of 1952 I went to a doctor, where I received my final humiliation. "You are overworked," he informed me. (I hadn't worked for seven months.) "You have got what all you high-tensioned actors get. You have an ulcer."

High-tensioned acting had never given me an ulcer. I thought it over, and I didn't have to do much heavy thinking to discover that what I was worried about was being away from Rocky. I caught a boat, and stopping in New Orleans only long enough to be treated for my ulcer, headed back for the old homestead. As I told Rocky, I hadn't done much thinking, but I had learned a lot.

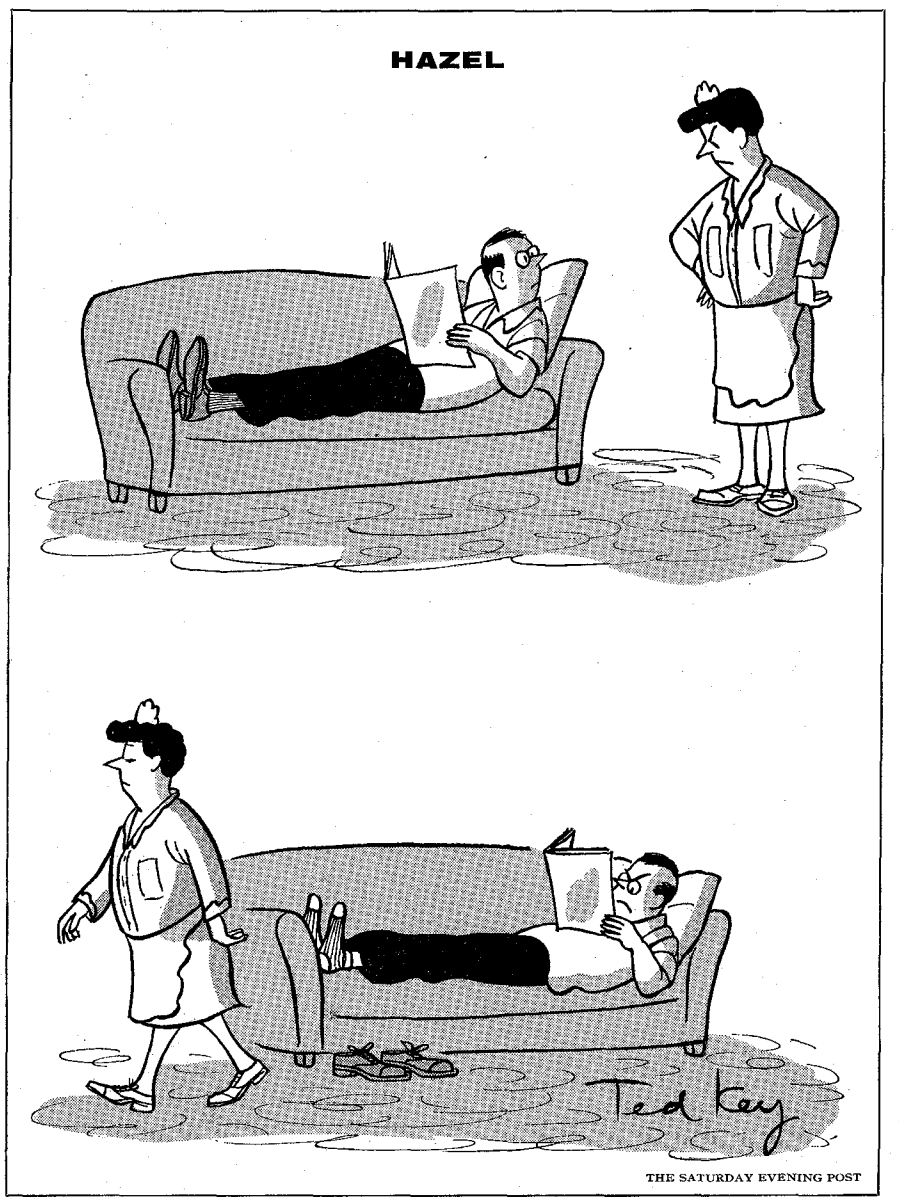
I learned, for instance, that relaxation is an important part of hard work. Now, when I feel the pressure building up, I take off on a hunting or fishing trip for a couple of weeks. That way you see a lot of the U.S.A., and the Canadian Rockies and the Sierra Madres, down in Mexico. You can eat all the raw onions you want. The bears don't care. In fact, on a recent hunting trip with Slim Talbot, a grizzly homed in on my onions, probably figuring that I was barbecued and ready to chomp. I was sitting on an old logging bridge over a salmon stream, and when I first heard the bear he was giving me an appreciative sniff from about ten feet away. I think he was bigger than my African rhino.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Slim Talbot coming around a bend about a hundred yards away. Slim stood there frozen for a second, and fell into the river. The bear heard the splash, and probably thinking that Slim was a salmon, forgot about Cooper and went down to investigate. I fired some shots into the air to give him something else to think about, and we never saw him again. That night, while eating onions in front of our tent, I tried to think of all the Hollywood problems that had been bothering me, and couldn't remember a one. Hunting does that for you.

Robert Taylor is another good hunting companion. He claims I'm the one from whom he caught the gun-collecting fever, and the only thing worse than a gun crank on a hunting trip is two gun cranks. On a trip down in Sonora, Mexico, a year or so ago, Bob and I spent a week in deer country. Every morning we had to fire a few rounds to see that the rifle barrels hadn't rusted, and then fire a dozen more to correct for altitude, wind and a possible warping of our telescopic sights. By the time we were ready to hunt, the deer were long since gone. The one straggler we did bag lacked common sense.

time to enjoy that great luxury, family life. We can afford to take time out to be ourselves. After our daughter, Maria, did pretty well in Spanish at Marymount High School, we shoved off on a family tour of Europe, including Spain. Last Easter we had no business matters to prevent a ten-day vacation in Honolulu, where Maria and Rocky competed for the Cooper family surfboard-riding championship. And every summer we try to get in a few weeks with Rocky's folks at Southampton, Long Island, for surf swimming, golf and tennis.

One of these times we want to get over to Japan. Just when we can go will depend upon Maria. She entered college



Another good man to hunt with is Bill Demarest. Bill has all the theatrical background that I lack, but I think he made a dozen Westerns before he discovered that pistols could fire more than blanks. He has come along fine since he found out about bullets. Bill got his start as a kid in vaudeville, playing a bull fiddle. Money was scarce, so he traveled around by hopping freight trains. Some of the towns in which he was booked were so small the freights didn't even slow down going through them. "Ever try getting off a freight train on the fly while carrying a bull fiddle?" he asks. "That's when I switched to acting. Nothing to carry."

I'm all for traveling light myself, and one way to do it is to get some expert advice in my business affairs. Ever since my marriage to Rocky, her stepfather, Paul Shields, has been a deciding influence in our investments. And in terms of my picture career, for the last ten years I have had the guidance of my attorney, I. H. Prinzmetal.

This system keeps me from getting lost in a maze of business details, and gives me

last fall to major in biochemistry, and from all I can gather, this is not a subject that permits much wandering away from the books and the laboratory.

Rocky has come up with another budding scientist for us in West Germany, through the Foster Parents Plan for War Children. She has been interested in this plan for a number of years. Along with keeping a foster child fed and clothed goes the responsibility of keeping up a friendly, morale-building correspondence, as with a child away at school.

Having "raised" one foster-daughter in Italy to independence, Rocky now has an eight-year-old boy to foster under the plan. He was born in a concentration camp, where his parents died. The tyke is reported to be a singer, painter and a mathematics prodigy, and we're watching his progress with great interest.

The places I have been mentioning so casually—Spain, Hawaii, Japan, Italy, Germany—were just so many sets and props to the movie industry back in 1924, when I climbed aboard a horse for my first movie job. All Italy, including a working fountain, a panoramic photo of Vesuvius, three plaster statues and a miniature of the Colosseum, could be stored on the back lot. Today these countries are a part of the Hollywood scene. In fact, there is hardly a corner of the free world that is not familiar to movie crews.

My first experience with far-away locations came late in 1952 when we went to Samoa to film a James Michener story, Return to Paradise. The last time I had been down that way the battle for the South Pacific had been in full fury, and I wanted to see some of those islands again, but without falling bombs.

At Upolu Island, about 100 miles northwest of Pago Pago, where we were to do our shooting, we were met by Douglas Eden, a cousin of Anthony Eden and manager of the Crown estates. It developed that he and his wife had a cook who had been a specialist in preparing food for ulcer patients, and they insisted that I move out to their place. Then the Samoans, every one an aspiring film star, began showing us around the island.

In less than a month I was off my bland diet, and back to what someone has called my habit of "sidewalk eating." Instead of going to the same restaurant every day, I just wander along the sidewalk until I sniff something good or different, and that's where I eat.

I made a hit with the Samoans when I showed a liking for their *kava*. This is a sort of root beer with a mild kick to it that has a taste like the inside of an old rubber boot. Most visitors cannot get it up to their noses, let alone drink it. But I could put it down, and after that my ulcer was never mentioned again.

Despite the fact that movie makers are now going to Samoa for Samoan scenery, to France for French scenery, and so on, our master set makers are not pining away over a forgotten art. In pictures dealing with the past, the set designers are all-important. I was recently in the midst of filming The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell, in which most of the action takes place thirty years ago and more. For some scenes we could use actual locations in Washington, D.C., but other locations had changed beyond recognition. Langley Field, Virginia, from where Mitchell took off to the captured German battleship Ostfriesland, is now a vast air base. But here in California, twenty-some miles from Hollywood, we built a replica of Langley Field. Any pilot who flew out of Langley in 1921 could step into our operations office or visit the hangars, and feel right at home. He would find everything duplicated—the same old desk, the old phone and phone book, the pictures and maps on the wall, the old fire bucket. Outside he would find the same old Model T crash wagon and the old Maxwell ambulance. He could even step into the same old Jennie and take her up from the same old runway.

As I write this, director William Wyler has his master set designers creating the sets for my next picture, The Friendly Persuasion. They will reconstruct a Pennsylvania Quaker village and its surrounding farms exactly as they were during the Civil War. From a script written for us by Jessamyn West, we will move back ninety years to show what the coming of a band of Confederate raiders meant to one strong-willed Quaker farmer and his family.

It's literally true, as Shakespeare said—all the world's a stage. It wasn't that way when I first got in the movies in 1924, but it is now. That's why I find Hollywood newer and more exciting every day. Whatever you hear, it's still a place where a kid from Montana can jump on a horse, ride that-a-way, and keep right on going.

Editors' Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Cooper.

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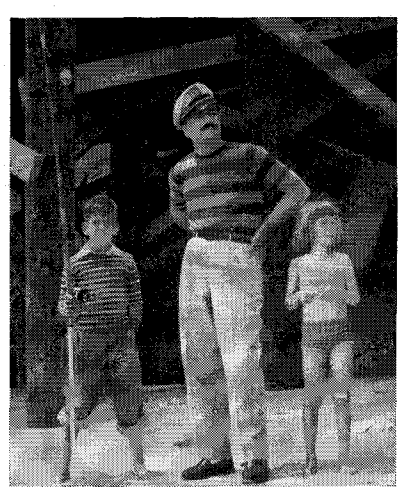
Keeping Posted

William Saroyan and the Boy and the Girl

Saroyan and Lucy gambol on the beach.

When William Saroyan's son, Aram, was ten, the eminent novelist and playwright started a book about a boy of ten and his father of forty-five. "But when you've got two youngsters, and you write a story around one of them, you get to thinking you'd better start another around the other one, so she won't feel left out." So he did, being one of those incredible writers who can juggle several books simultaneously. Saroyan's book for his Lucy is about a little girl and her mother—"in short, a boy and a man, and a girl and a woman: or the whole human family, in essence." The girl-book is evolving on page 44. It will be published soon by Little, Brown-Atlantic, and afterward, so will the boy-book.

Aram is now twelve and Lucy ten. In the picture you see the little lady, when her book was getting started, cantering



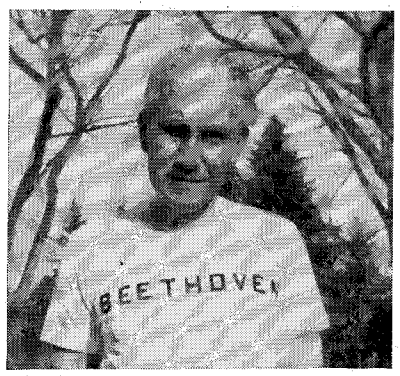
Son Aram joins them under the porch.

along California's Malibu Beach with the book-man. Saroyan writes in a wonderful house built on pilings; the back door, which he considers his front door, is seaward, "and high tide brings the sea and sometimes a seal under the house to almost where the front door is." On the rock in the photo, just out from his house, seals sun themselves until a dog happens along and depresses them with barks. One night Saroyan heard coughing and thought a neighbor must be sick, but it was a seal coughing under the neighbor's house. Maybe the seal was just snoring.

These days Aram and Lucy live in New York with their mother, actress Carol Grace, who is in the hit comedy Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter? From the children, Saroyan reflects, he has learned things about writing—mainly from the way they speak. Once, when Aram was four, Saroyan noticed that "he was busy in the yard examining the rose trees, the clovers in the lawn, the insects and worms, the pebbles in the earth." As the lad picked things up, studied them and moved them from place to place, Saroyan asked, "What are you doing?" Aram seemed to think it an awfully ignorant question. He said, "Making."

For a reverse-English anecdote, take Lucy when she was four. Saroyan gets to sleep in earnest about daybreak and Lucy usually rises about then. The author recalls, "One morning I felt a small hand on my face, over my eyes and nose and mouth, and I heard somebody small breathing softly." Lucy asked, "What are you doing, papa?" Papa said, "Oh, writing," and got up, and did so.

Unknown Young Man Comes in Handy



Last fall William Barrett and his wife motored from Denver to Santa Fe, New Mexico, for the *première* of a motion picture, The Left Hand of God, made from one of his novels. They drove through country that is very lonely, and very Spanish, and in a hamlet where they stopped for coffee, a truck paused and let off a young hitch-hiker. "He was thin and frail, obviously a stranger, an 'Anglo' in Spanish-American country, and he carried a guitar. That was all. I know nothing about him." That was all, except that later on Barrett, nudging his imagination, wrote the young unknown's story, as maybe it unfolded in real life, as more likely it certainly didn't. Page 37.

If you, noting the name on the author's sweatshirt in the snapshot, should write a story about him starring for some athletic team named Beethoven, that would be fiction all right. As he is forever listening to Beethoven records, his daughter made him that listening uniform for a Christmas present.

Roundabout Road to Greenland

Cecil Roseberry, who in the photo is taking a dry run with an Eskimo dogsled near Thule Air Base in Greenland, belongs in a newspaper office away down in Albany, New York, where he's a columnist for the Times-Union. He is pretty fuzzy about why he turned up in Greenland and, consequently, on page 38.

Roseberry in Greenland, far from home.

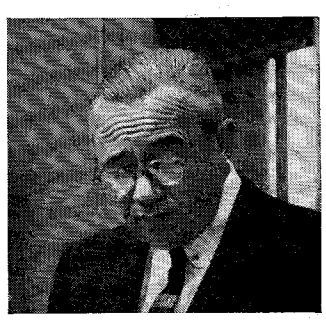
Before the Big War he was a music and drama critic; then, in Naval Intelligence, his interest shifted to becoming intimate with high political figures in foreign lands; then, back in journalism, he suddenly got interested in the side line of spelunking and kept going down into caves. Later, weary of going down, he became an avid mountain climber. However, recently he quite unaccountably was smitten with a longing to see the arctic. To his aid in this odd switch came Dr. W. S. Carlson, president of the State University of New York and a Greenland consultant to the Air Force, and all at once Roseberry found himself in a spot where there never are any northern lights, as the Magnetic Pole is south of there. Roseberry, a father of two grown-up sons, is happily married, but Mrs. R., who abhors cold weather, is beginning to tap her foot impatiently—when will the man get smitten by Florida?

The Unpredictable Mrs. Gordon

Guanetta Gordon is an Army colonel's wife. When their son, Stewart, was in school (he's a Navy lieutenant now) he wrote a composition beginning: "My father is a brave man. He married mother. Anything is likely to happen when she's around." That was before mother decided to adopt a little girl war orphan in Germany. And before she decided to break into the Post with a piece about the little lady, page 28. However, she had previously broken in as a model for the heroine in the illustrations of several Leslie Ford mystery serials. Anything can happen, but what this Army wife enjoys doing most is homemaking—she has made eighteen so far. "And loved every one of them!"

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"My Life in Bellevue"



Dr. S. R. Cutolo, deputy medical superintendent of the most exciting hospital in the world, is beginning his remarkable inside story of a formerly notorious, but now one of New York City's beloved, institutions — Bellevue.

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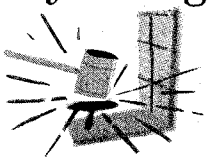
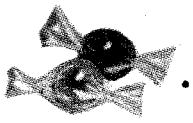
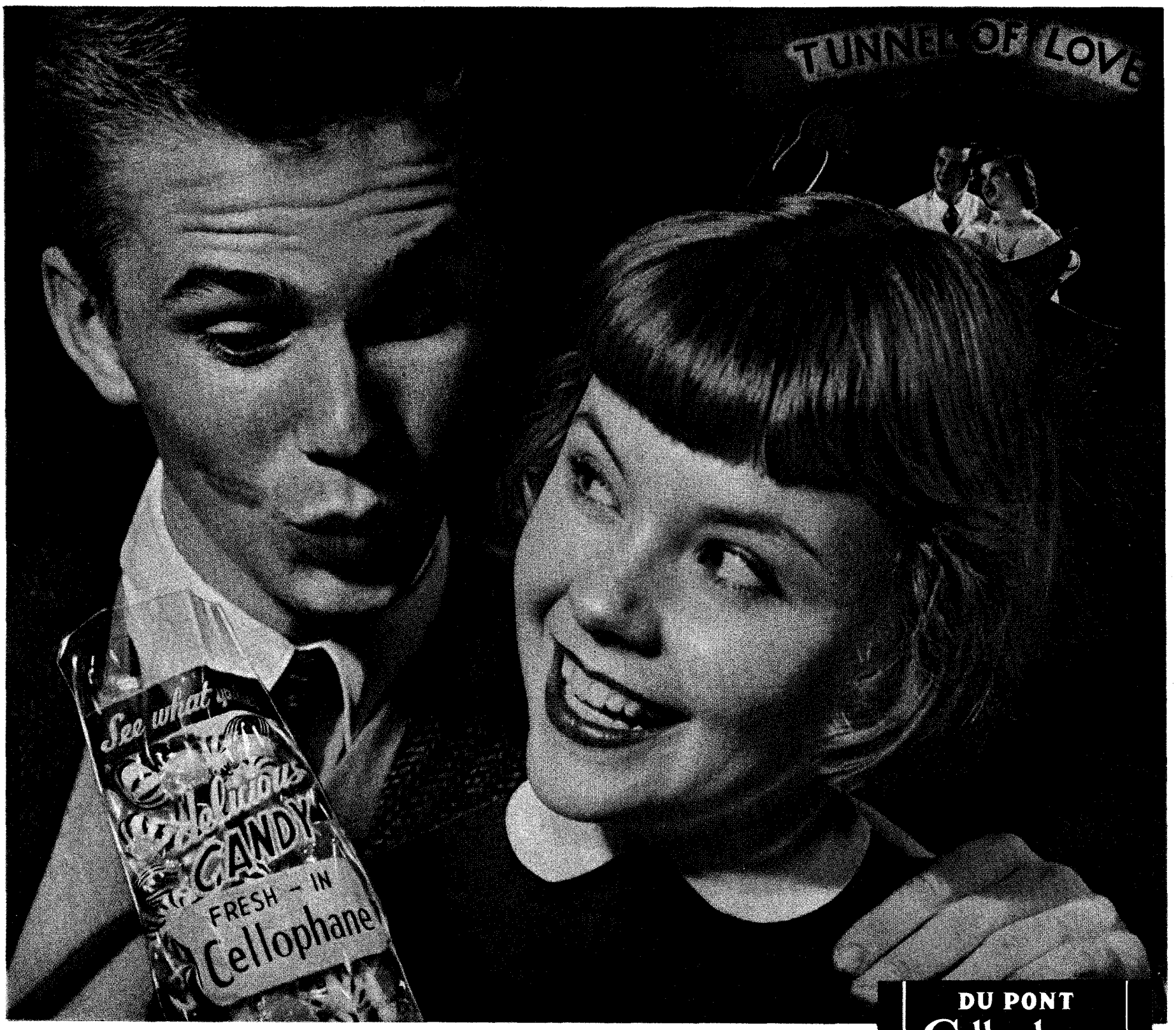
Like candy? Be glad you do, for candy's an excellent energy  food. Just remember to buy candy in cellophane. That way you're sure it's fresh and clean  ... and cellophane lets you see to pick the kind you like best.



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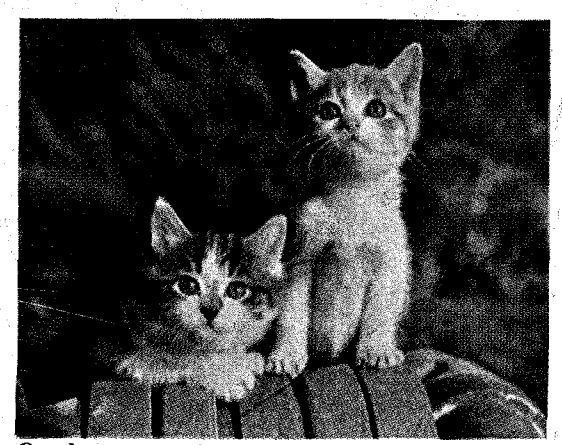

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